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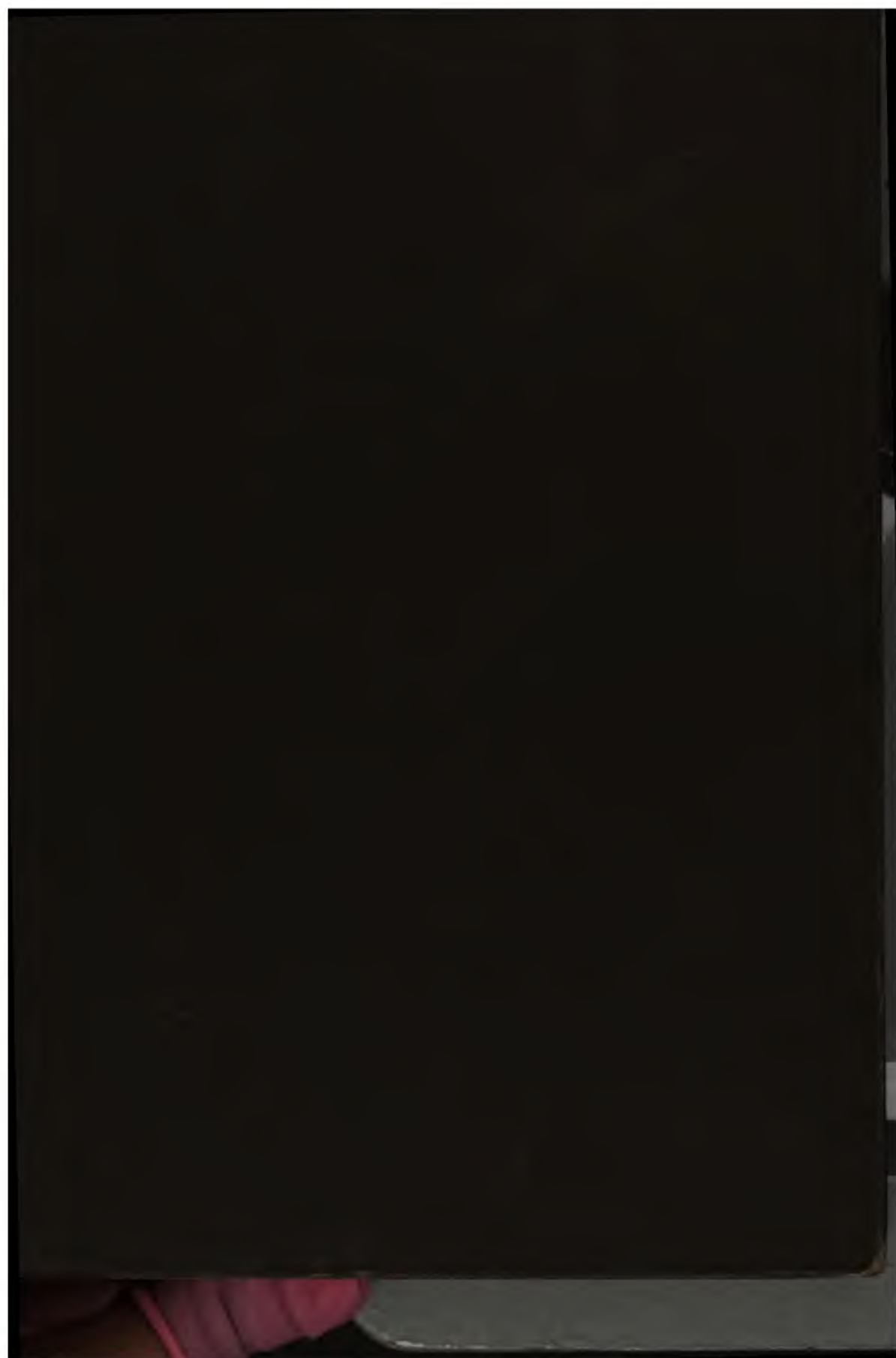
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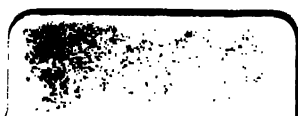
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PIONEER DAYS OF OREGON HISTORY

By

S. A. CLARKE



VOLUME II

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PIONEER DAYS OF OREGON HISTORY

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE PRESBYTERIAN MISSION

WE have briefly shown that the Presbyterians sent Rev. Samuel Parker, of Ithaca, New York, to look over the ground west of the Rocky Mountains, and that he made the first attempt in 1834, too late to join the fur traders' caravan for that year. On the 14th of March, 1835, he left home, going via Buffalo, Pittsburg, Wheeling, Cincinnati, Louisville and St. Louis, where, on April 14th, he found waiting for him Dr. Marcus Whitman, appointed his associate. Mr. Parker was of mature age, precise ways, and solemn deportment, whereas Whitman was thirty-two years old, outspoken and free in manner, with energy that made obstacles yield. He had no superfluous refinement, so apt to become part of a minister's deportment, but was genuine in all things and as kind as he was vigorous. The wild spirit and overflowing ways of the hunter and trapper amused Whitman, while they terrified the more reverend Parker. They left the wagons at Fort Laramie August 1st and started with all their goods loaded on mules. They reached Green River rendezvous August 21st; Captain Bridger had an iron arrow, three inches long, in his back, and a hunter had carried such an one in his shoulder for two years; Whitman extracted both, to the wonder of admiring natives.

There were Flatheads and Nez Percés present, who were anxious to have such teachers as he to live among them. As result of this good impression, it was resolved that Whitman should return to secure more aid, while Mr. Parker went on to prepare the way, under escort of the Nez Percé Indians, who took him through in safety, though it was rather a tax on his physical powers. He had been ill, but improved on the journey and was well when he reached Walla Walla.

At Fort Walla Walla the kindly Pambrun feasted them on roasted duck, bread, butter, milk and sugar; here he saw the treatment by which the great fur company retained the respect and confidence of the Indians and compared it with the conduct of the American mountain men he lately had been with, for the good trader ever taught them religious truth, as well as exercised judicious kindness. From there he went down the river in a canoe in charge of three Walla Walla Indians. It was wild work for the timid gentleman, running the swift rapids, but he survived it all. At the Cayuse camp, when it was explained that he came to teach them of the true God, they were much impressed. At The Dalles the Walla Wallas left him and Wascos became his escort. It was the middle of October; the rains had commenced and the escort of strange savages through the great gorge made him feel a trifle timid, so they let him walk around the Cascades. As they went down the beautiful lower river they were surprised to see men on shore cutting and hauling logs with teams of cattle. Near by was a saw mill, and not far down the great river Vancouver waited to welcome him. He breakfasted at the cottages by the mill and dined at Vancouver; McLoughlin told him that it should be his home as long as he chose to make it so. For men of

culture, in this far wilderness, it was well worth exercising hospitality to enjoy for awhile the companionship of a man of similar, or equal culture, from the living world. A journey to Astoria and the seacoast gave him insight into Indian nature by comparison of those he met down the river, with the Nez Percés and others of the far upper flow, for he remembered that while these last freely conferred favors in their welcome to strangers, those of the Lower Columbia never ceased to beg favors to be conferred upon them.

Association for the first time with the natives of the far interior gave a glamour to their lives with all the missionaries who came among them, as they were physically and intellectually superior to the fish eaters of the coast and lower river. Parker was charmed to believe that grace was the needed element between man and man, and if they knew and practised religion, after the Christian model, the red Indian would rival the most enlightened peoples.

November saw Mr. Parker domiciled for the winter, with a house at his command that was furnished with every comfort and with all the attendance he could wish. There was the company library for intellectual enjoyment; horses to be had for the asking, and, as he forcibly says: "In addition to all these, and still more valuable, the society of gentlemen, enlightened, polished and sociable." Truly, Vancouver was the "lodge in some vast wilderness" of which a poet's rhapsody might dream—and never find, save in this farthest wild of Oregon. In November, taking advantage of a period of sunshine, McLoughlin equipped him for a journey up the Willamette, with a guide and all things necessary and desirable. Leaving their canoe at Champoege, they took horses for a fifteen miles' ride to Lee's mission,

from which Jason Lee rode with him to explore the region near and explain its natural advantages. He saw the settlements, the schools, the beautiful country, with its environment of mountains; then returned to Vancouver.

A chief from the Cascades came to see this teacher, sent from heaven; he wished to have his people and his children taught to be civilized and know the true God. This could transform them to be doubly blest with wisdom and virtue, but went away in sorrow to know that the benison of grace must be deferred. There came a chief from The Dalles in similar frame of mind. Some white man had given him crude ideas of Sabbath duties; his people had raised a flag and danced around it, praying and singing as they went—but it did no good; he was afraid it had made them a little worse. Later came a delegation, who said they had followed advice and left off the dancing; they believed it was a help, for their prayers had been answered, as the deer hunt was a success. They thought they should have a teacher to preserve the prosperity they had won. It was thus that these well named “Children of Nature” sought light and wove together legends of the white man and his God.

In April Mr. Parker left Vancouver, with a lively sense of benefits conferred. No pay was taken for supplying his varied wants, for interpreters who accompanied him, for Indian crews who sent his canoe swiftly on its travels—all was the kindly gift of the royal company through its knightly representative. McLoughlin wished to have the Indians taught religious truths, so was glad to welcome a missionary.

On the 26th of April he was at Walla Walla, meeting Nez Percés and Cayuses, as he had promised them in the fall.

He remained there teaching them for two weeks, well appreciated, save by one old chief who declined to believe in a religion that would part him from any of his wives. He stoically concluded that as he had lived in sin all his life, it was useless to reform. He would have to take the chances. Mr. Parker made a mistake in objecting when an Indian grave was decorated with a cross. The sign of the cross seemed poisonous to Presbyterians, and such minor things as this came in time to make their lives a burden. Was it not a weak faith that would denounce its use as idolatrous?

Mr. Parker had intended to cross the mountains and work back overland to the frontier, but changed his mind and determined to return and make the sea voyage, as he had the time to meet the annual ship. He spent some time choosing the site for the coming mission—Wailatpu—where Whitman settled that fall. Parker, as well as Wyeth, Bonneville, and others who visited there, considered the Nez Percés a superior people. The Cayuses were affiliated with them, so there was every reason to anticipate the happiest results from missions established for the two nations. Deflecting to the north, he visited Spokane, Colville, Okanogan, experiencing some hardships; meeting Indians who resembled the Nez Percés and were their friends; holding service among them, receiving everywhere the highest proof positive of intense feeling and interest.

The harvest seemed to him to be ripe, ready and waiting, and the pity of it was, that at the best the reapers could but be few. On the 18th of June Mr. Parker sailed for Honolulu, waited until December for a vessel bound home, and reached the East in safety. Could it be easily possible for


Christians in New York and elsewhere to doubt that he had explored a field that was rich in promise and certain to bear abundant fruit? We can imagine that after that long absence he went among the churches and enthused them with the story of his rich experience. He had instituted Sabbath service at Vancouver for the first time, that was ever after kept up; he had secured such hospitality there as delighted all who heard of it; that he himself could never forget. He had found an ideal race of Nature's children, really noble; kindly with all their savagery; who only needed heaven's grace to be the equals of any human race. Everywhere in the upper country they waited for the coming of teachers to pledge their lives to the service of God. That was, indeed, an ideal phase of mission work!

Mr. Parker also carried back with him a vivid appreciation of the value of the region east of the Cascades of the Columbia. He saw it in the bonny month of May, when hills and valleys were green with grasses and gay with flowers; when Nature was at her rarest, wore her smiles and had on her gala robes; he saw rich promise, that has well matured, when that Inland Empire in our day has done so much to show that it can become the granary of the world.

Dr. Whitman, having left Mr. Parker to pursue the work of location alone, returned to the frontier in the autumn of 1835, taking with him two lads from the Flatheads and Nez Percés who were at Green River. The difference in character between Mr. Parker and Dr. Whitman was radical, and it was claimed that this was why they separated. But Whitman returned to work for reinforcements and went speedily about it, using the Indian lads to adver-

tise his cause; taking them to the Mission Board, urging that as they had learned that more helpers were needed he had returned to procure them. During that winter he married Miss Narcissa Prentiss, of Prattsburg, N. Y. In the spring he enlisted Rev. and Mrs. H. H. Spaulding, just married, who were on the way to the Osage mission, but yielded to his persuasion. At the mission they were joined by W. H. Gray, of Utica, N. Y., mechanic, engaged as secular agent; the two Indian lads returned with them.

Joining a company of traders, they made their way to Green River, where they were entertained by a wild array of painted warriors on horseback, who went through a dramatic performance in their honor, that made the ladies shudder with fear, though they knew it was but a make-believe of war. That was the first time in the world's history that cultured white women were seen upon the plains, and caused much interest in the minds of all, especially with Indians who had never seen a white woman. Mrs. Spaulding had suffered from illness, but the little rest at Green River, with mountain air to assist, gave her strength. McLeod and Tom McKay, of the Hudson's Bay Company, were at Green River and accompanied them to the Columbia. At Fort Hall, Whitman's wagon was reduced to a cart; at Fort Boisé the horses were so worn that the cart was left behind. Some of their cattle were also too weak to go any further. On the 1st of September they arrived at Walla Walla, were received with all kindness, fed on the game of the country, green corn, potatoes and melons. They went on to Vancouver to advise with McLoughlin; the presence of white women was a wonder to the natives, who wondered most that



these white men did all the work and treated their wives with extraordinary consideration—did not make them pack goods around the portages.

Describing the view from the summit of the Blue Mountains, where they break down on the north in grassy hills for thousands of feet toward the Columbia, Mr. Gray says in his history: "As the party began to descend from the western slope of the Blue Mountains, the view was surpassingly grand. Before us lay the great valley of the Columbia; on the west, in full view, Mount Hood rose amid the lofty ranges of the Cascades, ninety miles away; to the north of Mount Hood stood Mount Adams; still to the north was Rainier; while with the assistance of McKay we could trace the course of the Columbia and determine the location of Walla Walla. It was late in the evening as we reached camp on the Umatilla, being delayed by the cattle, their feet having become worn and tender in passing over sharp rocks, there being but little sign of a trail where we passed over the Blue Mountains in 1836."

A kindly greeting awaited these wayfarers when they reached Fort Walla Walla. Pambrun was in charge, and of all the chiefs of the Hudson's Bay Co., he was one of the kindest. A Catholic himself, the only one of all the fur traders, too, who had taken pains to teach the native the great truths of the Christian religion, he received these missionaries of a different faith with all sympathy and kindness, and remained their friend and supporter for the few remaining years of his life; he died at Walla Walla not long after. Mrs. Spaulding wrote to her friends that he received her in his arms when she rode up, as if he had been her own father. They were entertained with the best the

country could furnish and Pambrun accompanied them to Vancouver.

Bancroft's History, when describing the arrival at Vancouver, says: "On the forenoon of the 12th of November, 1836, to the music of the Canadian boat songs as the batteau rounded the point where stood the fort, the passengers saw two ships lying there gayly dressed with flags while the company's colors waved from the fort. At the landing waited two magnificent-looking men—John McLoughlin and James Douglas, who greeted the missionaries and escorted the ladies with stately courtesy within the walls of the fort. There they were again made welcome, and assigned to convenient quarters, according to rank. Here they met Jason Lee and Herbert Beaver and his wife. They had been preceded on the journey by gentlemen belonging to the fort, so McLoughlin knew they were coming and could plan this pleasant surprise; but the ladies had no idea that the ships were dressed in their honor, and wondered what gala occasion they had happened on to produce such charming effect."

They met here Jason Lee and Mr. Beaver, chaplain newly come, and learned from Dr. McLoughlin the details of Mr. Parker's journeyings and his wishes. To carry out his promise to the Nez Percés, Flatheads, Cayuses, and Indians at Spokane and Colville would require still more assistance, so it was decided that Mr. Gray should return in the spring to secure the needed force. Leaving their wives at Vancouver with the ever hospitable fur traders, they returned to Walla Walla to commence the mission building at Waiilatpu, twenty miles above the fort, on the Walla Walla River. Securing help from Indians and a few men from the

fort, the first house was soon erected. This was for the Cayuse people, while another building was put up an hundred and twenty miles to the east, in the little valley of Lapwai, about twelve miles from the present site of Lewiston, where the Clearwater joins Snake River in the Nez Percé country. Late in December the Whitmans were domiciled at Waiilatpu and the Spauldings at home among the Nez Percés.

The next spring W. H. Gray went East, escorted by the fur traders to the Flathead country, receiving there much attention and accepting volunteers of that nation who offered to accompany him to the frontier. Their journey was successful and peaceful until they were attacked by a war party of Sioux, who murdered all the escort and only spared Mr. Gray by the intercession of a French trader who was among them. He then managed to reach the frontier by aid of friendly Indians. Among the Flathead escort was a young chief known as "The Hat," who was much thought of by his people; whose life was valuable, as he was very intelligent and had received some education at the Red River settlement.

Gray's labors secured for the Oregon cause Rev. Elkinah Walker and Cushing Eells, with their wives, who established a mission on the Chimakane, near Colville. Cornelius Rodgers was a fine young man who became a teacher at Lapwai and Waiilatpu; Asa B. Smith was sent to Kamiah, sixty miles east of Lapwai, up the Clearwater. It was rather a strange commentary on the ardor with which the Flatheads sought for teachers, sending several delegations to St. Louis to solicit for them, that they so resented the death of their young chief, and the five young men who were murdered

by the Sioux, that no Protestant mission was ever established among them. So Gray, who was to have settled there, had no location, and after a few years left his connection with the mission to follow secular pursuits. Smith, who located at Kamiah, among the upper Nez Percés, who were near to as well as nearly related to the Flatheads, left that station in 1841 because that people assumed the same hostile attitude against the missions that the Flatheads did, so no good could be accomplished among them. The unfortunate incident of the murder by the Sioux of the friendly escort who undertook to guard and guide Gray to the settlements, was a cause of much trouble, and may have had bearing on the ultimate failure of all the mission work. It is not easy to say how they made Gray or the mission accountable for the act of savages, but it was consistent with their superstition that they had no faith in people whose God—of whom they talked often and for whom they promised so much—could not protect them from harm. Certain it was that for all the many years that Whitman labored and Spaulding struggled, the unhappy fate of that accomplished young chief and his companions was often quoted against them.

While east on this mission Mr. Gray met, one evening in February, 1838, Mary Augusta Dix, and they became so mutually impressed that he was accepted as her husband the same evening; they were married within the week. Gray was a fine-looking young man, and when we knew Mrs. Gray, here in Oregon, a dozen years later, she was a handsome and dignified lady of fine proportions as well as possessed of more than average force of character. One week after they first met the missionary journey commenced and the reinforcement was on the way to Oregon.

Probably, never in the history of missions had a race seemed more appreciative of religious truth and anxious to receive light than were those Indians of the Upper Columbia. To send men of literary attainment to preach refinement to savages was merely waste of effort. Had McLoughlin established these missions on the same rules and with the same force that was maintained by the Hudson's Bay Company, with the same knowledge of Indian character and of human nature, no doubt the Indians could have been in a measure Christianized, and an era of evolution have commenced that would gradually have raised the Indian to an enlightened condition, but no ordinary treatment could have effected such reform. Managed as they were, without power to impress the savage mind, they became objects of cupidity and contempt, and were subject to the superstitious fears that were so powerful in Indian character.

The Presbyterian missions really made progress and became large establishments, conducted solely for the good of the natives. But the American Board demanded that they should be self-supporting. At Lapwai there was a house with many rooms, requiring eleven fireplaces; an Indian reception-room; room for spinning and weaving; a schoolroom and accommodations for a large family—all under one roof. Besides was the church, saw mill, grist mill, all necessary shops and storehouses—in fact, a large establishment, the farm and its buildings added to the whole. On this farm were grown supplies for the family and some surplus products to send to other missions, for use of natives and occasional travellers; but not with a demand to afford means to run the mission. Spaulding and his assistants really had made wonderful progress; visi-

tors noticed, too, that many of the Nez Percés had small farms that greatly helped their living, but as a class they were averse to labor and looked on farm work as degrading.

At Waiilatpu there was an adobe house 18x60 feet, with a large half story above, with dining-room, sitting-room, schoolroom, kitchen and other bedrooms. The mansion stood near, 30x40 feet, with upper story; and near by was the blacksmith shop; the grist mill being not far away by the river and mill pond. There was an irrigating ditch, a meadow toward the west, apple trees near the house, and a small flower garden. In 1841 Commander Wilkes found there a good-sized herd of cattle, with sheep and swine; a great air of comfort and prosperity was present. The saw mill was near a timbered region, twenty miles above. The Cayuses had less thrift than the Nez Percés, but even there the Indians at that time had many small patches in cultivation that produced well, as the soil was found to be far more prolific than was at first supposed. The Cayuses were too proud to work, but had no objection to the mission farm producing for their use; but there were some exceptions.

The Spokane mission, at Chimakane, did not show the same improvement. The natives there were much the same, hardly so intractible as the Cayuses, but were "given to lying" with the worst of them. When the mission house burned, in the winter of 1839-40, they behaved well, assisting to rebuild and refraining from thieving. The Hudson's Bay Company people came from Fort Colville, camped in the snow and soon rebuilt the house, though much had been destroyed. The climate there was too frosty to grow crops to advantage, so farming was neglected and supplies came




from Lapwai to some extent. Chief Lawyer, at Lapwai, and Chief Garry, at Spokane, were each somewhat educated, Garry at Red River, and their influence was favorable to the missions. It was not reasonable to believe that with all these advantages the Indians would not appreciate that they were benefited, and that the missionaries were devoting their lives to the hope of doing good and making the natives better and happier. There were exceptions, for occasionally one rose above the common herd and seemed to appreciate both the value of gospel truth and the self-devotion that strove to enlighten their minds and benefit their lives and surroundings; but these were few and the influence not permanent.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN OREGON

POSSIBLY, the most successful missions to the region west of the Rockies, on the Northwest of the Pacific, were those established by the Society of Jesus, of the Roman Catholic Church. Their methods of life were not commonplace. The celibacy and formalities, absence of business and separation from ordinary affairs of men the forms, ceremonies and spectacular features of worship, were calculated to impress the simple-minded natives and repress their savagery by appeal in the most effectual manner to the superstition in their natures; as in case of many countries where vice and ignorance claim the benefits of a church that is ready to receive them at the last gasp of evil lives.

As a rule the Indian could not appreciate virtue or accept truth, nor see divine excellence in teachers who came among them to be common workers in the walks of life; who placed themselves in the ordinary line as breadwinners, ignoring forms or ritual, refusing to wear sacerdotal robes or pursue a weird theology that could find no inspiration without spectacular changes behind impressive altars lit with wax tapers, with mysterious chant, intoned ritual, and mystic creed that included pictures with a nimbus-lighted Saviour, and exploited the sign of the cross as emblem of eternal life, that was to exceed all that Indian legendary had ever taught of Happy Hunting Grounds, or of possible eternal and supernal bliss.



There was no difference, no jealousy, no rivalry between Presbyterians and Methodists. They occupied their several stations, acting in harmony in their several spheres, teach- and working in practical ways; hoping and intending to make the natives see the excellence of the Christian religion, the benefit to come from cultivation of the soil and the value of education.

The Jesuit came not merely to disparage Protestantism, but to denounce it as worse than infidelity. We will take the Catholic mission from the little work published in Portland, Ore., in 1878, entitled "Historic Sketches of the Catholic Church in Oregon," and so give the version of Bishop Blanchet as to progress made and methods pursued, as that was an official expression made by church dignitaries.

It would have been dignified, would have been consistent with the meekness taught by the founder of the faith and exemplified in all His life, which has made the appeal of Christianity to all the world so potent for good through all ages succeeding, if this Jesuit historian had been content to tell the story of the success of these missions and left the Protestant missionaries to tell their story and make history to suit their own views. But this work, that was put forth to champion the Jesuit cause, begins and ends with reflections on the different Protestant missions that bear little impress of the spirit of the Saviour they profess to serve; while in commendable spirit of self-sacrifice, they all had abandoned the delights of civilization to carry the Gospel truth to these benighted and savage people.

It has been often wondered at that the Indians of the Upper Columbia at the earliest advent of civilization had knowledge of Christianity and in some measure followed

its observance. This was possibly due, as the work we are reviewing asserts, to the presence of Canadian French in the employ of the fur company, but is also accounted for, so far as the Flatheads were concerned, by a letter written in 1839 by Joseph Rosati, Bishop of St. Louis, to the Father General of the Society of Jesus, at Rome:

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 30, 1839.

MY RIGHT REV. FATHER: Twenty-three years ago two Indians of the Iroquois mission left their native country, Canada, with twenty-two other warriors and went to settle in a country situated between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific sea. That country is inhabited by infidel nations, and especially by those the French call Tetes Plate. They married there and were incorporated with the Indian nation. As they were well instructed in the Catholic religion professed by the Iroquois—converted by the ancient fathers of your society—they have continued to practise it as much as was in their power, and have taught it to their wives and children. Their zeal went even further, becoming apostles, they have sown the first seeds of Catholicity in the midst of the infidel nation among whom they dwell. These precious gems begin already to bring forth fruit, for they have caused to spring in the hearts of the Indians the desire of having missionaries who would teach them the Divine law.

Eight or nine years ago (about 1830) some of the Flathead nation came to St. Louis. The object of the journey was to ascertain if the religion spoken of with so much praise by the Iroquois warriors was in reality such as represented, and, above all, if the nations that have white skin (the name they give Europeans) had adopted and practised it. Soon after their arrival at St. Louis they fell sick and earnestly asked—by signs—to be baptized. Their request was granted, and they received the holy baptism with great devotion; then holding the crucifix, they covered it with kisses and expired.

Some years after—about 1832—the Flathead nation sent again one of the Iroquois to St. Louis. There he came with two of his grandchildren, who were instructed and baptized by the fathers of the college. He asked missionaries for his countrymen, and started with the hope that one day the desire of his nation would be granted; but on his journey he was killed by the infidel Indians of the Sioux nation.

At last a third deputation of Indians arrived at St. Louis (1839)

after a long voyage of three months. It is composed of two Christian Iroquois. These Indians—who talk French—have edified us by their truly exemplary conduct and interested us by their discourse. The fathers of the college have heard their confessions, and to-day they have approached the holy table at my mass in the cathedral church. Afterwards I administered to them the sacrament of confirmation. And in an allocution administered after the ceremony, I rejoiced with them at their happiness and gave them the hope to have soon a priest.

They will leave to-morrow for their home; a priest will follow them next spring. Of the twenty-four Iroquois who formerly immigrated from Canada, four only are still living. Not content with planting the faith in these savage countries, they have also defended it against the prejudices of the Protestant ministers. When these pretended missionaries presented themselves our good Catholics refused to receive them. "These are not the priests we have spoken of to you," they said to the Flatheads, "they are not the priests with long black gowns, who have no wives, who say mass, and carry a crucifix with them."

For God's sake, my Right Rev. Father, forsake not their souls!
Accept, etc., etc.

JOSEPH, Bishop of St. Louis.

This very interesting letter, written at an early date, being the official communication from the Bishop of St. Louis to the head of his order in Rome, may be received as truth, as he believed it, and explains why the Flatheads did not receive Protestant missionaries when they arrived; shows also what importance they attributed to the wearing of gowns, the mystic service of the mass, and the presence and uplifting of the cross. All through this work there is bitter prejudice expressed against other missions, with no recognition that they had the same end in view, or that they worshipped the same God and Saviour.

Their Protestant contemporaries were not so illiberal, but in the history of all missions among Indians there was unfortunate attempt to belittle rival efforts; cheap picturings

were used to prejudice the Indians and decry and disparage the rivals; there was no recognition that they served the same master, preached the same Saviour and taught the same God. If possible, the Jesuit was the most bitter and intolerant and had the least of the Christian charity that should have appreciated that such wrangling could but injure the cause of true religion.

If the Catholic priest had come early into the field and had the sole privilege to occupy it with missions, there is reason to believe they could have accomplished all the good that was possible, by teaching the Indians as much of progress as they could understand and were able to make use of; by persuading them to be less savage, forego wars among themselves, and encouraging them to learn something of agriculture. The field was broad enough for the Jesuit to choose stations that would not interfere with Protestant missions that came first; but Catholic missions were as aggressive to destroy Protestantism as to Christianize savages. The Protestant might bitterly oppose Catholic dogma and assertion, but did not deny that salvation could be attained through the teaching and belief of the Catholic Church, so were not as illiberal as were the Catholics. The writer of this has no sectarian prejudice to satisfy, no narrow creed to fortify, only looks on while creeds are warring and human passions rage in history, under pretence of religious zeal, to wonder where authority can be found for such strife in the words of Him who spake as never man spake, whose doctrine was love, whose life was meek and lowly, to wonder where His pretended followers find room for so much divergence and can excuse so much deadly hate.

If these Iroquois Indians (who left Canada, as this book states, in 1812) retained a regard for the old faith, it was even more likely that Canadians who settled the Willamette and Cowlitz valleys should long for the comfort and consolations of the faith they were nurtured in. Two petitions were sent to the prelate at Red River of the North, one in July, 1834, another in February, 1835, earnestly praying that priests should be sent to them for their souls' good and for the teaching of their families.

On June 6, 1835, the Bishop of Juliopolis wrote Dr. McLoughlin that these petitions had been received, and that while he had no priest at his disposal at that time he would send one as soon as possible to teach those Canadians and their children, also to instruct the Indians. The Bishop addressed a general communication to all Catholic families in the Willamette, as well as elsewhere, expressing sympathy; that he was going to Canada in the spring, and to Europe to raise the means to send them soon the help they asked for. But the Hudson's Bay Company declined to bring Catholic missionaries for the Willamette, because that was south of the Columbia River and might not become British territory. In the early spring of 1839 Sir George Simpson advised the Archbishop of Quebec that his company would bring out two missionaries with the overland expedition for that year, with promise that they should locate north of the Columbia. On this Francis N. Blanchet was sent as Vicar General of Oregon Missions, Modeste Demers as his companion. Celebrating mass on Sundays and baptizing as they went the tedious way, they reached the summit of the Rocky Mountains on October 10th, of a Wednesday, where the zealous priests celebrated mass and

pronounced the glorious words: "O, ye mountains and hills: Bless the Lord! Praise and exalt Him above all forever!"

It was a magnificent spectacle of rugged heights, abrupt peaks and frowning precipices that surrounded them. Feeling that they were on a salient point that overlooked a new world and savage life, they endeavored to consecrate the new enterprise to the true God and inaugurate His worship. As the first rays of morning lit the east the early mass was said. It must have been a solemn occasion, that worship of the Living God as the sunlight was gilding the snowy peaks before the sun itself was visible, lighting to roseate splendor all the rugged heights with blush of day the early morning gives.

They were now in Oregon; the land of their hopes, to be the scene of their labors. October 14th, the following Sunday, mass was said for the first time in Oregon at the big bend of the Columbia. In attempting to pass through the Little Dalles there was fearful shipwreck; some boats went through safely, taking the mission party and others to the House of the Lakes, then returned for the others, but one boat was upset and twenty-six people were struggling in the deadly rapids. Of those twelve were lost, including Wallace, an English naturalist, and his wife. This was indeed a sad reception from the so much longed-for Land of Oregon!

The mission party went safely on and officiated regularly. Indians thronged to meet the "Black Gowns," to witness with awe their worship. At Walla Walla many of Whiteman's Indians attended the service of the mass; standing in awe, wondering at the difference between the plain ways

and undecorated religion that Whitman taught them and the forms and ceremonies of the Roman ritual. No doubt the latter was suited to Indian mind and character; certainly, Blanchet was the man to make the most of it. On November 24th the missionaries arrived at Vancouver, where they were received with great *éclat*. The populace rushed to the river banks to feast their eyes on the first Catholic missionaries whose presence they had so long expected. In the absence of Dr. McLoughlin, James Douglas received them and saw them well housed and fed.

In the course of 1838-39 mission work was done at Vancouver, Cowlitz, Willamette Falls, Nesqually, and St. Paul's in the Willamette valley, each of the priests having his own district and spending his time at one place long enough to interest the natives. They were zealous men and had houses built and prepared for permanent work. In 1840 their labors were extended to Whidby Island, on Puget Sound, and Colville on the Upper Columbia. Rev. Demers was obliged to rush to Vancouver to counteract the heresy taught by Daniel Lee, "that a child can be saved without baptism and adults are also saved if their hearts are good." "This horrible and damnable doctrine," he said, "was taught by the Methodists, who gave a "sham baptism" that he took pleasure in denouncing.

"The Catholic Ladder" was an "immense means of grace" in the hands of the priests, as it showed a straight climb to heaven by Romanists, when some inspired Protestant did not block the way by using illustrations quite as apposite in behalf of their own creed. In the summer of 1840, De Smet, with the Flatheads, was surprised to hear that other Roman priests were at work west of the Rockies; correspondence

was opened between the two sets of missionaries. They were everywhere successful in offsetting "the damnable doctrines;" the following quotation shows how it was done. "On seeing the altar ornaments and vestments the Clatsop Indians complained that Mr. Frost, the Methodist teacher, 'never showed them such things.'" At Clackmas and Willamette Falls, "The sight of the altar vestments, sacred vessels and great ceremonies were drawing their attention a great deal more than the cold, unavailable and lay services of Brother Waller."

It was a walk over for the Jesuits; the Methodists and Presbyterians had no spectacular exhibition in their service. No doubt this was the way to strike the Indian fancy and affect his heart. It was not striking evidence of great qualities in Indian character that this was so, nor of greater religious zeal and lofty nature in the Jesuit priesthood, that they were so easily able to adapt themselves to savage nature, but they did so, and we may believe it would have been better for the Indian race had the Roman priests possessed the field sooner and held it alone; which does not imply that the same would be true of the more enlightened peoples of the earth.

In 1840, Father De Smet, in answer to several missions sent to St. Louis, as has been shown, found his way to the Flatheads, answering the appeal to Rome from Bishop Rosati, of St. Louis. Reaching that country, he remained there two months, baptized six hundred and taught the prayers of the church to two thousand, then returned to St. Louis to secure more workers. He came again in 1841, with Gregorio Mengareni, of Rome, Nicholas Point and three laymen who were mechanics, to erect buildings for

mission establishments. De Smet was a man of action, ardent, young, full of enterprise and faith, and his heart was in the work. He found the Flatheads ready to receive his teachings and was surprised that the groundwork was already laid there for Catholic belief.


Blanchet and Demers could only meet three or four times a year, perhaps wintering at Vancouver together. In May, Father De Smet arrived from Colville and was met by Demers at Vancouver, who took him to St. Paul, in the Willamette, where he was shown "The Catholic Ladder," which he declared was so excellent that the world would use it. Together these three priests deliberated on the interests of the entire missions on the coast. It was decided to establish a mission at New Caledonia, to head off any attempt of Presbyterians. To raise means De Smet started for St. Louis, on his way to Belgium; then Demers went up the Columbia to reach what now is British Columbia; De Smet left overland for the East and Europe, so Blanchet was left alone to visit the far-spread stations of the Lower Columbia, Cowlitz, Nesqually, Vancouver's Island, and keep up the courage of the faithful. No one can say they were not brave, earnest and devoted to their work.

But there was help on the way, and on September 17 there arrived by the ocean voyage Fathers Langlois and Bolduc. When the Hudson's Bay Company refused to send them by the land route (said to be due to objection of Mr. Beaver, the regular chaplain at Vancouver) the Bishop of Quebec determined to send them by ocean voyage. They were over a year on the way, leaving Boston August 10th, 1841, and reaching the Columbia River bar September 12, 1842. These new arrivals were put into the field especially

to use "The Catholic Ladder;" and the work went bravely on from the Cascades to Clatsop, and north to Vancouver Island.

Then, too, Vicar General Blanchet had made a notable conversion in the person of Dr. John McLoughlin, who had ever been a man of strong religious convictions, but had been crossed in so many things by his chaplain, Rev. Beaver, that he was disgusted with him as a religious teacher; and, after all his kindness to Jason Lee and the Methodist mission, they had deliberately misrepresented him in their memorials and petitions to Congress, until he considered that they had betrayed his confidence and failed to appreciate his generosity when they did so. In Rev. Blanchet he found a priest who was neither a politician nor land grabber, nor was he full of schemes for settlement of the country that were covertly entertained. He was only and solely a religious teacher and worker for the Christian religion, as he understood it. Thus it was that Dr. John McLoughlin became a Catholic, and without becoming an active proselyte, he remained all his life faithful to his profession of that faith; and all his life he remained as much as ever the friend and liberal supporter of all Christian missions, for he seemed not to partake of the illiberal views of Blanchet and never could condemn those he honestly differed from, or who differed from him.

If all who have pretended to lead Christian lives and have labored for their faiths had possessed the kindly and liberal nature of Dr. McLoughlin, the cause of religion would have stood much higher in the Northwest and the worship of God would have been attended with much less of the unpleasant friction that made the cause of missions almost con-



temptible. For example, a cross had been erected at the Clackamas that had been cut down by Mr. Waller, of the Methodist mission, "to the great sorrow of the Indians." This gave Blanchet his opportunity to expatiate in this little volume on the wickedness of destroying the emblem of their faith. The year ended with the conversion of Peter H. Burnet, who from a looker on became so impressed with the solemn service as to accept it as true religion.

On July 31, 1844, Father De Smet crossed the Columbia bar in a vessel that came direct from Belgium, accompanied by four new priests—Rev. Fathers Ravilli, Accolti, Nobili, Vercruisse, and several lay brothers as well as sisters of Notre Dame de Namur. Father de Vos came the same season with two lay brothers from Canada, so the Oregon mission had a competent force of workers. This brings the history of missions down to a time when the country began to be settled and occupied and days of danger and privation were almost past, but mission work had yet to be done in remote and savage districts.

To the few men who planted the Catholic faith in the wilds of far away Oregon all credit is due for their self-sacrifice and indefatigable labors. The names of Blanchet, Demers and De Smet remain as part of the history and story of the Pacific Northwest, as that of Marquette in connection with Wisconsin. They will be part of that history of the early time, as will Whitman, Spaulding, Eells and Walker on the upper waters of the Columbia, and Jason Lee, Daniel Lee, and their co-laborers in the Willamette. One who is broad enough and deep of soul to appreciate the humble story of the Christ and of the Cross, of the teachings and sufferings of the apostles, and has read how through the

world the story of the coming and teachings of the Saviour of man spread and won the people of the Roman world to accept the faith promulgated in the Sermon on the Mount, may wonder that human perversity should invent creeds to explain the words of Jesus, and add forms and ceremonies to elaborate what He made so humble and unpretentious. The differences and unkindness that beset these missions in Oregon were small compared to the fearful persecutions the world has seen through the so-called "Christian centuries" and all done in the name of religion! Without convassing this fact and further deprecating that the greed of human nature perverts and will more or less pervert the work of religion with no partiality for sect or creed to bias, it is evident that the Catholic faith was suited to the savage tribes of Oregon, and that missions at Cœur d'Alene and elsewhere, that were in their exclusive control, had beneficial effect and did much to civilize and Christianize the tribes. No greater success attended any than followed the labors of Father Wilbur, of the Methodists, in our own time, on the Yakima reservation. He was a wonderful man, with thorough business sense and devoted to the work. Had such men as he been in the field at the outset the effect would have been the same, for he had magnetic fearlessness and a kindly nature; was so much a man, and so true and reliable, that he had the confidence of all, therefore guided them as he pleased. His self-sacrifice made him influential; he never had to seek power. However self-sacrificing a man might be, he could not succeed among Indians if he did not command their full confidence and respect by native force of character, as did McLoughlin and Wilbur and the leaders of the Catholic mission.

CHAPTER XXXIX

ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN BONNEVILLE

WASHINGTON IRVING has immortalized the name of Bonneville in his story of his "Adventures," that fed the world's curiosity as to the farthest West, but Bonneville in fact did nothing of importance toward developing Oregon.

In 1832 he had permission from the War Department to make a journey to observe and report upon the Rocky Mountain region, and the native peoples who occupy it. He was financed by Alfred Seaton, who was with the Astor party twenty years previously. There was no part of his adventures that interest Oregon pioneer history particularly, as having to do with ultimate settlement of our region. To those who have Irving's story, there is no need to tell it again at length, but to give this work the character desired as pioneer history, it is well enough to give him credit for having reached the eastern boundary of Oregon, though not its best districts. Some features of his story are of value as relating to Indian tribes. He found that the Nez Percés had learned some features of Christian duty from Pierre Pambrun, one of the factors of the Hudson's Bay Company at Walla Walla; they kept the Sabbath day as holy, doing no work, nor hunting nor travelling. They had daily prayer, worshipped the Supreme Being, and were scrupulously honest, as well as kindly, and hospitality was a virtue. They had the Indian vice of gambling, and were famous for breeding fine horses and knowing how to train them for the race course, winning much that they staked on horse races. They had a religious faith that was a mixture of the Christian teachings of the good Pambrun and the heathen


traditions handed down from their own ancestors, and taught by medicine men of long descent. The story Bonneville told of their lives and character corresponds with that handed down from all sources, and shows different features of aboriginal life as represented by the Upper Columbia tribes.

A paragraph taken from Bonneville says: "Simply to call these people religious, would convey but a faint idea of the deep tone of piety which pervades their conduct. Their honesty is immaculate, and their purity of purpose and observance of the rites of their religion are most uniform and remarkable. They are certainly more like a nation of saints than a horde of savages."

They asked him to teach them Christian doctrines, and he often did so, as he says: "Many a time was my little lodge thronged, or rather piled, with hearers; for they lay on the ground, one leaning over the other, until there was no further room, all listening with greedy ears to the wonders which the Great Spirit had revealed to the White Men. No other subject gave them half the satisfaction or commands half the attention, but few scenes of my life remain so freshly on my memory, or are so pleasantly recalled to my contemplation, as those hours of intercourse with a distant and benighted race in the midst of the desert."

Bonneville found the Hudson's Bay Company very kind and hospitable, and had most cordial relations with Pierre Pambrun, factor at Walla Walla, until he asked to purchase supplies for his own use, when Pambrun replied: "As gentlemen and acquaintances there could be utmost good will, but his company could not afford to supply the wants of competitors for their own trade."

On this, finding also that the Indians would not deal with him, Bonneville went back to the east of the Rockies.



CHAPTER XL

THE WILKES EXPEDITION

IN 1838 the United States sent out the first exploring expedition in the history of this government under command of Lieutenant Charles Wilkes, of the navy. Its object was general exploration and protection of United States commerce; to visit the islands of the Pacific, look after the whale fisheries, that were then attaining great importance, then to survey the Northwest Coast and Columbia River and visit various points on the west coast; finishing the voyage by rounding the Cape of Good Hope, after visiting Japan and other Asiatic points, all of which was completed in 1842.


There sailed from Norfolk, Va., on the 18th of April, 1838, the sloops-of-war Vincennes and Peacock, the brig Porpoise, the ship Relief and tender Sea Gull and Flying Fish. In the interest of science there accompanied this expedition a number of naturalists and botanists, a taxidermist, philologist, mineralogist, and several artists, who looked after the interests of science and art. On the 5th of April, 1841, the Vincennes and Porpoise arrived off the Columbia; his narrative shows that Wilkes thought the entrance to that river was a terror to navigation: "one of the most fearful sights that possibly can meet the eye of a sailor." The bar was so rough that they turned north to visit the Sound country, entered the Straits of Fuca and there

began the survey of the coast; they anchored at Port Discovery May 2d. The Peacock was expected to enter the Columbia when she should arrive on the coast from voyaging the South Seas.

The details of this expedition are not necessary for our use. What we wish to know is, the general result, what was accomplished in the Northwest and conclusions arrived at; in fact, what good resulted. Everywhere the officers were hospitably entertained by representatives of the Hudson's Bay Company, who were almost the only occupants of the country and whose vessels coasted the shores, bays and rivers.

While the vessels were exploring the shores of the Sound and adjoining waters, the scientific force was also at work with especial interest, because on American soil that it was hoped would become national domain. The Hudson's Bay Company sent experienced navigators, who knew the Sound waters well, to aid them. Excursions were organized to visit the Columbia and its upper waters. Scientific instruments were landed and an observatory established on a hill top within easy call, all of which was interesting to the natives of the region, who could not easily comprehend that ships sailed the ocean save for purposes of trade; or that white men lived for any other intention but to buy beaver and sea otter skins.

The fur company furnished guides, horses and all necessities, and Commander Wilkes himself made a journey on horseback from Nesqually to the Cowlitz, sixty miles south, where they took canoes for Astoria. From there they visited the Methodist mission near Clatsop Point, and various Indian towns around the mouth of the river; then



went by canoe to Vancouver, one hundred miles above, where McLoughlin met them with his habitual courtesy and hospitality.

At Vancouver Commodore Wilkes met a number of missionaries who were enjoying McLoughlin's hospitality; from there excursions were made to all points where the English companies had farms, mills, stations or improvements of any value. At that time, too, that company was at the zenith of its power, with commerce, trade, fisheries, farms and factories all in successful operation, a commerce that extended over the Northwest of the Pacific, along the coast for a thousand miles, to the Sandwich Islands and China, so that their vessels, sailing to and from London, circumnavigated the globe.


On the 3d of June McLoughlin sent them on a tour of the beautiful Willamette valley, where they visited the Canadian families who had commenced farming there; also the few American settlers located in different parts, as well as the farm and home of the Methodist mission.

At the falls of the Willamette they saw the immense power Nature had developed and mills in operation; saw the Catholic mission, then crossed to the west side to look at the hills and prairies of Yamhill. Not having seen half the magnificent valley of the Willamette, they realized that it was one of the garden spots of Nature—a very Eden that lay under the shadows of mighty ranges, while grand snow peaks dominated the universal loveliness with supernal grace, and with sublimity that changed from day to day, as their summits wore new robes of virgin white, or the outer ridges were left bare by the fervency of the midsummer sun. The summer solstice and the wintry clouds told the chang-

ing, yet unchanging story, for through them all those hoary heights were

"Clothed in white samite—wonderful!"

At Vancouver Commander Wilkes met traders and factors of the Hudson's Bay Company from the far interior, who gave him information of value. So far as concerned the gathering of information from correct sources, he had more opportunity than could have been acquired in years of ordinary journeying through the wilderness. Other officers of the expedition made similar excursions for the purpose of learning of the region, its people and resources. McLoughlin assailed their loyalty by his magnificent bearing and fine hospitality. What they never could have accomplished he made possible and feasible. Drayton, an artist with Wilkes, was asked to accompany Peter Skeen Ogden, one of the magnates of the Hudson's Bay Company, on a trip up the Columbia, through the magnificent scenery of the Grand Gorge at the Cascades and past the fearful rage at The Dalles, where the river has cut its way deep and narrow, through an inferno of rugged lava that offers no relief, shows no beauty; where the fallen archangel could have found less to please than on the fiery lake where Milton found him and his cohorts sweltering. Here the only relief was the abundance of water that ran its swift course with a vengeance. But all the river for two hundred miles was a picturesque scene while Ogden's force was on that journey, if only from the presence of nine batteaux, manned by sixty voyageurs, part Canadians and partly Iroquois and a number of women. They camped at the Cascades, where an old savage was ready to receive his dole of a new shirt



and a modicum of tobacco for once having had the good fortune to save Ogden's life, a cheap rate, it would seem, though history fails to say if Ogden valued his shirt very high, or put his life at a cheap average.

He also gave them warning of threatened danger and death from savage treachery and so saved more than Ogden's life. They visited missions at The Dalles and at Whitman's, which was some distance from the trading post where the Walla Walla enters the Columbia; which, by the way, is one of the dreariest places, made desolate by drifting sands, howling winds and black piles of basaltic lava; yet was available as site for a trading post, as canoes could come for a long way up or down the Columbia.

Lieutenant Johnson had gone to Okanogan, on the Upper Columbia, with another such an expedition, made from Puget Sound, crossing the great range by the Naches Pass to the beautiful Yakima country, thence north to Okanogan, from whence they went through the Big Bend country and the Grand Coulee, visiting the Chimikane Mission by the way; then north to Colville, then a long way south to Spaulding's mission at Lapwai, and Whitman's on the Walla Walla, returning via Yakima valley to the Sound.

The journey of Lieutenant Johnson's party covered nearly a thousand miles of land travel of ever-varying features. Another party later explored the coast of Washington and Gray's Harbor. The various excursions covered the entire region north of the Blue Mountains for two hundred miles and three hundred miles east of the Cascade Range. Other expeditions were sent from the Sound that included Fraser's River, Vancouver's Island, and the straits that intervene. Certainly, the Wilkes expedition was calculated

to yield much valuable information concerning the wide region of the Pacific Northwest.

To the few people who at that time had reached here—not over a hundred, if that many who were Americans—the coming of Wilkes was a great occasion, as it would make the country known and lead to government protection. It was a comfort to them to see proof that the United States cared thus much for Oregon, and gave them courage to live and do and hope. It must have tried sorely the kindheartedness of McLoughlin to welcome such representatives of American interests; to open the treasury of information at his command and dispense all this to those he had most occasion to fear. Loyalty to his company demanded that no encouragement should be given to any who might become rivals in trade, or any who could tear away the mystery of doubt and ignorance that shrouded the entire regions; and, lo! here comes the accredited officer of the United States, that disputed possession and sovereignty, when, with the grace and dignity of his position, and charm of hospitality that was all his own, McLoughlin received them with princely liberality, sinking for the time the fur trader to act the part of nature's nobleman. It was magnificent for these Englishmen to do this; it was splendid humanity to be capable of it, and it is a pleasure to be able to know that they did it when all their interests for the present and hopes for the future were bounded by possession of this wilderness.

Meantime, word comes that the war ship Peacock had been pounded to wreckage on the bar of the Columbia. Wilkes's forebodings were realized, and the bones of one of his fleet were buried in the sands. Fortunately, the crew were all saved; the brig Perkins was bought, rechristened the

Oregon, and Captain Hudson, of the wrecked ship, had another command.

The loss of the Peacock caused an expedition to go from the Columbia through to California, under Lieutenant Emons, that gathered information as to Southern Oregon and Northern California. About the middle of October, six months from the date of arrival, the squadron left the Columbia to join the Vincennes, that had gone to San Francisco in August, because they did not dare to trust her on the Columbia bar. It will be pleasant news for readers of to-day to know that government work at the entrance of the Columbia has made it as safe as the harbor of New York; that the commerce of the "River of the West" is as reliable as that through the Straits of Fuca. It used, in the fifties, to be that vessels would lay "off and on" for weeks, even months, not daring to enter in, but now pilotage and towage are perfect.

The few people who were here in 1841 consulted Commander Wilkes as to the propriety of forming some kind of government, but he gave no encouragement, rather the contrary; though it is not apparent that his opinion possessed any value in that connection. The news he furnished, and the information gathered by the expedition, was of value, and it is reasonable to suppose had importance in the future of Oregon. The few settlers he found there managed another year to organize a provisional government that gave the world another striking example of the ability of our people to govern themselves.

The memorials sent East had the effect to rouse the government to learn something of the conditions of the coast as to the monopoly that was complained of, exercised by the

Hudson's Bay Company; Commander Wilkes was instructed very particularly on that score. The result was that he did not sustain the memorialists in their plea that they were imposed on, and saw little need of any established government when conditions were as he saw them. The generous way the leaders of the Hudson's Bay Company received the officers of the expedition, and ready courtesy with which McLoughlin anticipated all their wants, had the effect to disarm prejudice. There was abundant evidence that the odious monopoly was, at least, as generous as any octopus of commerce could afford to be. Its monopoly was so kindly that its kindness condoned for the fact that the grasp must be deadly, unless speedily unloosed.

CHAPTER XLI


ELIJAH WHITE REDIVIVUS—THE FIRST OVERLAND EMIGRATION, 1842

WHEN Jason Lee was East in 1839 he wrote to Caleb Cushing and urged that the people of Oregon greatly required government and that some provision should be made for their protection. He suggested that a suitable person should be selected to act as governor, as well as magistrate. In January, 1842, after Dr. Elijah White had returned East, and the Lausanne had also returned, White was induced to go to Washington to give information of Oregon to those in power. The friends of Oregon favored sending some one, as Lee had suggested years before, to represent the government. As a result of canvassing existing conditions, it was decided as only proper to send some one to be a sub-Indian agent, not to give cause of offence to Great Britain under agreement for joint occupancy. It was further agreed that Dr. White himself should be commissioned as such officer. So White made his arrangements to leave for Oregon as a government officer of not very high grade, with only \$750 salary per annum, but with expenses paid. It may be supposed that Jason Lee was not consulted in this selection. Lee might have secured the appointment had he been on the ground, but it was thought necessary to impress personally on the mind of the officer what his duties

were to be; White was present and could be sufficiently instructed. He was to go overland at once, and try to secure something of an immigration to accompany him. He was very industrious and visited considerable of the border, so that by May 14, 1842, he had 112 people assembled, of whom 52 were men over 18 years of age.

Here we have the first organized immigration to the Pacific; that set out on May 16th, with 18 wagons and many horses, mules and cattle, to cross a savage wilderness to the western shore. White's idiosyncrasies took shape when he demanded that all dogs should be slain, for fear they would go mad on the way. Very soon they tired of White's leadership, and chose L. B. Hastings for captain of the company. Then the company divided and became two, but was reunited again for fear of hostile Indians. At Laramie they were joined by F. X. Matthieu and six Canadians, who wanted to settle in Oregon. With Kirkpatrick, who knew the road, they went on to Fort Hall and reached the Willamette valley without serious trouble. White pushed on in advance and reached Vancouver September 20th; he soon got the Willamette settlers together and very modestly informed them that he was *ex officio* governor of all Oregon; they need not worry as to public affairs, for he was able to attend to all that concerned whites as well as Indians.

There is something amusing in the fact of White's return with official power and the cool way in which he monopolized all the functions of courts as well as of executive. The man was a curious mixture of egoism and practicality, for he possessed in some degree unusual qualities. His reports to Washington are clearly put and in good taste. While he actually usurped power and place with a cool effrontery, we



must admire if we cannot respect; usurper as he was, he showed a remarkable degree of ability and conservatism in his tyranny. It is not perceivable that he carried any grudges or practised any reprisals; really, for a man so unscrupulous he was very considerate, and perhaps magnanimous. There was a plausibility about the man and a flavor of justice in all his injustice, that enables to accord him more than his actual deserts could claim, weighed by the strict account of duties performed. With so much against him, and the influence of Jason Lee, an unknown quality, to overcome, he needed the wisdom of Ulysses to escape hidden dangers and not be wrecked by Scylla while he avoided Charybdis.

Whoever writes history should be able to weigh facts for all their value, discuss character and award merit without prejudice, give credit for true motives and right intention wherever found, and be too proud to bend to powers or wealth, as well as too just to ignore the merit of those who do not succeed. Even personal enmities must not provoke acts of omission or commission. Whoever cannot rise to such height cannot write history the world will respect or remember. Thus, in reviewing the character of Elijah White it requires to discriminate between the man and the official. As a man he was so unscrupulous that when returning to the States overland, bearer of many letters, Orus Brown, who was with him, said he would at camping places open a great number of letters that had been entrusted to him and destroy all that reflected on his own conduct.

This first of all Oregon immigrations was in poor plight when it arrived. It was autumn; they had little means, no tools or implements for farming, no houses to move into,

and were thousands of miles from their old homes. If McLoughlin wanted to monopolize Oregon, their plight was in his favor, for if they left, disgusted, others would be slow to follow. It is thus interesting to know that he did all that was possible to relieve distress, giving employment, where he could, to workers, and supplying the needs of others, allowing them to pay for goods when able. It is at least the truth of history to concede to the great Hudson's Bay Monopoly that it forgot its exclusive character and desire to control a wilderness whenever it was able to relieve human suffering or aid the efforts of those who aimed to become settlers. At least, its great manager always rose above the mere demands of business to recognize the claims of humanity.

The arrival of Dr. White in his official capacity was well timed. He had been in Oregon but a few weeks when word came to Vancouver that in the absence of Dr. Whitman, who had gone East, the flour mills at his station had been burned by the Indians and that a chief had grossly insulted Mrs. Whitman; also, that there were threats of violence at Lapwai, where the Spauldings were. There had been prevalent a rumor that the Indians through the country were preparing to rise and exterminate the settlers, and this seemed confirmation. It was afterwards proved that they were not capable of agreeing on any course of action; that when wars did occur no general action of the tribes could be agreed upon. Dr. White was ready, and even anxious, to air his official state; consulting with Tom McKay, who lived on French Prairie at this time, a party of six armed men accompanied White, headed by McKay, while Cornelius Rodgers and Baptiste Dorian went along as in-

terpreters. At The Dalles they found Mrs. Whitman, Dr. Geiger, and Littlejohn and wife, who had abandoned Waiilatpu. The two men joined White's party and at Fort Walla Walla Agent McKinlay also went with them, for he made common cause with the Americans. There were not many Indians at the mission, so they left word when they would return and went on to meet the Nez Percés, 120 miles east.


At Lapwai the Indian agent made a speech to explain his office and the intentions of the government, that was friendly and would protect the Indians in their rights, and no white man should wrong them and go unpunished. Mr. McKay spoke to assure them that all the whites were in the same interest and allied as different tribes of their people were. Rodgers, who had been their teacher, also spoke kindly, but it was Tom McKay who addressed the chiefs in their own language and their own style of oratory; told the tragic story of his father's death, of the years he had spent among them, how he and they had fought the Blackfeet and had enjoyed all the pleasures and sports of life together as well as suffered together. Now that he was growing old and living in peace on his farm, word came that there was trouble, and he had come in haste to tell his old friends not to forget that the children of the great chief were numerous as the stars in heaven or the leaves on the trees. He made them see that they had everything to gain by peace, and when he ceased several chiefs avowed friendship and said they were glad to see an agent sent to look after their welfare.

The conclusion was that Ellis, aged 32, and somewhat educated, was chosen as their head chief and they adopted

laws to be executed by sub-chiefs, creating penalties, ranging from hanging for murder to whipping for theft. A few presents were made and they returned to Waiilatpu to meet the Cayuses. Here was more speaking, but it was thought best to defer further action until April and not urge them to act against their wishes. It was considered favorable that peace reigned, and they had the Nez Percés secured as allies. The Cayuses felt discouraged when they saw McKinlay and Tom McKay harmonizing with the Americans, for it showed them they could not count on having the Hudson's Bay Company as their ally if they made war on the Bostons.

After some days spent at The Dalles the Indians there accepted the laws and regulations adopted by the Nez Percés. Then Mr. and Mrs. Littlejohn went to Lapwai to aid the Spauldings and White returned to the Willamette. His position was no sinecure, for he had to visit the Lower Columbia, where ships had sold liquor to the Indians, causing infernal tumult and bloodshed. A sailor had deserted, named Geer, who took offence at Rev. Frost's protest against liquor selling, and tried to bribe some of the Clatsops to kill him. So White went down and prevailed on McLoughlin to send Geer off with an express bound over the mountains. He had acted as magistrate, and it was so necessary to have such action that he had his hands full. Current history does not say he was unjust in his dealings of justice, and he certainly had a very difficult rôle to fill.


White's position was useful, for the natives saw national authority in his conduct, and it had the mysterious effect needed with such a race, but much was due to McLoughlin's aid and his influence. When the Indians came to him with



complaint that too many Americans were in the country, and were too cruel, he invariably told them the Americans and Hudson's Bay men were all the same race and they had nothing to fear from either if they gave no cause for offence. It was his influence that maintained peace more than any other. But there was smouldering still the volcano, and in the spring of 1843 Dr. White had to take the field again. News came from The Dalles, Lapwai and Whitman's station that the Indians were exasperated at seeing so many whites come into their country, and threatened to commence a war of extermination. There was trouble because they heard that an immense immigration was coming back with Whitman, while the Indians of the Willamette were also roused with several causes for complaint. Brewer wrote from The Dalles to come up and try to quiet the excitement. McLoughlin was also incensed because of the petition, gotten up by some of the settlers, that deprecated the acts of the Hudson's Bay Company, and reflected on himself; so it was a question if any supplies could be had at Vancouver. Arriving there, White "found it rather squally," but he had not done anything personally to be complained of. McLoughlin did not approve of his going among the Indians with an armed force, but equipped him for the mission which he undertook with Le Breton, an Indian, and a Hawaiian servant. Provided with material for presents, they proceeded to The Dalles and received a deputation. According to rules adopted in the fall, many had been whipped for theft and other lawless acts, who thought they should be paid in shirts and blankets; if not, they had no use for the law and would object to the whippings.

The Dalles troubles were adjusted, then they went up the Columbia, and we take White's own account for his adventures. Dr. White was no mean writer, and I find in his letter of November 15, 1843, to Hon. J. M. Porter, Secretary of War, a succinct and rather glowing account of this expedition and of the country at large. He cites the rumors and fears that existed; some wanted a fort built and arms and ammunition provided, others suggested to go with an armed force to the disaffected region, but he selected a sensible clergyman and an interpreter and threw himself suddenly in the midst of the Cayuses. They wanted to know where his party was and refused to believe that he ventured among them alone and at their mercy; thought he must have a large party near by ready to destroy them at a blow. He convinced them, however, when "they were quite astounded and much affected." They suffered even more from apprehension than the white settlers did—three hundred miles away. Promising to soon return and make a treaty, White and his party rode on to Lapwai to meet the Nez Percés, who came together in great numbers and were very cordial. Their school was improved, they had better fences and greater farm products. After a few pleasant days the head chiefs and four or five hundred men and women of the tribe rode to Waiilatpu with them to hold another council with the Cayuses and Walla Wallas to influence them. Five or six days were spent adjusting matters, adopting laws and electing a high chief, then two fat oxen were killed and they had a feast—the first at which women were ever present. More was done than ever before to elevate Indian women in the social scale.

Speeches were made by all sides, the pipe of peace was



smoked; old Indians told of the coming of Lewis and Clark, and peace smiled again on all the land. It was true, however, that the mill was burned; that both Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spaulding were vilely and insolently treated, and that evil threats had been made.

Returning to The Dalles, White spent two months instructing Indians of several tribes, who came from different directions on learning that an agent appointed to treat with them had arrived. He gave out rules and regulations, or "laws," for them to follow, and beyond doubt did much good in standing between natives and whites as he did. He also claims that in his capacity as a doctor he visited their sick daily, wherever he went. To improve the condition of the Indian women, he raised a fund to procure clothing to trade to them for their baskets, mats, and other manufactures, and had the satisfaction to see them attend Sunday service dressed in semi-civilized garb. The mission ladies taught them to make up their clothing.

In the same communication he describes the Indians of the Lower Columbia, west of the Cascades; "In mind, the weakest and most depraved of their race, and physically thoroughly contaminated with the scrofula and a still more loathsome disease entailed by the whites; robbed of their game and former means of covering; lost to the use of the bow and arrow, laughed at, scoffed and condemned by the whites and a hiss and byword to the surrounding tribes, they are too dejected and depressed to feel the least pleasure in their former amusements, and wander about seeking generally a scanty pittance by begging and pilfering; but the more ambitious and desperate among them stealing, and in some instances plundering on a large scale. Were it

not that greater forbearance is exercised toward them than whites generally exercise, bloodshed, anarchy and confusion would reign predominant among us." Dr. White wanted more power, more money to spend and more salary, and it is possible he allowed his feelings to get away with him in penning this sketch. The settlers of the forties had very little trouble with the Indians of the Willamette, generally felt very kindly toward them and acted considerately. White made a strong and pathetic appeal, we can respect, to the Honorable Secretary, to "save them from being forcibly rejected from the lands and graves of their fathers, of which they begin to entertain serious fears."

In this same connection he notices that Dr. McLoughlin had assisted the immigration of 1843, that had just arrived, in a very generous manner, and speaks of his claim at Oregon City and his intention to become an American citizen. Just at this time the Methodist mission and Jason Lee were trying to claim Oregon City and the falls, but White was not in their confidence; he had no love for Jason Lee or his friends. As Indian agent he extols the course of the Hudson's Bay Company toward the Indians and quotes its governor as asserting "there have not been ten Indians killed by whites in this whole region west of Fort Hall in twenty years." Most of those were executed after conviction for wilful murder.

Dr. White was not incapable of doing justice to Jason Lee, for he advocates the mission land claimed thus: "Should the ground of his claim be predicated upon the much effected for the benefit of the Indians, I am not with him, for, with all that has been expended, without doubting the correctness of the intention, it is manifest to every ob-

server that the Indians of this lower country, as a whole, have been very little benefited. But should he insist as a reason for his claim the benefit arising to the colony and country, I am with him heartily." He went on to credit Lee with having done much to advantage the native's interests, to bespeak for him a kind reception and hope that he would soon return to resume his labors. It was well to close the account of their differences and the bitterness of their disagreement with kindly words that could live to the credit of both when both should be gone the last journey from whence no trouble returns. It was Lee's last journey, for he died soon after reaching the East while visiting Canada. The long account of his trials, hopes, sufferings and aspirations was balanced by the not unkindly hand of death; the softening touch of Time is all healing!

As to Elijah White's character, I have criticized him as unscrupulous and tried to deal fairly with his faults and virtues. His connection with the mission was ground for the worst of aspersion, for he was accused of moral delinquencies of a flagrant nature as well as of dishonest speculations. Whatever was at fault then, his services as Indian Agent in suppressing the manufacture of whiskey in a distillery and otherwise in official capacity, even if a usurpation of power were usually productive of good and tended to peace between settlers as well as with the Indians.

In 1845 the provisional legislature requested that he should go East with the memorial they had prepared, and he consented to do so. He had been for some time exploring south to discover any possible route over the mountains in that direction that might be more favorable for emigrants to follow, but without success. He did find his way by the

Siuslaw to the ocean ; it must be conceded that he was ready to undertake any journey, however rough and hazardous, that could promise advantage to the country.

When Dr. White reached the East, he found a new administration at Washington and those in office did not know him or appear to know of him. There was trouble in settling his accounts, but he was requested to remain in office ; when they did finally get matters arranged, and had waited a year for consummation of all matters necessary in that connection, his enemies in Oregon had time to send East a protest against his receiving any appointment there, making statements that were much against him. Thus his official career closed, but in 1850 he returned and was engaged with I. D. Holman, trying to promote the fortunes of Pacific City, on Holman's land claim, on the north side of the Columbia entrance, intended to be a rival to Astoria. But this proved a failure.

In 1879, a note in Bancroft's "History of Oregon" says he found that Dr. Elijah White was practising medicine quite near his library, where he made his acquaintance, found him affable, and received from him much information that he found of value in connection with that early time. He died in San Francisco in 1879. He certainly was a prominent feature in the pioneer days of Oregon, and drawing the kindly veil of charity over the actions of the past, that caused so much animadversion and even enmity, we will claim that with all his faults he rendered good service at a critical time in shaping the destinies of Oregon.

CHAPTER XLII

STORY OF SOLOMON SMITH

FROM Silas B. Smith, I learn the story of his father, Solomon Smith, who came in 1832 with Wyeth, to meet a vessel that never arrived. Wyeth returned to Boston, but Smith remained at Vancouver and taught school in 1833 for Dr. John McLoughlin. He taught two years for \$80 a year, teaching nine months in the year. In 1834 Wyeth returned with the ship May Dacre and had a trading post on Sauvie's Island. In 1834 Smith took for a wife a Clatsop woman at Vancouver, who had lived with a Frenchman. She was a chief's daughter and sister to Mrs. Louis La Bronte, of Yamhill.

They moved to the Willamette valley and located ten miles south of Salem, where Matheny's ferry was afterwards, on the old mission bottom, called Chemawa, and taught school for the Canadian French who were living on French Prairie, probably the children of Gervais and others. When later Jason and Daniel Lee came, with Wyeth, they helped them teach the mission school. Mrs. Smith also taught, as she had mastered simple words.

In 1836 he went to the mouth of the Chehalem River, on the Willamette, to build a saw and grist mill in partnership with Ewing Young, and remained there until 1840. Before that mill was completed all wheat had to be sent to Vancouver. When repairing the mill on one occasion they found teeth and large bones of a mastodon, that Dr. Mc-


Loughlin sent to England. At the Chehalem he was troubled with fever and ague so badly that his wife told him Clatsop was much better for him, as there was no fever and ague there.

Sol Smith was a warm friend to Daniel Lee, who was then at the Wascopum mission at The Dalles. They no doubt corresponded. The result was that they concluded to go down the Columbia together. Daniel Lee was interested in a young lady who was coming to Oregon on the bark *Lausanne*, that was then due. He was going down to meet her with a crew of Wasco Indians. Smith and his wife met them and all went down the Columbia together. Mrs. Smith was the only one who had ever made the trip before.

They reached Chinook Point and camped near the Indian village *Chenamus* in their tents. The next morning Lee preached to the Indians, and later on the same day the bark *Lausanne*, that he came to meet, entered the river and anchored in Baker's Bay. They had a pilot from the Sandwich Islands who knew the river. Miss Ware was Lee's sweetheart.

Lee went with three Chinook Indians to Clatsop plains and was astonished at the high grass he saw on the way. Some beach grass that grew near the ocean was as high as a man's shoulder on horseback. He was delighted with Clatsop and determined to make his home there. They all returned as far as Oak Point on the *Lausanne*, then the wind failing, they went by canoes to Vancouver.

Smith sold out at Chehalem and induced Jason Lee to send Rev. Mr. Frost—who came in the *Lausanne*—to establish a mission at Clatsop; also Calvin Tibbitts, a Maine man, went to locate there, as Dr. McLoughlin said it would



not be safe for less than three to locate anywhere, and his opinion went for law. The whole party took up land some distance south of Skipanon.

Smith went first to Clatsop in May, 1840, then went back to Chehalem, and harvested wheat that he took to Vancouver to be ground. This was taken to Clatsop, where there was plenty of game and a fall run of salmon, so there was food to eat. There were few horses on Clatsop when the Astor expedition arrived in 1811, and that was the only level land in all that country. The Canadians liked horse meat, so had traded for these and ate them.

The party built log houses on their claims; Smith got Indians to carry logs from the woods to the open. Smith's house was first built, then the others. Indians had two resorts: one on the ocean side, at the Neah Covie, a branch of the Nic-a-ni-cum, for the winter; the other near where Fort Stevens now is, for summer, to be near the salmon fishing, inside the bay. Each Indian family had a lodge at both places; they were eighteen miles apart. The last one was called Cla-at-sup; which was the specific name for the point. Fall salmon run in both those creeks in late fall and early winter; the royal Chinook entered the Columbia from April to September.

In fishing, the Indians used nets or seines made of wild flax, that grew east of the Cascades, for a fine flax is native to all the Inland Empire. They traded back and forth; the large ropes used with these nets were made of the inner bark of the cedar, twisted into strands. In the spring Smith planted a garden and went to Chehalem for two work horses. These he took by land to St. Helen's, there made a platform over two canoes, then boated them down

one hundred miles to Clatsop. These were the first horses on Clatsop Plains. He planted three-fourths of an acre to potatoes and had six hundred bushels of product. W. W. Raymond dug these as fast as he could haul them a quarter of a mile and unload them.

Smith and Frost built houses by the point for fall fishing. Raymond, who also came in the Lausanne, went to Clatsop in the fall. In the spring of 1842 they sowed red fall wheat. Morrison, who came in 1844, had a hand mill that held a peck. They soon raised barley and peas in quantity. After scalding the barley in lye water it was pounded in wooden mortars, and thus they made samp.

In September, 1841, Smith took one horse and three Indians with Mr. Frost and an English sailor boy named Lewis Taylor, brother of John Taylor, of early days at Salem, and following Indian guides went south of Tillamook, then crossed the Coast ranges to Yamhill. They were the first whites who used the Grande Round Pass. They drove back cattle for the mission, and Smith brought the horses and cattle he had at Chehalem. Coming near the ocean Smith feared that the Indian dogs at one of their villages would stampede their stock. He met an Indian woman he had known, who went on and kept the dogs shut so closely that as they passed through that village there was not a dog in sight.

The early settlers never had any trouble with the Clatsop Indians. Katata was sometimes rather turbulent, but he was only a sub-chief. When Parrish blamed him for having killed his wife, he went with a party to try to kill the missionary, but Parrish talked him out of that intention. Wash Cost (called "Watercourse" by the whites) had two wives,


but usually they had but one. Smith had some trouble with him. He had struck a white boy who lived with Smith because he would not answer him when he asked a civil question. He sent Smith word that he would whip him. At daybreak, before Smith was up, Wash Cost broke into his house waving a big double-bladed knife. Smith jumped out of his bed, seized an old Queen Anne gun and knocked him with it so that it paralyzed his arm for awhile; then there was lasting peace.

CHAPTER XLIII

WHITMAN'S MID-WINTER BIDE

IN the autumn of 1842 Dr. Whitman's mind was much worked up by various occurrences that concerned his mission and the state of the country. The preceding year a company of Canadians had crossed from the Red River of the North to make settlement in Oregon, with the undoubted intent to decide, if possible, the question of title by occupancy. These people were British subjects and Roman Catholic by faith; if their success justified, other and larger emigrations would follow. It is well enough to explain that they were sent to the gravelly plains of Nesqually, near Puget Sound, but not finding there a farming country, they removed the next year to the Willamette, and no further emigration of consequence was attempted.

The emigrants who came as the result of the effort of Dr. Elijah White, sub-Indian agent, were reaching the Columbia at that time, and Dr. White spent some days with Dr. Whitman discussing their journey. Whitman saw that if word could reach the frontier that White's company had arrived safely it would stimulate emigration the next spring. He also recognized that the Cayuses, as indeed every tribe of the Upper Country, were becoming dissatisfied and demoralized, and had unreasonable expectation as for what missions should do for them, with little appreciation for benefits conferred. What added to this dissatisfaction was, that Jesuit priests had found their way to his vicinity and were in-



sidiously undermining his influence. Their spectacular ceremonies and solemn rites at once struck the superstitious fancy of the natives, and some of them took pains to let Whitman see that the new religion might supplant his teachings. With all their apparent childishness, many of them were capable of inventing fictitious tales to carry from one mission to another and aggravate what trouble might arise.

In addition to this perplexity, the American Board, it was said, urged that the missions at Lapwai and Wailatpu be abandoned, Whitman to be transferred to Spokane, at Chemikane, Spaulding to return East. Both were zealously interested in their work and had made valuable improvements, as well as had induced many of the natives to become farmers, so that they made a fair living by that means. Each had stock increasing, mills built, orchards planted, and there was hope for the future. To leave all this for Jesuit priests to come and occupy, would not only be humiliating, but they thought a waste of means expended that should yield good results.

Whitman thought it possible to increase emigration another year if he could visit the border, and hoped to secure families with religious antecedents who would be a blessing to the new region to give it moral status. He believed it possible to bring teams and wagons to the Columbia, and by so doing reduce greatly the fears of the journey. If he could appear in person he believed the Mission Board would be convinced of the value of both those missions. He wanted actual settlers for Walla Walla valley, as well as for the Willamette, and settle the trouble with the Cayuses by presence of Americans in numbers to command respect.

He consulted with mountaineers and plainsmen, as well as with Archibald McKinley, at Fort Walla Walla, to plan a route by which to safely reach the frontier by a mid-winter journey.


He secured the company of A. L. Lovejoy, afterwards my personal friend, well known in Oregon history, who had just arrived by Dr. White's company. Lovejoy had a natural love of adventure that led him to undertake this fearful crossing of the continent at the worst time in the year. As late as 1869, when asked by Mr. W. H. Gray for particulars of that journey, he wrote as follows:

I was the travelling companion of the doctor in that arduous and trying journey, but at this late hour it will be almost impossible for me to give many of the thrilling scenes and hairbreadth escapes that we went through, travelling as we did almost the entire route through a hostile Indian country, as well as suffering much from the intense cold and storms that we had to encounter in passing over the Rocky Mountains in midwinter.

Previous to leaving Waillatpu, I often had conversations with the doctor touching the prospects of this coast. The doctor was alive to its interests and manifested a very warm desire to have this country properly represented at Washington. After some arrangements, we left Waillatpu October 3, 1842, overland for the Eastern States.

We travelled rapidly and reached Fort Hall in eleven days, remained only a day or two and made a few purchases; took a guide and left for Fort Wintee, as the doctor changed from a direct route to a more southern, through the Spanish country, via Taos and Santa Fé. On our way from Fort Hall to Wintee we met with terribly severe weather; the snows greatly hindered our progress and blinded the trail, so that we lost much time. After reaching Fort Wintee, and making some suitable purchases for our trip, we took a new guide and started for Fort Macumpagra, situate on the waters of the Grande River in Spanish territory.

Here again our stay was very short. We simply made a few purchases, took a new guide and left for Taos. After being out some four or five days, as we were passing over high tableland, we encountered a most terrific snowstorm, which forced us to seek shelter



at once. A deep ravine being near by, we made for it, but the snow fell so rapidly and the wind blew with such violence that it was almost impossible to reach it. After reaching the ravine and cutting cottonwood trees for our animals, we attempted some arrangements for camp as best we could under the circumstances, and remained snowed in for some three or four days. When the storm subsided, it cleared off intensely cold. It was with much difficulty we made our way upon the highlands; the snow was so deep and the wind so piercing and cold that we felt compelled to return to camp and wait a few days for a change of weather.

Our next effort was more successful, and after spending several days wandering around in the snow without making much headway, and greatly fatiguing our animals to little or no purpose, our guide informed us that the deep snows had so changed the face of the country that he was completely lost and could take us no further.

This was a terrible blow to the doctor. He was determined not to give up without another effort. We at once agreed that the doctor should take the guide and make his way back to the fort, procure a new guide, and that I should remain with the animals until his return, which was on the seventh day, with a new guide.

We were soon on our way, travelling through the snow at rather a snail pace. Nothing occurred of much importance other than hard and slow travelling until we reached, as our guide informed us, the Grande River, which was frozen on either side about one-third across. The current was so very rapid that the centre of the stream remained open, although the weather was intensely cold.

This stream was 150 or 200 yards wide, and looked upon by our guide as very dangerous to cross in the present condition, but the doctor, nothing daunted, was the first to take the water. He mounted his horse, and the guide and myself pushed them off into the boiling, foaming stream. Away they went, completely under water, horses and all, but directly came up, and after buffeting the waves and foaming current, he made to the ice on the opposite side a long way down the stream, leaped from his horse upon the ice and soon had his noble animal by his side. The guide and myself forced in the pack animals, followed the doctor's example, and were soon drying our frozen clothes by a comfortable fire.


With our new guide, travelling slowly on, we reached Taos in about thirty days. We suffered considerably from cold and scarcity of provisions, and for food were compelled to use the flesh of mules, dogs and such other animals as came in our reach.

We remained at Taos some twelve or fifteen days, when we changed off our animals, made such purchases as our journey required, then left for Bent's Fort, on the headwaters of the Arakansas River, where we arrived about the 3d day of January, 1843. The doctor left here on the 7th, at which time we parted, and I did not meet him again until some time in the month of July, above Fort Laramie, on his way with a train of immigrants. The doctor often expressed himself to me about the remainder of his journey and the manner in which he was received at Washington and by the Board of Missions at Boston.

The doctor had several interviews with President Tyler, Secretary Webster and many members of Congress touching the interests of Oregon. He urged the immediate termination of the treaty with Great Britain relative to this country, the extension of the laws of the United States, and to provide liberal inducements to immigrants to come to this coast. He felt chagrined at the lack of interest, the great want of knowledge concerning Oregon and the wants of this country, though he was very cordially and kindly received, and many seemed anxious to receive all the information he could give them. I have no doubt the doctor's interviews resulted greatly to the benefit of Oregon and the entire coast. But his reception at Boston was not so cordial. The Board censured him for leaving the coast, for the waste of time and the great expense attending so long a journey across the continent at that season of the year.

The doctor returned to the frontier settlements, urging the citizens to immigrate to the Pacific coast. After his exertions in this behalf, he left for Independence, Mo., and started for Oregon with a large immigrant train some time in the month of May. With his energy and knowledge of the country he rendered them very great assistance, and continued to do so until he reached his home about the first of October, to find the home of his choice sadly neglected and the flouring mill burned. The Indians were very hostile about the doctor's leaving at the time he did, and I have no doubt that during his absence the seeds of the awful massacre were sown by these haughty and savage Cayuses, although it did not take place until four years afterwards.

Colonel Joseph K. Kelly, who represented Oregon in the United States Senate, and was lieutenant-colonel in the Indian Wars of 1855-57, and resided later in Washington, has told me several incidents of that fearful mid-winter journey



that he had direct from Lovejoy. One was, that as they were penned in that fearful ravine, they one evening saw a camp-fire on the bluffs above, and Whitman made his way up the steep bank to learn if they were savages or white men. He had reached where a fallen tree protected him from their view, and soon saw they were whites, though they used the Spanish language. They were surprised when he appeared, and seized their guns, but when they realized his being a white man, greeted him cordially and sent some down to assist his friends to climb up there with their animals. They were a company from Taos, N. M., who had hunted buffalo. They had abundance of jerked meat, fed them bountifully, treated them kindly and took them on to Taos. It was indeed a friendly procedure.

This account of that fearful winter journey, written over twenty-five years later, shows what determined men they were and how Whitman himself was daring in the extreme in carrying out his plans. As to the motives for his journey, it is clear enough to any unprejudiced person, who will read all the evidence, that while he had at heart the cause of the mission, that he was equally impressed with the importance of influencing immigration to determine the title to Oregon by occupancy, and made that fearful mid-winter journey to reach the frontier in time to address the people.


It is useless to canvass all the accounts published as to what Whitman did or did not do on arrival and while at the East. That he published word that went through Missouri, Arkansas and reached Texas, to influence immigration, is beyond question, informing them that the caravan of 1842 had reached the Columbia River in safety and giving assurance that he would return with the immigra-

tion in the spring and render all aid in his power. Those were not days when the newspaper was such a power in the land; the telegraph, as well as railroad, was in the future, but what Whitman wrote went into many Western newspapers, and a pamphlet was published that helped to swell the throng that gathered on the border.

In his defence of Whitman, Rev. Myron Eells says:

He reached Missouri early in 1843. As soon as he reached that State he scattered word as far and as fast as his haste to reach Washington would permit, urging the people to go to Oregon, certifying that they would be able to reach the Columbia with their wagons, and promising to aid them by his knowledge and presence. After reaching Washington and conferring with those in authority, he evidently became more than ever impressed with the belief that immigrant wagons reaching the Columbia that year was the necessity for saving Oregon. According to the testimony of John Zachary, then of Texas, and C. D. Carey, then of Missouri, both of whom came that year, having been induced to do so by Dr. Whitman, he published a pamphlet in which he described Oregon, its soil, climate and desirableness for American colonists, and assured those who wished to go that wagons could be taken to the Columbia, notwithstanding the representations of the Hudson's Bay Company that they could be taken no further than Fort Hall.

There has been much written on this question, and while over-sanguine friends have claimed too much, it looks as if some have jealously grudged this noble man the little he desired. Some historians, who gave him abundant praise as a patriotic man, denounce the story that he visited Washington as a myth or fabrication. He certainly did visit the national capital and saw Webster, who was Secretary of State, but could not convince him of the Value of Oregon to the nation. In Secretary of War Spencer, of the Cabinet, he found an old friend of his young days, who



introduced him to President John Tyler, who listened with interest to his claims for the Columbia region and to his promise that he would take through a wagon train in the spring and summer to the Columbia. No doubt Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, had assured them that such a wagon road was impracticable, for he may have thought so, even if the wish was father to the thought, for his company had left their own wagons at Fort Hall.

Years ago the author received from Dr. William Geiger, who filled Whitman's place at the mission during his absence, and who was so entirely reliable that the reader can unhesitatingly believe what he says, the statement that Whitman made him soon after his return, as follows:

Reaching the border, he spent there only the time necessary to give out word that in the spring he would pilot an immigration to the Columbia River and take them through in their wagons. This done, he took a direct route to Washington to make his report to our government. He crossed the plains in a rough mountain suit made of a blanket coat, fur cap and coat and leather leggings, dressed in the half civilized garb peculiar to the mid-continent.

In his schoolboy days the doctor had been acquainted with the Secretary of War, John C. Spencer, of New York. He went to him, told a plain story of the value of the country, and was introduced by him to Daniel Webster, Secretary of State; then laid all the facts before him, praising the country as of immense value to the United States, and adding that he had heard there was a possibility it might be transferred to Great Britain. But Webster made the reply that has been attributed to him, calling forth such animadversion and severe criticism: "You are too late, doctor, the Oregon question is in the hands of the President." Whitman made the strong plea his intense feeling prompted and his use of language and knowledge of the facts allowed, with no effect.

Webster was entirely biased by his feelings as a New

Englander; he knew that the fishermen of his State had millions of annual interest in the Newfoundland fisheries, and thought that more important than to save Oregon. What a difference it would have made had the Columbia River been the north boundary of Oregon! He quoted the argument that distance rendered our region worthless to the nation. If we kept it we could make no practical use of it, because no roads could be made to create travel or commerce. Finally, he said the Oregon question had been considered and turned over to President Tyler; so far as he was concerned it had passed entirely out of his hands. Of course, those who contend that Whitman never even went to Washington on such an errand laugh at this, but it is well known that Webster asserted that the St. John River, of Canada, was a hundred times the importance of the Columbia; he could not be made for a long time to see the value of Oregon to the nation. He did know the value of the fisheries on the North Atlantic, but did not grasp the idea that the fisheries on the Pacific could be of equal importance; that the Columbia was one of the great rivers of the world, and that what was then Oregon had a not distant future that would see in its bounds a group of States to be of equal importance with New England. In time Daniel Webster realized something of this, but not in that early spring of 1843.

Whitman brought back with him his nephew, Perrin B. Whitman, who testified that when at the East, preparing to leave for Oregon, he heard his uncle, the doctor, tell all these facts as they are told here, and show the greatest interest in securing immigrants to join the trains in 1843.

Webster declined to take Dr. Whitman to see the Presi-


dent, so Dr. Geiger said he secured the friendly aid of Secretary Spencer again; was well received and told President Tyler his plain, unvarnished tale. Tyler was greatly interested, promised not to allow Oregon to be negotiated away if a wagon train could be taken to the Columbia, and to wait to know if that could be accomplished. This was all Whitman asked or desired; he left the White House with the resolve that wagons should reach the Columbia and Oregon become United States territory. This much he did toward saving Oregon, and this was the plain account he gave Dr. Geiger, his friend and fellow-missionary, as they rode over the hills from Lapwai to Waiilatpu at the moment of his returning in the fall of 1843, which Dr. Geiger gave the writer of this work, forty years later, as his contribution to the history of that past epoch.

Dr. Geiger further said: "From Washington Dr. Whitman went to Boston to see the Secretary of the American Board of Foreign Missions. He was received with coolness and disfavor; his coming was objected to, the expense complained of. The Board was not in political movements, not prepared to pay for political work to help the nation. Whitman averred that first of all he was loyal to his country and had risked much personal danger to bring the facts of the value of Oregon to the government; having accomplished his errand, he had nothing to regret." Clad in his mountain garb, standing there to assert his loyalty and defend his country, he was a fair representative of Oregon as its pioneers have given it being. The Secretary changed the subject to offer Whitman money to buy a suit of clothes "fit to appear in," but Whitman refused it, and said he would draw on him when he needed money. It seems that

he wore his mountain suit most of the time while at the East.

As to whether a treaty involving the fate of Oregon could have been in progress, those who have searched government records say they find nothing to indicate that the Oregon question was ever before Tyler's administration, much less was partially agreed on; but Hon. George H. Williams, who has been United States Senator, Cabinet Minister, and one of the commissioners to settle the Alabama claims, assured me that it was all possible, for no public record is made of a treaty until it is definitely completed. So that, so far as Oregon was connected with pending negotiations, Webster's words may have been true and the fate of Oregon have been in President Tyler's hands. Receiving these facts, as the author of this work does, from one of the most responsible of the men of that time, as he received it from Marcus Whitman as they rode together that long way of 120 miles that lies between Lapwai and Waiilatpu, and given in the fulness of his heart, it comes as the sincere word of Whitman himself. Dr. Geiger said the subject had not been mentioned during the days they were at Lapwai, and that, as he closed his story, Whitman said: "I set out to bring an immigration through with their wagons to the Columbia, and I have done it."

This did not mean that Whitman claimed to have influenced all that immigration, or claimed to be its author and builder, for he was a modest man, hopeful and not presuming, and never was known to assert himself on the road, or any time later while he lived, as having saved Oregon to the United States. What he certainly did was, he conveyed to the government valuable information as to Oregon, and



encouraged and inspired many who would not else have come, by his personal influence as well as by his publications. From the estimate made by Dr. Myron Eells, as to his services and the number who are known to have been influenced by him, it is not unreasonable to think that one-third of those who crossed the plains to Oregon in the immigration of 1843 would not have come had they not learned that the journey was safely made by those who crossed in 1842, and for the assurance Whitman gave that he could pilot them, with their wagons, through to the Columbia River.

Neither the indiscretion of over-zealous friends nor the jealousy of those who have no right to be his detractors, can deprive Marcus Whitman of the honor of doing what few could or would have done to help save Oregon to be, what that region has become, one of the brightest sections of the Union.

Leaving the sage plains of the Snake River valley, where the soil is often white with alkali, the old emigrant road followed the terrible cañon of Burnt River, that was to be the scene of many an Indian massacre, where nature assumes fearful shapes of lava in rough-riven shores and startling precipices; from thence to the Columbia, almost two hundred miles, was the most rugged part of the long road "across the plains," relieved for a while by the pleasant valley of Powder River, and made charming as they passed through Grande Ronde Valley, for thirty miles cradled in loveliness among the towering ranges of the Blue Mountains. Leaving it, the road for many miles climbed up and on, rising continually, now through forest glades, where pines grew in serried ranks with only the velvet of the mountain grasses spread beneath; now threading deep ravines,

but always ascending, until at last, from the pine-clad summit, the ranges break down abruptly for five thousand feet, over well-grassed foothills, to the bunch-grass uplands of the Umatilla.

Half a century ago—in the forties—that same prospect overlooked the widespread valley of the Columbia. The deep cañons held the rivers in their grasp, but the view was as wonderful as it was broadly spread. There were herds of Indian ponies here and there, and occasional smoke ascended to tell where the Cayuses and Walla Wallas had their lodge fires, but the scene was primeval in its original wildness, and no one could know if the soil was productive or what the future could bring forth.

I saw that scene before the hand of man had tamed and transformed it, and lived to see the change that human energy could create; to see river steamers replace the canoes of the wild tribes and the batteaux of the Canadian voyagers; still later saw the Inland Empire girdled with railroads and traversed by the Iron Horse. I have seen it as that little band of missionaries saw it, two-thirds of a century ago, the wilderness that nature left in all its pristine beauty; and as it is to-day, a scene where harvests ripen to their rich fruition, and midsummer winds billow bending waves of golden grain. The scene of to-day is but the harvest of the mission seed; the cities, towns, villages, churches, homes and schools of the present and the future will always bear witness to the Christian heroism that planted that mission in the early time.

It is easy enough to sum up facts to prove what Whitman's chief object was in making that fearful journey, for before he concluded to go he called his associates together,

explained his motives and intentions, and when most of them objected he asserted that he should go, and would resign his position if there was objection made. Mrs. Lovejoy, since the death of General Lovejoy, has assured me that her husband so understood the matter when Dr. Whitman requested him to accompany his return. No small credit is due A. L. Lovejoy for also making this journey, for Whitman could not venture alone. Lovejoy was also patriotic in furthering the American cause at expense of so much hardship. Abundant testimony is furnished from many who were prominent in that immigration as to the value of Whitman's services through the entire journey. J. W. Nesmith stated how Captain Grant, at Fort Hall, tried to persuade them to leave their wagons, showing them wagons remaining there left by the immigration of the proceeding year, and asserting the impracticability of the route; but he adds: "Happily, Whitman's advice prevailed." It was beyond question due to Whitman that wagons were brought through to the Columbia that year, and if he had not insisted and implored they would not have been brought past Fort Hall.

I have stated what Whitman's friend, Dr. William Geiger, told me in 1885, as Whitman related to him after his arrival that fall. It remains now to quote Whitman's own words, written to the American Board to prove the object of that journey. On April 1, 1847, after hearing of the adoption of the Oregon treaty of June, 1846, he wrote as follows: "I often reflect on the fact that you told me you were sorry I came East. It did not then, nor has it since, altered my opinion in the matter. American interests acquired in the country, which the success of the immigration of 1843 alone did or could have secured, have become the foundation

of the late treaty between England and the United States in regard to Oregon, for it may easily be seen what would have become of American interests in the country had the immigration of 1843 been as disastrous as were the immigrations of 1845 and 1846, that came later and followed other routes. The disaster was great again, last year, to those who left the track I made for them in 1843, as it has been in every attempt to improve it. Not that it cannot be improved, but it demonstrates what I did in making my way to the States in the winter of 1842-43, after the 3d of October. It was to open a practicable route and safe passage and secure a favorable report of the journey from immigrants which, in connection with other objects, caused me to leave my family and brave the toils and dangers of the journey, notwithstanding the unusual severity of the winter and the great depth of snow."

Six months later, on the 18th of October, 1847, only six weeks before the Waiilatpu massacre, he wrote again: "Two things, and it is true those which were the most important, were accomplished by my return to the States. By means of the establishment of the wagon road, which is due to that effort alone, the immigration was secured from disaster in the fall of 1843. Upon that event the present acquired right of the United States by the citizens hung. And not less certain is it that upon the result of that immigration to this country the present existence of this mission and of Protestantism hung also." While it is not known that Whitman ever assumed credit with his associates here to that extent, for he was not boastful, yet he was so rejoiced to hear that the great object of his efforts was accomplished, and that by treaty Oregon was made safe to the United States,

that he wrote those sentences to the American Board, whose Secretary had blamed him so harshly for "interfering with political matters."

There is reason to believe that the country south of the Columbia was always held to be American soil, at least all statesmen of our country had so considered it, but we can pardon a little of sanguine assurance from Whitman, to show the result of his mission to his superiors who had distrusted, discountenanced and denounced him. It was a proud day in the humble missionary's life when he could prove to the board that he had builded so much better than they knew.

It is also a little amusing—to one who has taken up the cudgels for Whitman for a quarter of a century—to claim for him all he himself could have asked, to see with what avidity and lusty pride in those latter days this same American Board of Missions, who afforded Whitman the scant pittance with which he worked so many years and who regretted to pay the expenses of his return, claim the honor of having furnished the champion who did so much to save Oregon to the Union by his heroic action.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly,
But they grind exceeding fine."

In the last weeks of his life of self-sacrifice Dr. Whitman was rejoicing to know that the success of his heroic efforts were fully accomplished. As we pass the half-century mark, from the date of the fearful day of massacre, the world he lived in does honor to his memory and recalls with pride the heroism that dared so much—

"To win or lose it all!"


E. T. C. ROSS AND OTHERS ON WHITMAN'S JOURNEY

Elwood Evans denied that Whitman was in Washington in March, 1843, but Hon. Alexander Ramsay wrote Evans that he felt certain he met Whitman at the home of Joshua Giddings, and heard the story of his journey, but after nearly forty years could not say certainly. As no other missionary from Oregon was there, who had made such a winter journey, there can be no doubt that his impression was correct.

When the massacre occurred he mourned for him as the same he lately had met in Washington. He saw there the missionary who was afterwards murdered by the Indians in 1847. His actual version was: "I visited Washington and called on Mr. Joshua Giddings. When so visiting, Mr. Giddings introduced me to Dr. Whitman, from Oregon, who talked to me and others of the difficulties of his journey, of the character of the country, Indian affairs, British encroachments, etc."

Mr. E. T. C. Ross says in effect that our minister in London had instructions from the home government that Secretary of State Webster might have agreed to and signed papers and given them to the President—as he intimated to Whitman—and after hearing Dr. Whitman, these instructions may have been withheld by the President, and others substituted after Dr. Whitman had fulfilled his promise to take the immigration and their wagons through to the Columbia River.

As to Whitman receiving the consent of his coadjutors for his journey East, and his object, Mr. Ross quotes letters from Rev. Cushing Eells to Evans as to that; and as to




the presence of W. H. Gray at the Waiilatpu meeting, September, 1842: "To my certain knowledge Mr. Gray was present and participated in the meeting held at Waiilatpu, September, 1842. Mr. Gray says he "left Waiilatpu the 1st of September, 1842, to go to the Willamette and returned to the station for my family on the 21st of September. There was a special called at Dr. Whitman's station in September to consult about Dr. Whitman's proposition to go to Washington to inform our government of the proceedings and designs of the Hudson's Bay Company, first made known to me by Frank Ermatinger, at what was known as House Plains, the usual place to meet the Flathead tribes, I think in May, 1837. On that occasion Ermatinger got drunk on Hudson's Bay Company's rum; as per bargain we made, he was to drink the rum and Gray the water. On that occasion the rum became patriotic for the company and England, and the water for Uncle Sam. To close the argument he said, "Pooh, what can your government do? All the company has to do is to arm their eight hundred half-breeds and they can control the Indians and drive back any troops your government can send across the mountains. Our navy can protect the coast." I never forgot the threat and told Dr. Whitman about it when we met the next year.

"The meeting [of September, 1842] was divided; Revs. Walker and Eells thought not proper for him [Dr. Whitman] to leave his place and mix in political affairs. Rev. Spaulding and W. H. Gray approved his object and design, being more fully informed of the designs of the Hudson's Bay Company than the two opposing members of the mission."

Rev. Horace Lyman said, in January, 1885, "I came to

Portland in 1849, and though I cannot state the exact date when I first heard the claim made that Dr. Whitman went East that winter—1842-43—to make the effort to save Oregon to the United States, yet this decided impression was made upon my mind within two years of my coming here, i.e., with my first acquaintance with Mr. Gray and Mr. Spaulding, Mr. Eells and Mr. Walker, that this was one of his great objects, and his main one.” Mrs. Mary Walker (widow of Rev. Elkanah Walker, one of the contemporaries of Whitman, and one of the Mission Board) wrote Elwood Evans, who was trying to disprove that Whitman went East with such motive: “In answer to your inquiry about Dr. Whitman, I will say that he went East in 1842 mainly to save the country from falling into the hands of England, as he believed there was great danger of it. He had written Mr. Walker several times before about it; one expression I well recollect, he wrote about as follows: ‘This country will soon be settled by the whites. It belongs to the Americans; it is a great and rich country. What a country this would be for Yankees?’ Mr. Walker and associates felt that Dr. Whitman, in leaving the missionary work and going on this business, was likely to bring disgrace also on the cause, and were so afraid of it that for a long time they would hardly mention that object of Dr. Whitman’s journey publicly.”

The book of mission records, in which the proceedings were recorded of the meeting of the mission board held at Whitman’s September, 1842, wherein record was made of such proceedings, was left at Whitman’s and was lost or destroyed at the time of the massacre.



CHAPTER XLIV

THE PEORIA PARTY—OR EMIGRATION OF 1839

At an early day, about 1880, I took notes from Joseph Holman of his adventures in crossing the plains in 1839-40, for he was one of the nineteen men who left Peoria, Ill., bound for Oregon, in the spring of 1839, which was the first *bona fide* attempt at emigration for settlement that we have record of.

Mr. Holman was a much respected and well-known citizen, now many years deceased, whose friendship I enjoyed, and it is a pleasure to do justice to his memory. He was of English birth, came to America in 1836, resided in Peoria at the time when Rev. Jason Lee lectured there in the winter of 1837-38. That lecture was the inducement for this band of adventurers to make that attempt. Holman was a wagonmaker and knew William C. McKay—afterwards Dr. McKay, grandson of Mrs. McLoughlin, who was then East at school and frequented his shop, telling of the beautiful Willamette, the Columbia River region, the salmon run, etc., that interested those who heard.

The company had a two-horse team and some loose horses as far as Independence, Mo., where they changed to saddle horses and pack animals, and went south toward Santa Fé, to Bent's Fort, on the south fork of the Platte, where there was good grass, and plenty of buffalo, that would hardly get out of their way. They lived on "meat straight"

most of the time to the Columbia River, finally getting out of reach of the American bison.

On the south fork of Platte a war party of Sioux stole two of their horses, but that was all the trouble they had with Indians. They were well armed, while the Sioux had only bows and arrows. They left Independence the last day of May, stopped a month at Bent's Fort, and took a guide to Green River, where they wintered. They reached Brown's Hole the last of September, and found there Jo Meek, Doc Newell, and other free trappers and hunters of that time, with bands of Shoshones, all of whom said: "You should wait till spring," so they built cabins, and went back to Brown's Hole to find buffalo and dry the meat for winter use. They made saddles to exchange at Fort Hall for necessities.

Some had turned back at Bent's Fort, a few stayed to trap there, several went to Sante Fé. Fletcher and Amos Cook, who after settled in Yamhill County, and Kilburn, who went to California in 1842, came through with Doc Newell to the Columbia. They found deep snows in the mountains and spread down blankets for their horses to walk on, as they also did on frozen creeks. When they were nearly starved they bought Indian dogs to eat; their horses greedily ate young cotton-woods growing in the creeks. When in deep snows, near Fort Hall, they came across an old buffalo bull when they had had no food for three days.

They were three weeks at Fort Hall waiting for company, then had a pleasant journey to Walla Walla and The Dalles, reaching Vancouver the same day that forty missionaries arrived there by sea. Dr. McLoughlin was astonished to see four men who had crossed the continent alone, and sent

them to the dairy to get something to eat. They were bare-headed and wore buckskins, but traded for clothes and wore a civilized look once more. Fletcher had some money, but they charged a discount to change it for British coin or goods.

Holman said they were the first who ever came to settle; that even the missionaries did not come to stay, as they did. Of the eighteen who left Peoria in 1839, five reached the Columbia and formed the first *bona fide* emigration.

Dr. William Geiger was a young physician, of Helvetia, N. Y., who offered his services to the Mission Board but was not accepted, so started in the spring of 1839 to cross the plains on his own account. He found a colony forming in Missouri, that purposed to go through to California; they agreed to work together, Geiger was to go to the Columbia, and within two years was to meet them in California and compare notes, then decide on location. He went to Fort Hall in company with Rev. J. S. Griffin and others, then with one Johnson, who later went to the Islands, pushed on to Whitman's, where they rested a few days, then took the Hudson's Bay Company's trail across the Cascades to the Clackamas. They seemed to have made this arduous journey with little difficulty, nor even any adventures of importance. They found in 1840 Squire Ebberts at Champoege, and Tom Hubbard on French Prairie.

As Shepard, teacher at the mission, was ill, Geiger took the school for the winter, then was arranging to go at practical work with Cornelius Rodgers, but in the spring of 1840 Jason Lee returned with the reinforcement, and as their plans clashed, the mission bought out the claims of Geiger and Rodgers. Remembering the Missouri colony he

went by sea to California, to find that passengers arriving were forbidden to land unless they could show passports. Oregon had no national official, so they took passage again, with others, for the Sandwich Islands, returning with passports.

Mr. Geiger then went to Captain Sutter's, on the Sacramento, who had a Mexican land grant of 200,000 acres, including the greater part of the upper Sacramento valley. As there was no sign of that Missouri colony, only a few having come through, he remained for nearly two years, helping Captain Sutter, earning nine leagues of land, about 60,000 acres, on the Feather and Yuba Rivers, where the richest gold mines were later discovered. As he was disgusted with Mexican social ideas, he sold back his land to Sutter and started East in the fall of 1842.

At Fort Hall he met an American company going to Oregon, with whom were Medorem Crawford and Dr. Elijah White, returning with his commission as Indian agent. So he changed his course, joined this party, went through to the Willamette, took up land near Forest Grove, where he resided when I went there to get his story some forty years later. I shall have occasion to mention Dr. Geiger again in the course of this work, but must say here that he was a man who commanded respect as a good citizen and skilful physician. No man at that time had made the journey from the Western border with so little of really striking adventures as did he.

One of the earliest writers on Oregon, whose descriptions were read and are often quoted, was T. J. Farnham, one of the company organized at Peoria in 1839, stimulated to action by the fact that Jason Lee lectured at Peoria, when he

was East in the winter of 1837-38, and left an Indian boy, who in his broken way told many stories of Oregon life, scenery, wild game, etc., that were told and retold, causing much interest.

This was the first organized movement to go to Oregon to locate permanently, and though it broke up on the way and drifted on in fragments, yet some who ventured then became prominent residents and helped create history, so deserve mention in this work. That company was organized to go to Oregon to raise the American flag, and that was the prevailing sentiment.

T. J. Farnham was elected as leader; there were also the following named men, who became valuable citizens: Joseph Holman, Sidney Smith, Robert Shortess, R. L. Kilbourne, Francis Fletcher and Amos Cook. Shortess wrote concerning them that they organized in 1839 and started West about May 1st. There were in all nineteen persons; they carried a flag that had the motto: "Oregon or the Grave!" Their expressed intention was to take possession of the country "In the Name of the United States," and drive out the Hudson's Bay Company, and Farnham expressed confidence that with his nineteen "dragoons" it could be done.

Shortess says they went the Santa Fé road, by advice of Sublette and others, had various adventures, quarrelled, part deserted them; then they fell in with a Santa Fé train, and so reached Bent's Fort, a trading station owned by three Bent brothers. Here division of property was made; then Farnham, Sidney Smith, O. A. Oakley, W. Blair and Joseph Holman went forward under guide of an Arkansas trapper. Shortess and eight others went north, to

where Denver now is. At Brown's Hole they met Doc Newell and Jo Meek, mountaineers, and joined them to go to Fort Hall. On the way provisions got short and they travelled over snow-covered mountains, killed a wolf one day, and took it along to prevent starvation; finally reached Fort Hall, a station of the Hudson's Bay Company. There Shortess was left alone to the tender mercies of that company, that he had believed was so tyrannous and hostile to Americans; he was therefore surprised to receive all possible kindness; Ermatinger went out of his way to fix up an expedition to send furs to Walla Walla, 500 miles, giving Shortess a chance to earn his way as one of the escort. From Walla Walla he went to Whitman's mission and worked there until spring. On March 12th, he left for the Willamette, solitary and alone, meeting on the river an Indian chief who was going to The Dalles, where he was kindly received by Rev. Perkins. He met there Ben Wright and one Dutton, from Texas, who had crossed the plains the previous year, with whom he crossed the Cascades to the Willamette, reaching French Prairie the middle of April, 1840, where he stopped with Calvin Tibbetts and T. J. Hubbard, who came with Wyeth in 1832.

Shortess describes the Willamette region at that time, the few settlers enjoying every comfort and plenty, and seeming content with their lot; the prairies with rich pasture, many groves of fine timber, and herds of cattle and horses; fields of wheat that promised rich harvest; mountain ranges in the distance and snowy peaks piercing the clouds.

Shortess was a man of considerable reading and had been a student of Latin and the English classics, so expressed himself with eloquent feeling. He worked for James A. O'Neil

at a dollar a day until the end of June, then went to work at the mission. He was a man who had little regard for religion and often spoke slightly of the missions, as was the case with many of the borderers.

There were then in the country six men: William Cannon, an American, Joseph Gervais, Etienne Lucier, Antoine Revoir, Michael Framboise, and Labonte, Canadian French, who were with the American Fur Company in 1812, all well-to-do farmers. His story shows the general good feeling of the Indians, and that every mission and Hudson's Bay Company station made welcome the wanderers, often furnishing work to those in need.

As to what became of the rest of the nineteen "Dragoons," who were to run the Hudson's Bay Company out of the country, the party having divided at the Rocky Mountains, Charles Gates left for New Mexico, Robert Moore wintered at St. Vrain, Oakley and Woods were discouraged by reports and returned East; Farnham took Smith and Blair as far as Walla Walla, when Blair struck for Lapwai, but afterwards went to California. Sol Smith found his way alone, having quarrelled with Farnham, and worked with Ewing Young at Chehalem, as will appear. Farnham didn't turn the Hudson's Bay Company out of Oregon, but accepted a suit of clothes and passage to the islands, went back home and wrote his book.

It seems that nine of the nineteen actually came through by various routes—Farnham, Shortess, Moore, Smith, Blair, Sol Smith, Holman, Kilbourne and Amos Cook.

ALVIN T. SMITH, 1840

Following the Peoria party, came a small company from Quincy, Ill., one of whom was Alvin T. Smith, a well-known resident of Washington County. When working up the story of early times in the eighties I visited Mr. Smith at his home, Forest Grove, and obtained the following: In March, 1840, he started with others for the Occident, having heard Theron Baldwin lecture on the "American Indian," referring to the call from the Flatheads for religious teachers. Mr. Smith was a carpenter, at Quincy; with him were Revs. Harvey Clarke and P. B. Littlejohn, clergymen. Mr. Clarke could not overtake the brigade of the American Fur Company, that started in 1839, so late in the winter came to Quincy and induced Mr. Smith to join a company to plant an independent mission among the Oregon Indians; as the American Board was short of funds, they proposed to be independent.

They were all newly married and started with their wives and had two wagons. At Independence Henry Black joined them; he was a typical frontiersman and travelled for mere curiosity; he had no missionary spirit and had lost no wandering Flatheads. They got along well and travelled together to Whitman's mission.

At Hickory Grove they joined the American Fur Company's spring brigade, with many mountain men who had carts and mules rigged tandem; there were thirty-nine who stood guard. The following named came through to Oregon: Joel Walker, Pleasant Armstrong, George Davis, and Robert Moore; Walker had a wife and three children, with a double and single wagon and three horses; they had little

patriotic fervor and knew nothing of British occupancy; but intended to make it American territory, if it became necessary.

Following the brigade, they reached the rendezvous at Green River with no hindrance. There they found gathered whites, half-breeds and Indians, the mixed races usual to the fur trade. Several independent mountaineers escorted them to Fort Hall; one was Doc Newell, another Caleb Wilkins. All went pleasantly, except that the fur traders did not keep the Sabbath, but when past Fort Hall their little party laid by on Sunday while the others pushed forward.

One day, when two horses were missing, Wilkins asked some Indians who were in the company why they had driven them off? When one of them made a saucy reply, Wilkins knocked him down, then told him to go and find the horses, which, sure enough, he did. They brought the wagons to Fort Hall, gave one and the double harness to Bob Newell for acting as pilot, then packed baggage and supplies as they rode horseback themselves. There was a good trail from Boisé; the ladies had side-saddles and pacing ponies, so got on nicely. They soon had Indian guides to Whitman's station, that was reached in two days. It was late on the 14th of August that the jaded cavalcade sighted that haven.

They had left eastern civilization behind, but here was a waste spot redeemed from the wilderness; after thousands of miles of deserts and plains, they found there the germs of civilization growing and blooming on sage plains of the Upper Columbia; as Smith said, "Never a spot of earth had bloomed and become fragrant to captivate the senses with greater effect than this waste spot, so lately redeemed, pro-

duced 'on us." They were hungry for something more akin to their souls than the savage hordes they had met. Here was a home consecrated to higher existence. Whitman made them heartily welcome.

Mr. Clarke went to Kamia; Littlejohn remained with Whitman; Smith stayed a year or so with Spaulding, at Lapwai, helping grow corn and fix up his grist and saw mills; making a loom and reel for Mrs. Spaulding to use, and teach the Indian girls to weave cloth. They had sheep, saved the wool and soon made good cloth.

In September, 1841, Mr. Smith went to the Willamette valley and located the land claim where this interview was had forty-four years later, in 1885. Mr. Clarke and Mr. Littlefield, with their families, soon followed and took land near by; but the latter eventually returned East. Many pleasant incidents of that journey furnished a fund of anecdote to last their lifetimes, and there was no unpleasant jar or clash of interests to disturb pleasant memories. They started with seventeen head of good cattle, but had to leave them, as they got footsore, but they were exchanged at Fort Hall for Mexican stock to be delivered in Oregon.

Ermatinger made a number of good trades with the emigrants of 1840, some of which were not much to his credit, as he deceived people to get advantage of them. It was rather tough on men who had come so far and had dared so much, and who put faith in his word, so took his assurance that the eight mules they had would be worthless in the lower country and exchanged them for small Indian ponies of little worth anywhere, to have him afterwards send those same mules to Vancouver and prove more valuable than many such ponies.

This was one instance of ill-doing, but against it is the fact that usually the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company treated emigrants with generous kindness.

This closes the narrative of the various efforts to cross the continent to Oregon in the years 1839 and 1840.

CHAPTER XLV

SETTLERS IN OREGON UP TO 1842

W. H. Gray's history gives a list of arrivals in Oregon up to and including the year 1840, after which date the stream of emigration was continuous. He was at pains to be accurate, and was so, with a few omissions. With assistance of Bancroft's work and other sources, I make the following list. Colonel Nesmith told of DeLoar, who lived near Champoege, said to have come with Lewis and Clark in 1805, and entered the Hudson's Bay service later. W. H. Rees told of Philip Degie, a Canadian, who came with the explorers, lived on French Prairie and died in 1847, aged one hundred and eight years. It is thought they were the same persons.

Thomas McKay arrived on the Tonquin, had a farm at Scappoose, wife a native Chinook woman; was father of Alexander, John, William, and Donald, all well known later.

Settlers on French Prairie were Joseph Gervais, who came with Wilson G. Hunt, in 1812, located on French Prairie, where town is named for him; married a Chinook woman; also Michael Framboise came on Tonquin. Lewis La Bonte came with Hunt in 1812, wife was a Chinook. Etienne Lucier came with Hunt, claimed to be first settler, wife a native.

William Cannon, from Pennsylvania, came 1812, lived awhile at Vancouver. Antoine Revoir and Du Bruil were Canadians.

T. J. Hubbard came with Wyeth, lived and died where town is named for him on French Prairie.

James O'Neil, a Wyeth man, located west of the Willamette. Burdett, Greely, Ball, St. Clair, Whittier, and Brock, who came with Wyeth, left the country. Turnbull died at Vancouver.

In 1834 there came with Hall J. Kelley from California, Ewing Young, who became famous, as we shall see. Also, John McCarty, Webly Hawkshurst, Lawrence Carmichael, Joseph Gale, John Howard, Brandywine and George Winslow, colored.

Hawkshurst ended his days at good age, on his farm near Salem, on Mill Creek. He was an excellent man.

Joseph Gale located on the Tualatin, and was a feature in forming the Provisional Government. His last home was in Grande Ronde valley.

John Howard was one of the fifty-two who voted to organize the Provisional Government in 1843, at Champoege. He was elected a major at the first election. Elijah Ezekiel is only reported to have worked at the mission. Nothing more is known. Carmichael was one of the Cattle Company that went to California for cattle. There is no later mention of Brandywine, nor of Winslow.

In 1834 came the mission ship with Jason Lee and his first company.

In 1835 came Rev. Parker, overland, sent to see the country by the American Board of Missions.

In 1836 there came across the plains Revs. Whitman, Spaulding and W. H. Gray, and their wives, missionaries of the American Board.

In 1837 came the Methodist reinforcement for the Methodist mission.

In 1837 Daniel Miller, John Woodworth, Saunders and an Irishman came from California. Turner was killed by accident in California.

Dr. Bailey was a young physician, born in England, well educated, and is well known in Oregon history.

Gay was a young Englishman who took part in the formation of the Provisional Government.

In 1838 came Rev. Elkanah Walker and wife; Rev. Cushing Eells and wife; Rev. A. B. Smith and wife; and Mrs. Mary A. Gray, of the American Board.

James Conner and native wife came from the Rocky Mountains, also Richard Williams.

In 1838 Rev. F. N. Blanchet and Rev. Modeste Demers located Catholic missions.

In 1839 Rev. J. S. Griffin, independent missionary, settled on Tualatin Plains; also Asahel Munger and wife. Munger became deranged and committed suicide.

E. O. Hall came that year with the first printing press, from the Sandwich Islands.

The same year the Peoria party, and others who came with Farnham, crossed the plains: Farnham, Sidney W. Smith, Mr. Lawson, Ben Wright, Dr. William Geiger, Mr. Keizer, John E. Pickernell and A. T. Smith, who spent a long life on Tualatin Plains. Ben Wright must have been the same who became the celebrated Indian fighter of California twenty years later.

In 1839, Captain John H. Couch came with the brig Maryland, from Newburyport, Mass., and located his land claim at North Portland.

G. W. LeBreton came with the Maryland and was active in pioneer annals, until killed in an affray with the Indian Cock Stock.

William Johnson, an English sailor, took up his land claim south of Portland.

Richard Eakin, English by birth, married an Indian woman, had his home on the Willamette a few miles south of Salem, had a large family and was a good citizen.

In 1840 came the Lausanne, with the great Methodist reinforcement, whose story is told in full.

This year Robert Moore, Amos Cook, Francis Fletcher and Joseph Holman, of the Peoria party, reached Oregon and located permanently.

Rev. Harvey Clarke and wife this year settled on Tualatin Plains, where he lived a useful life and laid the foundation for Pacific University.

In 1840 the following-named Rocky Mountain men abandoned hunting life to make homes in the Willamette valley.

Jo Meek, Caleb Wilkins, Doc Newell, W. M. Doty [or Doughty], John Larrison, with whom lived Baptiste De-Guerre, Philip Thompson, and G. W. Ebberts.

In 1842 William Craig, Russell Osborn, Dick McCrary, followed them.

This brings the list of arrivals and settlers down to the time when heavy emigrations commenced, in 1843, and will serve to afford an idea of what existed in Oregon at that time.

It is also true that many connected with the Hudson's Bay Company eventually made homes and became permanent settlers, but this refers only to American settlers, as stated.

Robert Shortess came about 1840, and appears in the early annals of the Provisional Government, but did not remain in public life. About this time, the Hudson's Bay Company encouraged emigration from the Red River country, of Canada, to Puget Sound, in the interest of the Puget Sound Agricultural Association; but they were disappointed in the Nesqually country and removed to the Willamette valley.

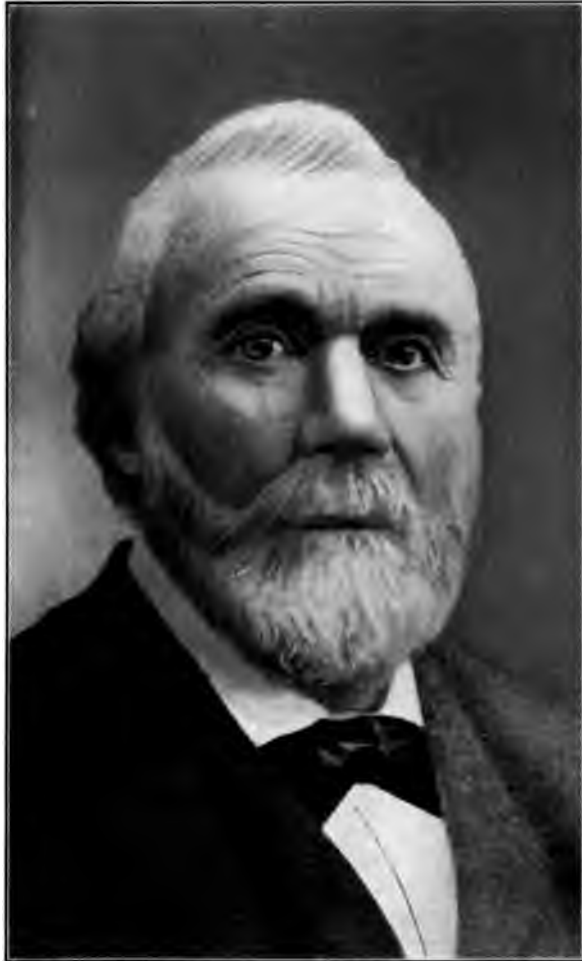
Emigrants of 1842 who remained as permanent settlers were: Pleasant Armstrong, of Yamhill, Hugh Burns, of Willamette Falls, Medorem Crawford, of Yamhill, David Carter, Portland Heights, J. L. Morrison, Portland, John and James Force, settled at Salem, S. W. Moss, Oregon City, J. W. Perry, Clatsop, J. R. Robb, Portland, Thomas Shadden, Yamhill, Darling Smith, Tualatin, F. W. Pettygrove, Portland, and later settled Port Townsend, Puget Sound; Elbridge Trask, Russell Osborn and William Craig.

CHAPTER XLVI

EMIGRATION OF 1842

THE first emigration that came in actual volume was that of 1842. Before that various companies had crossed the plains, as the Astor Expedition, mission parties, L. J. Wyeth, Hall J. Kelley and Ewing Young and others, but there was no organized effort to create settlement, though various individuals had remained, taken up land and were citizens. This first emigration originated, as I shall show, with that eccentric genius Dr. Elijah White, who was returning to Oregon in an official capacity and made up the company of one hundred and twelve persons who came across that year.

One of the bright minds of the early time was Medorem Crawford, who came that year, and told the story of it in his address before the pioneers of Yamhill, at McMinnville, June 14, 1881. This he sent me, with annotations, after it was published. In the spring of 1842 Dr. Elijah White, an old acquaintance of his family, visited his home, in the State of New York, and told them of Oregon, its soil, climate and scenery, so Medorem, then scarce more than a boy, decided to go with him. March 17th, in company with Dr. White, Nathaniel Crocker, John and Alexander McKay, he left home for the first time. By stage and steamboat, via Seneca Lake, Lake Erie, and the Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri Rivers, they reached Independence May 1st, the extreme frontier at that time and the resort



F. X. MATTHIEU

Last survivor of those who participated in the formation of the Provisional Government of Oregon.

for mountain men and expeditions starting for the Rocky Mountains. At St. Louis they met Sublette, the famous mountain traveller, and gathered information as to proper outfit, the country they were to traverse and the Indian tribes.

At Independence they found waiting several families, and others, who were camped there waiting Dr. White's coming. Day by day the number increased until the 15th, when, with one hundred and five in all, fifty-one men over eighteen years of age, and with sixteen wagons and horses and cattle, they started over the trackless wastes. Then he was free of all care and responsibility and had little thought but for the adventure before him, but since then has wondered that those with families could venture wives and children so blindly on the fearful hazards of that journey. Not one of them had crossed those mountains, so they selected as guide one Coats, who had been as far as Green River; he rode in advance, in sight of the foremost wagons.

A child of Judge Lancaster's was buried on the fifth day; nine days later the failing health of Mrs. Lancaster caused the family to return; but Judge Lancaster came to Oregon some years later and settled north of the Columbia. An invalid gentleman, named Bishop, and Stephen Meek joined them later. Bishop reached Vancouver, went to the Sandwich Islands and died there.

Later emigrations had experienced guides who knew the camping places and where good water was to be had, but this party had to learn all this for themselves, never knowing where they would find water and grass at night, or when they might meet hostile savages.

The first excitement was about the dogs, of which there

were a number, and each owner thought his or her canine superior and indispensable; the end was that thirty were shot, after which peace reigned—for awhile. There were grievances; some had made bargains they were unable to carry out; some had overloaded their teams or had made inadequate provision. The fearful storms usual on the Platte in the spring made them cold and miserable, and harmony was impossible. Three weeks brought them to the South Platte, where was plenty of buffalo, which made provisions temporarily abundant; there was intense excitement hunting them. Day after day they drove in midst of immense droves and there was often great danger as they went thundering across the emigrants' way; or there was danger that their camps would be trampled under foot by them, but they escaped with no harm done.

Fort Leavenworth was reached the last day of June; they remained a few days to recruit the tired animals and rest their own weary bodies; some who were invited to dine at the trading post thought they had an excellent dinner, until an inquisitive guest asked what game they had feasted on, and was told it was dog meat, much to their disgust. At Laramie they were joined by F. X. Matthieu and three others, who mounted their ponies and with no provisions or outfit, more than a buffalo robe, blankets, gun and tin cup, started to go to an unknown country many hundreds of miles away.

By this time all saw the need of an experienced guide, so arrangements were made with Mr. Fitzpatrick, who was at Laramie, to accompany them to Fort Hall, for \$500. Then, many who were somewhat discouraged by the difficulties before them went on their way with increased hope.

No wagons had ever travelled beyond Laramie. Their guide therefore had difficulty to find passes and fords for teams, where it was easy enough for horseback riders. They reached the Sweetwater by the middle of July, where a fatal accident caused the death of a young man named Bailey, who passed behind a wagon as the owner drew a blanket out, causing the discharge of a rifle, the ball killing him instantly. They wrapped their friend's remains in his buffalo robe and he was buried near Independence Rock, but no indications were left visible, for fear of Indians disturbing the remains. No one knew his story, and no kith or kin were informed of his fate.

At Devil's Gate they were surprised by the appearance of two hundred painted Sioux, who brought in Hastings and Lovejoy, who were captured by them while trying to carve their names on Independence Rock, as others had done. Each one rode behind a painted savage warrior, and the Sioux seemed to think they had a huge joke on their white captives, who were given up with their horses and equipments. The Indians left in the best of humor after securing some presents.

On the advice of the guide they stopped several days on the Sweetwater, to hunt buffalo and cure the meat, as he said they would soon be off the buffalo range. So they made a lot of jerked meat to have for future supply. There were many Indians on the Sweetwater; one village was said to have five thousand inhabitants. From there they obtained ponies and buffalo robes at reasonable cost and had no trouble with them.

About August 1st they came to Green River; as the season was growing late and animals and supplies were

losing force, it was necessary to lessen loads as much as possible. It came hard on women to leave feather beds, chairs, dishes and cooking utensils and the men hung to harness, wagons and other things that might be useful; but necessity knows no law, the danger was urgent, about half the wagon beds were used to make pack saddles; some really fine outfits were abandoned or thus used, and the dear women left their greatest conveniences behind to be able to push on with less detriment to the promised land. Horses and mules were packed and every effort made to push forward.

By the middle of August they were at Fort Hall, the most important station of the Hudson's Bay Company in the Snake River region. Captain Grant was very kind to them; here the remaining wagons were left; the rest of the route being considered less dangerous, the company broke into small parties, each travelling as fast as convenient, following the Hudson's Bay Company's trail to Fort Walla Walla. Crawford's party was one month en route from Fort Hall to Whitman's station, where they were supplied with flour and vegetables in abundance; very acceptable after living so long on buffalo meat.

Some went down the Columbia in the fur company's boats, while others pushed on to The Dalles, to embark there in canoes or boats, but the larger portion crossed the Cascade Mountains by the old Indian trail. From Fort Hall no precautions were taken and none were molested by the Indians, who furnished the emigrants with salmon and game and rendered valuable service for trifling rewards. From Walla Walla to the falls of the Willamette required about twenty days and was—all things considered—the hardest

part of the entire journey, including the obstructions on the river course," and the gorges, torrents and thickets of the mountain route, it seems incredible how, with our worn-out and emaciated animals, we ever reached our destination.

Mr. Crawford says: "I would give credit, indirectly, to the Methodist mission for the success of the first emigration, of 1842, which practically settled the question of occupation, by American citizens, of this disputed territory."

He gave the following-named men, over eighteen years of age, as comprising that emigration, to which I add several who are named by Bancroft in his "History of Oregon":

C. T. Arendell, James Brown, William Brown, Gabriel Brown, — Barnam, Hugh Burns, C. W. Bellamy, Winsted Bennett, Vandam Bennett, — Bailey (killed), Nathaniel Crocker, Nathan Coombs, Patrick Clark, Alexander Copeland, Medorem Crawford, A. N. Coates, Allen Davy, John Dearum, John Daubenbiss, Samuel Davis, John Force, James Force, — Foster, Joseph Gibbs, — Girtman, Lansford W. Hastings, John Hoffstetter, J. M. Hedspeth, Hardin Jones, Reuben Lewis, A. L. Lovejoy, S. W. Moss, J. L. Morrison, John McKay, Alexander McKay, Stephen Meek, F. X. Matthieu, Walter Pomeroy, Dwight Pomeroy, J. H. Perry, Dutch Paul, J. R. Robb, Adam Storer, Darling Smith, A. D. Smith, Andrew Smith, Owen Summers, T. J. Sheldon, Aaron Towner, Joel Turnham, Elijah White, David Weston.

Bancroft gives the names of Thomas Boggs and — Bridges, who were not down in Crawford's list, and omits Stephen Meek, F. X. Matthieu and A. D. Smith, who were named by Crawford.

The ten who had families were:

Gabriel Brown, Mr. Bennett, James Force, Mr. Girtman, Columbia Lancaster (who returned), Walter Pomeroy, J. W. Perry, T. J. Shadden, Owen Summers, Andrew Smith.

Hastings said that there were eighty armed men; Fre-

mont said sixty-four; Lovejoy said that seventy stood guard. White said there were one hundred and twelve in the company when organized, but it grew to one hundred and twenty-five.

A LIFE SKETCH OF F. X. MATTHIEU, OF MARION, A PIONEER
OF 1842

(Written for the "Sunday Oregonian," August, 1886)

F. X. Matthieu, one of the oldest citizens of Butteville, Marion County, was born in Canada. He went to New York State in the spring of 1838, and in six months moved west to Milwaukee, Wis. In 1839 he went to St. Louis, and soon after engaged with the American Fur Company, with headquarters at Fort Pierre. He was a trader among the Indians in this employ until he came to Oregon. He spent the winter of 1839-40 with the Blackfeet Sioux, and tells many exciting incidents of his experience in that connection. The Indians looked upon a trader as a chief, and gave him rank and consideration to correspond. It was the policy of the American Fur Company to make money by any means, and for this object they carried on a liquor traffic that was demoralizing to the last degree. The trading stock was composed of liquors (alcohol diluted to suit the occasion), notions, cloth, beads, blankets, etc., that suited the savage idea of fashion, luxury and comfort. The chief of the Blackfeet Sioux would give a medicine feast, at which a dog would be cooked to a jelly, and what they gave the visitor he had to eat. That winter there were two such feasts. There was a custom that saved the stranger, however, from eating more dog than he relished. He could hire a proxy to devour the morsel for him. Matthieu used

to carry tobacco in his pocket, and when his share of dog was dished up for him, he politely passed it to his next neighbor—he probably seated himself by the hungriest looking Sioux he could find—and as this fellow found a plug of his much-loved weed passed over left-handedly with the meat, he accepted the duty with more than thanks to eat a double dose of the canine. They knew that but few traders would eat dog meat and anticipated the gift of tobacco. The chief trader at Fort Pierre was an exception, or else he wanted to save his tobacco, for he disappointed their expectation and ate his share of the great dish of the feast.

Following this meat they passed about a red clay pipe, with a stem four feet long, dressed with porcupine quills. When the bowl was filled the head chief held it up and some other chief near him would place a live coal on it. Taking a few whiffs to make it burn, he then raised the bowl high in the air, as if to offer it to the Great Father. Then he turned the stem down as if to earth, the mother of all, asking her to first partake, then it was passed to the right, and every one present had to take a few whiffs.

RAISING A SIOUX WAR PARTY

When they wanted to enlist a war party of Sioux all the young women formed a circle and joined hands. If a young girl had a lover he would volunteer by parting the girl's hands at the right of his own sweetheart, and then enter the ring. Then he was enlisted for the war. In this way a young brave would indicate a preference if he never had done so before. When they had twenty or thirty warriors enlisted they would appoint a day to organize by electing

a war chief, and then start on a raid to murder and rob. Their idea of war was usually to enrich themselves at the expense of their neighbors. Sometimes a young brave captured for his share enough property to buy him a wife. If fortunate they returned singing and dancing. If not successful they made mournful cries. If not able to rob to advantage a brave still might perform some bold deed that would secure his promotion to a higher place in the tribe's counsels.

The trader sold goods of various kinds, but only liquor at special times. When they asked for it they took a day for it, and had a hideous time. They put the liquor in buffalo bladders. They had guards who were not allowed to drink when the rest did, but kept sober, and one was stationed at the trader's door to protect him, and to give notice that he was all right he occasionally fired off a gun. A man who wanted to treat his friends to drinks filled his mouth and passed it round. They traded cured meats, buffalo robes, etc., and were not rich in beaver or other furs. One chief complained that it was too weak, so he was given a mouthful of pure alcohol, and that satisfied him, only he thought it was watered too much. "The water belongs to me, and I don't want to buy that of you," said the astute chief.

The last time Matthieu traded there twelve were killed in one village during the liquor-drinking spree. The chief was so wicked they were afraid of him. They stopped trading there on that account. Matthieu would lie down with a sober guard over him and sleep through their dreadful orgies and wake next morning to find dead Indians scattered about. This chief who was so wicked would keep sober while

the rest were at it and he and his cronies would take their turn afterwards. The next morning he and his particular cronies were ready for their spree and demanded possession of the liquor keg. Matthieu told him: "I won't give it to you, but there it is. If you take it, it must be by force and I will report you to the American Fur Company." He said: "Are you mad?" being answered "Yes," he gave Matthieu ten buffalo robes worth \$10 each, and said: "Then I will make your heart good!" He let his squaws pack the robes on a horse and the trader then said: "There's the liquor; you can take it when I am gone!" Matthieu was doing well enough in a pecuniary way, but he could not bring himself longer to carry on this traffic in alcohol, and the company found it very profitable.

BOUND FOR OREGON IN 1842

Hearing of a company bound for Oregon and having heard interesting accounts of this country from mountain men, Matthieu concluded to go there. So he joined Eastham's company in the spring of 1842. Near Independence rock a man was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun, and while they stopped to bury him Eastham and Lovejoy stayed behind to cut their names on a rock. A war party of Sioux came along and took them in, bringing them to the immigrant camps as lost or strayed property. Fitzpatrick, the mountaineer, was pilot of the caravan but he did not know these Sioux, and they were rather in a quandary, as the gentlemen wore their war paint and were not amenable to ordinary usages. Very fortunately Matthieu knew their

leaders and they recognized him kindly, shaking hands in the most friendly manner. On his advice they were given food and some powder and shot to pay for bringing our friends safely home and that made all things lovely. They were on their way to fight the Snakes and were glad to get powder and balls. Two days later they met another war party returning from some raid. They, happily, were across a deep river and talked across it to a chief who came opposite their camp to learn what they were about. He said: "This is my country and I want to know what you are doing in it?" a very pertinent inquiry, to which Matthieu responded in the Sioux language, "that sure enough it was his country and he was welcome to it and they kept it on their side of their country and the whites on the other side, all would be well," a cogent sort of reasoning the Sioux chief respected. Matthieu's former position as trader and acquaintance with them and their language was a safeguard to the emigrants.

To emphasize this hint that the Sioux had best stay on their own side of the river, at Matthieu's suggestion, the emigrants resorted to a pardonable ruse. They had some sixty men in the company and were camped close by the deep but narrow river. There were hundreds of the Sioux, and they were not very friendly in manner. The sixty Americans suddenly sprang out from among their teams and wagons, brandishing their guns and yelling worse than a war-whoop. This led the Sioux to thinking they had no particular business with so many American rifles in hands that knew so well how to use them. The prairie actually swarmed with his men, but they did not dare to attack. Again they met a band of two hundred and fifty Sioux, with

whom Matthieu was acquainted, but when they found the emigrants were going far West and had no intention to trade arms and ammunition with their hereditary enemies, the Snakes, they turned and travelled all day with his party and parted in great friendliness. They had never seen any white women and were very curious, going from tent to tent to see and talk with them. They were told the company was going West to salt water and thought it was a fearfully long journey.

AN INDIAN LOVER AT FIRST SIGHT

When the Indians were turning their admiring gaze on the women in the train, they became so annoying to the more modest girls and dames that Matthieu was asked to induce them to leave the camp. He represented the matter as pleasantly as he could to them, and all but one young fellow withdrew. This chap wouldn't budge an inch nor listen to logic or reason, in good Sioux or better English. Mrs. Pleasant Armstrong was in the train, her maiden name being Smith. The Indians had been especially attentive to Mrs. Smith and her daughters, and at last the father of the family appealed to Matthieu for protection from their too great attentions. All left but the one alluded to, who said he wanted to have a talk with the old chief (Smith) and inquired every moment what Smith said about him. In fact, the old man's remarks were not exactly complimentary. He disliked to tell either what the father said, but at last, to get rid of the Indian, explained to Smith that the Sioux warrior offered twenty horses for his choice of his girls. Smith exclaimed: "The brute!" Matthieu then explained to the

savage that it was not the custom among whites to sell their women. The Sioux was ready for him then, for he remarked that "he knew that white men bought Indian girls, and why not have the rule work both ways?" He gave up the trade and went away rather reluctantly and the Smith family felt better when he was off.

The immigration reached Oregon City the 22d of September, 1842; Matthieu married in 1844 and worked at the carpenter's trade, which he learned in the Cascades when a young man, until 1846. He worked for some time on the island mill for Governor Abernethy. In the year named he located a land claim where he now resides. In 1849 he went to the California gold mines, and lost money. He packed fourteen animals through with Hudson's Bay Company's goods, and while he was sick lost animals and goods and all he had. His intention was to hire Indians to work for him. The mines were so sickly that of one company that went from Oregon, out of one hundred and twenty, eighty died of the scurvy and diarrhoea. He should have gone to the mountains, but tried to work in the valley and became ill from the excessive heat and malaria. La-Rocque, who was with him, made \$12,000 in two or three weeks and gave Matthieu \$500 to use.

In 1858 Matthieu went back to Canada via the isthmus, visited New Orelans, Portland, Me., went all over the United States and Canada. In a hearty old age Matthieu lives among his friends, who highly respect him for sound qualities of head and heart. A few years ago he represented his county in the legislature, being elected in a strong Republican community, while he is a Democrat. As a pioneer he is valued as one of those who did their part from earliest



times to build up American principles and establish true representative government. Though of French extraction and Canadian birth, he is genuinely American in sentiment and is recognized as a true representative of Republican principles.

CHAPTER XLVII

THE IMMIGRATION OF 1843

THE adventurous men who peopled the border in the early forties found themselves remote from markets, isolated from the world, and, perhaps worse than all, the rich soil of the western valleys was so productive of chills and fever that they suffered more from malaria than life seemed worth. From early days Linn and Benton had been enthusiastic friends of Oregon and had worked in the Senate for development of the west coast and for government measures that should make Oregon certainly a portion of this Union. Not only so, but mountain men and traders who wintered on the frontier told tales of the west coast and of the soil and climate of Oregon—for then all was Oregon of the vast area that lay west of the Rocky Mountains—that made the name and the region familiar to the dwellers by the border.

When Elijah White came West in 1842, commissioned to work for an immigration for Oregon, that fact aroused public interest and incited many who were not prepared to leave on sudden notice. Therefore, when Whitman made his appearance in January of the succeeding year, bringing news that the immigration of 1842 had reached the Columbia in safety, that fact, with the information that a bill was pending to grant lands to all actual settlers—caused many to equip for the long and weary journey who could not have done so on short notice, but with four months to spare were able to make ready.

It was proved beyond question, by the testimony of William Waldo of Missouri, John Zachary of Texas, C. B. Carey of Missouri, and many others, that Whitman spread information through newspapers and by a pamphlet he had published, for the purpose of showing the value of the country and his determination to take wagons through from Fort Hall to the Columbia River. Whitman was a plain and unpretending man who asserted himself more in action than in words. He certainly worked with ardor and all the power he was capable of to secure immigration of the very best sort to this western country. Without pretending to be the official guide of the expedition, he did all in his power to render aid by his counsels and personal efforts. In this case of Whitman we may be reminded of the man who desired to be delivered from his friends; for the indiscretion of over-zealous friends has caused Whitman's memory more trouble than could the efforts of pronounced enemies. He never claimed overmuch for himself; but unwise admirers have and do claim for him all the credit for "saving Oregon;" so have made, or roused, antipathies that are in the worst of taste. The place in history Whitman should occupy is unique; his memory will be more and more cherished as years go on; the story of that mid-winter ride will be a page of romance that must be always read with interest.

In the story of Oregon told by William Barrows, the utmost exuberance is indulged in and many fearful inaccuracies occur. The book is based on sensational reports from injudicious sources that the author insists on quoting as history. But one fact that is entitled to consequence was within the author's own purview, for he says: "On his arrival at St. Louis, it was my good fortune that he should

be quartered as a guest under the same roof and at the same table with me. The announcement of the man, in the little city of twenty thousand, as it was then, came as a surprise and a novelty. . . . All who were interested gathered around Dr. Whitman for fresh news from places of interest. . . . But the doctor was in great haste, had questions to ask: 'Was the Ashburton treaty concluded? Did it cover the Northwest? Where did it leave Oregon? Was the Oregon question under discussion in Congress? What bills were being urged in Senate or in house?' "

Thus Mr. Barrows bears personal testimony that Whitman was in St. Louis; that he pushed on immediately to Washington; and that he was bound up in the fate of Oregon.

Corroboration of this story by Barrows came to me in the spring of 1902, after the writer had read my tribute to Whitman in the *New York Times*, as follows:

I have read with great interest your interesting article in *Saturday Times Review*, February 15th, for the story of Marcus Whitman is woven into my life in a most curious way.

My father, Dr. Iberion Baldwin, a graduate of Yale, 1807, was one of the pioneers of Illinois, engaged for some time in missionary work, and later in educational work, until in 1844 he came to New York. As a little child I accompanied my parents on missionary trips, on one of which we were guests of Mrs. Henry Hale, at St. Louis.

While we were there, among others there came a strange-looking man dressed in dilapidated and worn-out buffalo skins. To me, a child in years, he was a gruesome sight. I have remembrance of his story: of a wife left among Indians; of ice-bound rivers, drowning horses, hunger and cold; and, more than all, the description of the grand country, so soon to be captured by the Hudson's Bay Company, if something were not done at once.

There was a hurried conference between Mrs. Hale and my mother, the result being the fitting out of Dr. Whitman in a suit of clothes proper for the immediate journey to Washington.

The writer was Mrs. Caroline Baldwin Robertson of Nevada at that time, but visiting in New York City when the letter was written. Her remembrance is a strong confirmation of Whitman's motive, and that he went immediately to Washington to work for Oregon.

I have no doubt that the story here told is true and worthy of credence, for I gathered it in the way I have gathered all information for publication and had no object but to arrive at the facts of history, with no prejudice or preference to satisfy.

Early in the spring of 1843, as if by spontaneous movement, a gathering began from Missouri, and somewhat also from Arkansas, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Iowa, and even Texas. The usual rendezvous for all plains travel was near Independence. Sometimes there would be groups from the same neighborhood, it might be a company made from brothers and their families; or a father and his married children. These would come together and plan to finally gather at Fitzhugh's mill, twelve miles west from Independence, on the 20th of May, to effect organization. It was not easy to organize, as all who were expected had not come, but rules were adopted and the vanguard moved on to commence the long and weary journey to the western shore.

At Kansas River, Peter H. Burnett was chosen captain and J. W. Nesmith, a young man who had been some time at Leavenworth with the army, was orderly sergeant. Captain John Gault, formerly an army officer, then a mountain man, was engaged to pilot them to Fort Hall, on Snake River. From Jesse Applegate's journal we learn that it had been a very backward spring, that it was July when the immigration got finally under way, and that there were nearly

or quite a thousand in the entire company was shown by Nesmith's roll. That immigration was to bear an important part in the destinies of the entire Pacific Coast. Burnett was to be the first governor of California; Nesmith to become one of the most prominent men of Oregon and have influence in the Senate of the United States during the Civil War; Applegate to bear a hand in the formation of the state government, and leave a name to be honorably preserved for all time. Many others who were in this immigration were to take prominent part in the pioneer history of Oregon and leave honored names.

It was a weary journey; the great caravan of wagons and ox teams drew its slow length along over dusty roads to the wail of children and sometimes the groans of their elders, for there was sickness and at times accidents occurred to mark the way.

They passed through the country of Sioux, Pawnees and other tribes in safety; then broke up into small companies and got on with little trouble. The plains Indians were not then so dangerous as they became in later years. Those who had many cattle brought up the rear in their own company; those with lighter array of herds pushed on in advance. Jesse Applegate had charge of the "cow column," and in later years wrote an interesting paper with this title for the *Overland Magazine*.

Burnett only held command eight days, and was succeeded by William Martin until the immigration broke into smaller parties. They were singularly free from Indian trouble and from sickness. Claiborne Payne died and was buried by the way, as also a Mr. Stevenson, but the number increased for all that; for at times mothers had tents pitched

by the roadside as their children were born. As weeks passed on they made good progress, each night camping nearer to the setting sun.

When the front of the long line reached Fort Hall they were met by the assurance of agent Grant that their wagons could go no further. This had always been the assertion of the Hudson's Bay Company managers, and they had lived up to it by their practice. Many have said this was only to keep back Americans, but we have other proof that Dr. McLoughlin held this view, as in conversation with his intimate friends he gave it as his opinion that wagon roads would never cross the continent.

Whitman was with the rear of the immigration, and when he reached Fort Hall found those who led the van waiting to decide what course to follow. The custom had been to leave wagons at Fort Hall and go through to the Columbia with pack animals. But Whitman encouraged them to push on, with assurance that he could lead them through and reach the Columbia with their wagons. There was a strong sentiment in favor of this, as they saw its future bearing on the fortunes of Oregon, but their stock was weary and foot-sore, which made the last five hundred miles to the Columbia the most difficult to overcome of all the route. There was this argument in favor of taking the wagons farther: that whenever it should become necessary they could leave them by the way and proceed with their animals; so they laid by for a few days to rest their teams and themselves. At Fort Hall Whitman found Cayuse Indians waiting who had come to meet him with supplies of provisions. With their help he undertook to pilot that immigration through. They proceeded to Salmon Falls, where the Indians had fish for sale.

In fording the Snake, Miles Eyres, a Scotchman, was drowned. Between Salmon Falls and Fort Boisé was a wide expanse of sage plain, over this Whitman and his nephew, with Ford, Lovejoy and Ricord, led the way on horseback, selecting the best route for the wagons to follow. It was slow work, crushing the mammoth sage brush under the wagon wheels, so their progress was but thirteen miles a day.

They reached Fort Boisé on the 20th of September; Snake River was ferried by blocking up the wagon beds, as the stream was then low. On the 24th of September they entered Burnt River Cañon, then for twenty-five miles went up the bed of the stream nearly all the way. Some grading was needed at the top of the cañon, the first that had been necessary on all their way.

It was an easy road through the valleys of Burnt River and Powder River, and wonderful gleams of snowy mountains rose on the east and west as they passed along. Surmounting a not difficult divide, they wound their way down into the beautiful Grande Ronde valley, where immense summits of the Blue Mountains look down on pine-clad foothills. The valley lay below, in a wilderness of loveliness that earth has seldom equalled and never surpassed.

They arrived there on the first of October; the next morning a light snow fell, giving notice that they had no time to lose. Immediately before them was the mountain of difficulty they had been told was impossible. Nesmith went in advance with a corps of axemen, and the chorus of these woodsmen's axes made that mountain wilderness vocal as these pioneers hewed their way. Then was the time when the women drove the teams and the men cleared the road.

Any history that fails to recognize that the pioneer women were heroic as well as the men, fails to be history or truth. From off the Blue Mountains they came down into the Umatilla valley, and in October camped near Whitman's station. At an Indian village up the valley they obtained a supply of vegetables. At Waiilatpu they purchased flour, wheat and potatoes. As the flouring mill had been destroyed by the Indians during Whitman's absence, flour had to be packed from Lapwai, an hundred and twenty miles. A severe snow-storm occurred as they were struggling through the mountains; they were rejoiced beyond expression when from the mountain summits they overlooked the promised land.

Eighteen years after I saw that scene as they saw it, for the years had made but little change. Here and there curling smoke still told of Indian lodge fires; then, the valley of the Columbia, clad only in bunch grass and destitute of timber, lay far spread below, with occasional groups of Indian horses to crop the abundant forage. Later, again, I saw it when the landscape was blocked with yellow fields; when summer winds were billowing the waving grain; when the golden harvests were turning ripe. It was that wagon track, made fifty years before, that made the harvests of to-day possible, and the patient heroism of Marcus Whitman caused those wheels to roll though the cañons and over those mountains as early as they did. Of course, a wagon road had to come and immigrations were sure to follow, but to Whitman we can well afford to do honor, for he was no bigot, no egoist, least of all a boaster, only a patriotic and earnest man who had faith in the future of his region, in the American people, and in himself.

At Grande Ronde valley he was met by an express that

summoned him to Lapwai, where Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding were ill and needed his presence. Dr. Geiger was there, and they had so much improved that he remained but a few days, then started for Waiilatpu. He got there in time to see the immigration's advance wagons come rolling down the mountain slopes and their patient teams emerge and unyoke to crop the wild grasses of the Columbia valley.

The provisions that met the immigration as they reached Fort Hall were forwarded from the mission by his friend, Dr. Geiger, who had remained there during his absence. They were divided among those who were in need. This was proved by what J. B. McLane wrote to Rev. Mr. Eells, that the Indians brought considerable flour and that Whitman, reserving fifty pounds for himself, distributed the rest to needy immigrants, and went then to Lapwai.

All the way across that long journey, for four and a half months, Whitman was ever on hand to lead in time of trouble; he showed how streams were to be crossed and dangers met; if any were sick he attended them; through all that great train. As Mr. Spaulding says—"During that whole summer the doctor was their everywhere-present angel of mercy, ministering to the sick, helping the weary, encouraging the wavering, cheering the mothers, mending wagons, setting broken bones, hunting stray oxen, climbing precipices; now on the rear, now in the front, in rivers looking for fords through quicksands, in the desert looking for water, in the mountains looking out passes at noontide or at midnight, as if those people were his own children and those wagons and flocks were his own property."

The testimony of Jesse Applegate, Robert Newell, J. W. Nesmith and others, as is well known, confirm the fact of his

great value to that immigration. His wide experience and indomitable energy were of priceless value to the migratory column. "His constant advice, which we knew was based on knowledge of the road before us was, 'Travel, travel, travel; nothing is wise that does not help you along; nothing is good for you that causes a moment's delay.'"

Spaulding says: "He felt himself abundantly rewarded when he saw the desire of his heart accomplished, the great wagon road route over the mountains established; and especially he felt himself doubly repaid when, at the end of his successful expedition, and standing at the door of his home again, on the banks of the Walla Walla, those thousand of his fellow-pilgrims, wayworn and sunbrowned, took him by the hand and thanked him, with tears in their eyes, for what he had done."

Even if we make allowance for the natural exuberance with which Mr. Spaulding expresses himself, there is reason to think the picture he has given not overdrawn, for the help and encouragement of an active, experienced and self-reliant man like Marcus Whitman is worth far more than most can possibly realize when brought to bear on people struggling with dangers they never before have experienced, for it serves as a tonic to nerve the weak and give courage to those who would fail or faint without such example. Certain it is, that of the thousand who composed that long train no one had ever expressed an unkind thought of Marcus Whitman.

Peter H. Burnett, in speaking of criticisms made by some when the immigrants were charged a dollar a bushel for wheat and forty cents a bushel for potatoes at the mission, says: "This was based on the fact that the people had been

accustomed to sell their wheat at fifty cents to sixty cents a bushel and potatoes at twenty to twenty-five cents in the Western States, and thought the doctor's price was extortion; they did not take into consideration what his supplies and other circumstances of life there cost. It is not easy to satisfy human nature; it is seldom that of a great company all are capable of judging others by themselves, or willing to be done by as they would be sure to do. It was not necessary for the immigrant to go by the mission; probably they could have saved some time and distance to have followed down the Umatilla, but they would have found no whites living there and no supplies to purchase."

As Whitman knew nothing of the land route to The Dalles, and never had gone by land, but always up and down the river in boats, he could not tell the immigrants if they could ford the various streams that enter the Columbia from the South. Agent McKinlay, at Walla Walla, as well as Whitman, advised to leave their teams and wagons there to be sent for in the spring. It was doubtless with this idea that Whitman had the immigration go by the mission as the natural way to get to Fort Walla Walla, where they could obtain boats to descend the Columbia. Had they known the land route it would have been far better to have had them go on by land to The Dalles; but it was usual for the natives to burn off the grass in October, so that was urged as a reason for not driving cattle where no pasture might be had. It seems that the natives had not burned the grass, as was their custom, so those who went on by land found abundant grass.

No one who ever knew Marcus Whitman or Agent Archibald McKinlay would believe them dishonest in statement,

but neither had travelled the land route nor certainly knew about it. All the business of the Hudson's Bay Company and the mission had ever been done by water. McKinlay offered to keep the cattle at a dollar a head, or to exchange for Spanish cattle in the Willamette in the spring, which was fair enough as to the pasturage, but the value of American cattle was many times that of stock procured from California. Two-thirds of the immigrants went on by land and had little trouble, but seventy families left their wagons and stock at Walla Walla and went down the river in boats. Dr. Whitman also went to bring back Mrs. Whitman, who had wintered at The Dalles. The river trip was unfortunate, as one of the boats of the Applegates was upset in the rapids and Jesse Applegate's son was drowned; also C. M. Stringer and one McClellan were drowned; others escaped almost miraculously.

There was yet the worst part of the Columbia River before them, below The Dalles. There was no possibility of crossing the mountains so late in the fall, even if they knew the route—which they did not. There was no trail down the river. The Columbia had cut its way through the loftiest of all western ranges, with the fearful Cascades midway, with no way possible but to descend the river. There was no trail along the mountain shores. There is virtually no trail or any kind of wagon road down that fearful shore to-day.

Going into the pine forests, they cut down timber and made rafts by lashing these together; making rough cabins at times for the women and children. A child was born in such a cabin, on such a raft, as they were descending the river. Some left their wagons and cattle at The Dalles,

others crossed to the north side and drove their stock down as they could.

The boats from Walla Walla went on to the Cascades, made the portage, driving the cattle as far as Vancouver, then swam them over to the south side. By this time the winter rains had commenced; it was bad weather at the Cascades, and they worked two weeks to make a road around the rapids and transport their goods. Governor McLoughlin furnished a canoe load of provisions at The Dalles for the seventy who came by boat from Walla Walla. It was a time of suffering to many; hunger and semi-starvation for some. And all the while the winter rains came pouring down, on old and young, women and children. Human ingenuity was taxed to devise ways to pass the Cascades and so to reach the settlements.

James Waters, who arrived among the first, procured on credit of Dr. McLoughlin provisions that he took up in a batteau and sold to those in need at Vancouver prices; a kindness that relieved many. Learning that one large party was yet on the way, McLoughlin sent an expedition to their relief. They were wind-bound on the middle river and were reduced to the last extremity, living on raw hide, or, worse yet, without any food at all. Some asserted that there was more acute suffering while descending the Columbia, from The Dalles to the Willamette, than was endured on all the long way from the Missouri River to their destination. This same writer says they were saved from perishing by the benevolence of the Hudson's Bay Company, through the efforts of an American who saw that benevolence exercised; meaning Mr. Waters.

All the settlers who preceded it were not over half as

many as were added by this immigration—if in that proportion—and were too scattered to be kept informed as to current events; nor were they able to render relief to any great extent. The mission was not possessed of means to do much, but those who knew they had friends on the way met them at The Dalles and did what was possible for them. No loss of life occurred, save with those who took McKinlay's and Whitman's advice to descend the Columbia. It was deep cause for regret that this occurred. When we consider that a thousand people, women and children as well, suffered as these must have done, it seems strange that they escaped so well as they did.

When we realize the noble conduct of Dr. McLoughlin and the Hudson's Bay Company, it should put to the blush those who accuse them of being inhuman to American settlers, and assert that the company was tyrannical. The good deeds of Dr. McLoughlin and his company did not end with what we have stated, but continued to all who were in need of supplies. Arriving in November, when winter had set in and rains were prevalent, without shelter, or food, or even means to carry on farming operations to raise food for the future, needing everything, and many of them destitute of money or means wherewith to purchase supplies, Dr. McLoughlin opened accounts with them on credit and gave them all the accommodation they could desire. This he did as manager for a great company whose interests were all opposed to their coming and must inevitably suffer by the fact of their presence in the country as settlers, and the influence they were sure to exercise on the future as Americans. While we must concede the despotic rule of the Hudson's Bay Company, and that its continual power and

presence here was detrimental to American interests, it is well enough to recognize that only for the presence here of this same company, and for the assistance its officers gave to those early immigrations, and also to the missionaries who preceded them, and to the stragglers of those times who, few in number, found their way to the Columbia, that early settlement would hardly have been possible.

The settlement of the Atlantic seaboard had no such difficulties. The Puritans came by ships that brought supplies and all else needful to make life comfortable and farming possible; they were separated from the mother country by a voyage of a few weeks' time, and as they spread out to occupy the wide region were always in touch with bases of supply, or contiguous with settlers who had already made homes. It was considered a great feat when men moved with their families to the interior valleys of New York or Pennsylvania; and wonderful adventure when first settlement was made west of the Alleghanies, as indeed it was; but here were trains starting for a west that was two thousand miles away; passing all the distance among tribes of a savage race, to make homes among savages and create civilization in newness and originality, where savage life only had been before.

It is true that mountaineers, trappers, traders, had preceded them and so found life possible; but such needed only a rifle and ammunition to make life possible anywhere. The Hudson's Bay Company and their predecessors depended on commercial advantages; their ships came with regularity by the ocean route; their supplies for awhile were received from London, so their enterprise—bold and venturesome as it was—with immense capital at its control, bore no compari-

son with the privation and discomfort that marked the adventure of these pioneer Americans. It was simply wonderful that men and families could dare so much; and, viewed from features of that time, it does not seem that in all the history of pioneering in later centuries, any dared more, or that few encountered so much as did these early comers to the Pacific Northwest.

When the immigration of 1843 arrived, Western Oregon lay waiting for them, as it had been waiting through all the centuries, the fair valleys and hills of the beautiful Willamette inviting their occupancy. Here a savage race had lived and died; pestilence had come with the coming of white men, sweeping away the aboriginal element, so that only a fragment remained. The Klickitats, of the Upper Columbia, held these under tribute; the Wascoes, the Cayuses, even the far-away Nez Percés, came here to hunt and range at will; but conditions were not hostile. From the south came Klamaths to fraternize with the Molallas; from the coast came Tillamooks. The Methodist mission encountered all these different classes when it was planted here.

Securing supplies, building material and farming tools, newcomers found little difficulty in choosing home spots. As fir timber was abundant everywhere, subdividing the prairies and hill-reaches with belting forests, they put up rude log shelters for temporary use, then commenced to plant land for gardens and fields. The mild climate was in their favor, as the winter rains were not cold and the wet season not unhealthy. One of the normal conditions of Western Oregon is, that little sickness prevails during the rains. Even bad colds come chiefly when the rains have cleared off. Under these conditions the immigrants found

home spots, founded homes, and thus made life possible, even enjoyable, though it was unique in its naturalness and lacked wonderfully of the usual appliances of civilization. Rude furnishing answered, with split puncheons for floors, or no floors at all, for many times native soil answered for the parlor floor.

It was a struggle for life; for this the first settlers were somewhat prepared, as the prudent McLoughlin, with provision for the future, had urged all to produce wheat and vegetables with a view to supplying any great increase of population. This wise prudence had much to do with the success of all this region in the early time. It was truly wonderful that he was willing to supply their wants so liberally, when it was plainly to be apprehended that in many cases there would be no repayment. Yet all came, handed in their orders for supplies and received their goods; they were merely asked if they could pay money or wanted credit. No notes of indebtedness were given, all was done on personal obligation and verbal promise. Thus this people became citizens of Oregon and their coming paved the way for the coming of others; made possible the settlement of all the great region lying west of the Rocky mountains.

Imagine that you are transported to some vast wild where there is little civilization and few means to secure food or clothing; living in the rudest way, with nothing to replace the shoes on your feet or the clothes on your back; going barefoot, ragged, or patched, making moccasins to wear, rivalling the Indians in utilizing deer skins for garments; using for food the berries and roots the natives had lived on—and you will have some idea as to what these people

had to undergo. Yet it was healthful; and they had hope to inspire them. There was a remarkably peaceful condition with the Indians; the immigrants were kind to them and the natives reciprocated. In all the history of Western Oregon there were few occasions when trouble arose, and none were serious, which was most fortunate for the whites at that time.

I have said that Dr. McLoughlin let the settlers have all needed supplies, and was not always repaid. It remains as a blot on American character that many who were thus supplied failed to pay for favors received; this eventually created a difference between him and his company that led to the loss of his position, worth \$12,000 per annum, and charging to his account these losses. Of this latter fact we have not definite information; that he lost his position is shown in the autobiography, or posthumous statement, found among his papers after his death, in his own handwriting, that will appear elsewhere.

A DAY WITH THE COW COLUMN IN 1843 BY JESSE APPLIGATE

The migration of a large body of men, women and children across the continent to Oregon was, in the year 1843, strictly an experiment; not only in respect to the members, but to the outfit of the migrating party. Before that date, two or three missionaries had performed the journey on horseback, driving a few cows with them. Three or four wagons drawn by oxen had reached Fort Hall, on Snake River but it was the honest opinion of the most of those who had travelled the route down Snake River, that no large number of cattle could be subsisted on its scanty pasturage,

or wagons taken over a country so rugged and mountainous.

The emigrants were also assured that the Sioux would be much opposed to the passage of so large a body through their country, and would probably resist it on account of the emigrants' destroying and frightening away the buffaloes, which were then diminishing in numbers.

The migrating body numbered over one thousand souls, with about one hundred and twenty wagons, drawn by six-ox teams, averaging about six yokes to the team, and several thousand loose horses and cattle.

The emigrants first organized and attempted to travel in one body, but it was soon found that no progress could be made with a body so cumbrous, and as yet so averse to all discipline. And at the crossing of the "Big Blue" it divided into two columns, which travelled in supporting distance of each other as far as Independence Rock on the Sweet-water.

From this point, all danger from Indians being over, the emigrants separated into small parties better suited to the narrow mountain paths and small pastures in their front.

Before the division on the Blue River there was some just cause for discontent in respect to loose cattle. Some of the emigrants had only their teams, while others had large herds in addition, which must share the pasture and be guarded and driven by the whole body. This discontent had its effect in the division on the Blue. Those not encumbered with or having but few loose cattle attached themselves to the light column; those having more than four or five cows had of necessity to join the heavy or cow column. Hence the cow column, being much larger than the other and much

encumbered with its large herds, had to use greater exertion and observe a more rigid discipline to keep pace with the more agile consort. It is with the cow column that I propose to journey with the reader for a single day.

It is 4 o'clock A. M.; the sentinels on duty have discharged their rifles—the signal that the hours of sleep are over—and every wagon and tent is pouring forth its night tenants, and slow-kindling smokes begin largely to rise and float away in the morning air. Sixty men start from the corral, spreading as they make through the vast herd of cattle and horses that make a semicircle around the encampment, the most distant perhaps two miles away.

The herders pass to the extreme verge and carefully examine for trails beyond, to see that none of the animals have strayed or been stolen during the night. This morning no trails led beyond the outside animals in sight, and by 5 o'clock the herders begin to contract the great, moving circle, and the well-trained animals move slowly toward camp, clipping here and there a thistle or a tempting bunch of grass on the way. In about an hour five thousand animals are close up to the encampment, and the teamsters are busy selecting their teams and driving them inside the corral to be yoked. The corral is a circle one hundred yards deep, formed with wagons connected strongly with each other; the wagon in the rear being connected with the wagon in front by its tongue and ox chains. It is a strong barrier that the most vicious ox cannot break, and in case of an attack of the Sioux would be no contemptible intrenchment.

From 6 to 7 o'clock is a busy time; breakfast is to be eaten, the tents struck, the wagons loaded and the teams yoked and brought up in readiness to be attached to their

respective wagons. All know when, at 7 o'clock, the signal to march sounds, that those not ready to take their proper places in the line of march must fall into the dusty rear for the day.

There are sixty wagons. They have been divided into fifteen divisions or platoons of four wagons each, and each platoon is entitled to lead in its turn. The leading platoon to-day will be the rear one to-morrow and will bring up the rear unless some teamster, through indolence or negligence, has lost his place in the line, and is condemned to that uncomfortable post. It is within ten minutes of seven; the corral but now a strong barricade is everywhere broken, the teams being attached to the wagons. The women and children have taken their places in them. The pilot (a borderer who has passed his life on the verge of civilization and has been chosen to the post of leader from his knowledge of the savage and his experience in travel through roadless wastes) stands ready, in the midst of his pioneers and aids, to mount and lead the way. Ten or fifteen young men, not to-day on duty, form another cluster. They are ready to start on a buffalo hunt, are well mounted and well armed, as they need be, for the unfriendly Sioux have driven the buffalo out of the Platte, and the hunters must ride fifteen or twenty miles to reach them. The cow drivers are hastening, as they get ready, to the rear of their charge, to collect and prepare them for the day's march.

It is on the stroke of seven; the rush to and fro, the cracking of whips, the loud command to oxen, and what seemed to be the inextricable confusion of the last ten minutes has ceased. Fortunately every one has been found and every teamster is at his post. The clear notes of a trumpet sound

in the front; the pilot and his guards mount their horses; the leading divisions of the wagons move out of the encampment, and take up the line of march; the rest fall into their places with the precision of clock work, until the spot so lately full of life sinks back into that solitude that seems to reign over the broad plain and rushing river as the caravan draws its lazy length toward the distant El Dorado. It is with the hunters we shall briskly canter toward the bold but smooth and grassy bluffs that bound the broad valley, for we are not yet in sight of the grander but less beautiful scenery (of Chimney Rock, Court House and other bluffs, so nearly resembling giant castles and palaces), made by the passage of the Platte through the highlands near Laramie. We have been travelling briskly for more than an hour. We have reached the top of the bluff, and now have turned to view the wonderful panorama spread before us. To those who have not been on the Platte, my powers of description are wholly inadequate to convey an idea of the vast extent and grandeur of the picture, and the rare beauty and distinctness of the detail. No haze or fog obscures objects in the pure and transparent atmosphere of this lofty region. To those accustomed only to the murky air of the seaboard, no correct judgment of distance can be formed by sight, and objects which they think they can reach in a two hours' walk may be a day's travel away; and though the evening air is a better conductor of sound, on the high plain during the day the report of the loudest rifle sounds little louder than the bursting of a cap; and while the report can be heard but a few hundred yards, the smoke of the discharge may be seen for miles. So extended is the view from the bluff on which the hunters stand, that the broad

river glowing under the morning sun like a sheet of silver, and the broader emerald valley that borders it, stretch away in the distance until they narrow at almost two points in the horizon, and when first seen, the vast pile of the Wind River Mountains, though hundreds of miles away, looks clear and distinct as a white cottage on the plain.

We are full six miles away from the line of march; though everything is dwarfed by distance, it is seen distinctly. The caravan has been about two hours in motion and is now as widely extended as a prudent regard for safety will permit. First, near the bank of the shining river is a company of horsemen; they seem to have found an obstruction, for the main body has halted, while three or four ride rapidly along the bank of the creek or slough. They are hunting a favorable crossing for the wagons; while we look they have succeeded; it has apparently required no work to make it passable, for all but one of the party have passed on, and he has raised a flag, no doubt a signal to the wagons to steer their course to where he stands. The leading teamster sees him, though he is yet two miles off, and steers his course directly toward him, all the wagons following in his track. They (the wagons) form a line three-quarters of a mile in length; some of the teamsters ride upon the front of their wagons, some march beside their teams; scattered along the line companies of women are taking exercise on foot; they gather bouquets of rare and beautiful flowers that line the way; near them stalks a stately greyhound, or an Irish wolf dog, apparently proud of keeping watch and ward over his master's wife and children. Next comes a band of horses; two or three men or boys follow them, the docile and sagacious animals scarce needing this attention,

for they have learned to follow in the rear of the wagons, and know that at noon they will be allowed to graze and rest. Their knowledge of time seems as accurate as of the place they are to occupy in the line, and even a full-blown thistle will scarce tempt them to straggle or halt until the dinner hour has arrived. Not so with the large herd of horned beasts that bring up the rear; lazy, selfish and unsocial, it has been a task to get them in motion, the strong always ready to domineer over the weak, halt in the front and forbid the weak to pass them. They seem to move only in the fear of the driver's whip; though in the morning, full to repletion, they have not been driven an hour before their hunger and thirst seem to indicate a fast of days' duration. Through all the long day their greed is never satisfied, nor their thirst quenched, nor is there a moment of relaxation of the tedious and vexatious labors of their drivers, although to all others the march furnishes some season of relaxation or enjoyment. For the cow-drivers there is none.

But from the standpoint of the hunters, the vexations are not apparent; the crack of whips and loud objurgation are lost in the distance. Nothing of the moving panorama, smooth and orderly as it appears, has more attractions for the eye than that vast square column in which all colors are mingled, moving here slowly and there briskly, as impelled by horsemen riding furiously in front and rear.

But the picture in its grandeur, its wonderful mingling of colors and distinctness of detail, is forgotten in contemplation of the singular people who give it life and animation. No other race of men with the means at their command would undertake so great a journey, none save these could successfully perform it, with no previous preparation, relying

only on the fertility of their own invention to devise the means to overcome each danger and difficulty as it arose. They have undertaken to perform with slow-moving oxen a journey of two thousand miles. The way lies over trackless wastes, wide and deep rivers, ragged and lofty mountains, and is beset with hostile savages. Yet, whether it were a deep river with no tree upon its banks, a rugged defile where even a loose horse could not pass, a hill too steep for him to climb, or a threatened attack of an enemy, they are always found ready and equal to the occasion, and always conquerors. May we not call them men of destiny? They are people changed in no essential particulars from their ancestors, who have followed closely on the footsteps of the receding savage, from the Atlantic seaboard to the great valley of the Mississippi.

But while we have been gazing at the picture in the valley, the hunters have been examining the high plain in the other direction. Some dark moving objects have been discovered in the distance, and all are closely watching them to discover what they are, for in the atmosphere of the plains a flock of crows marching miles away, or a band of buffaloes or Indians at ten times the distance look alike, and many ludicrous mistakes occur. But these are buffaloes, for two have struck their heads together and are, alternately, pushing each other back. The hunters mount and away in pursuit, and I, a poor cow-driver, must hurry back to my daily toil, and take a scolding from my fellow herders for so long playing truant.

The pilot, by measuring the ground and timing the speed of the wagons and the walk of his horses, has determined the rate of each, so as to enable him to select the nooning

place, as nearly as the requisite grass and water can be had at the end of five hours' travel of the wagons. To-day, the ground being favorable, little time has been lost in preparing the road, so that he and his pioneers are at the noon-ing place an hour in advance of the wagons, which time is spent in preparing convenient watering places for the animals, and digging little wells near the bank of the Platte, as the teams are not unyoked, but simply turned loose from the wagons, a corral is not formed at noon, but the wagons are drawn up in columns, four abreast, the leading wagon of each platoon on the left, the platoons being formed with that in view. This brings friends together at noon as well as at night.

To-day an extra session of the council is being held, to settle a dispute that does not admit of delay, between a proprietor and a young man who has undertaken to do a man's service on the journey for bed and board. Many such engagements exist, and much interest is taken in the manner in which this high court, from which there is no appeal, will define the rights of each party in such engagements. The council was a high court in the most exalted sense. It was a Senate composed of the ablest and most respected fathers of the emigration. It exercised both legislative and judicial powers, and its laws and decisions proved it equal and worthy of the high trust reposed in it. Its sessions were usually held on days when the caravan was not moving. It first took the State of the little commonwealth into consideration; revised or repealed rules defective or obsolete, and enacted such others as the exigencies seemed to require. The commonweal being cared for, it next resolved itself into a court to hear and settle private disputes

and grievances. The offender and the aggrieved appeared before it; witnesses were examined, and the parties were heard by themselves and sometimes by counsel. The judges being thus made fully acquainted with the case, and being in no way influenced or cramped by technicalities, decided all cases according to their merits. There was but little use for lawyers before this court, for no plea was entertained which was calculated to hinder or defeat the ends of justice. Many of these judges have since won honors in higher spheres. They have aided to establish on the broad basis of right and universal liberty two pillars of our great Republic in the Occident. Some of the young men who appeared before them as advocates have themselves sat upon the highest judicial tribunals, commanded armies, been governors of States and taken high position in the Senate of the nation.

It is now one o'clock; the bugle has sounded and the caravan has resumed its westward journey. It is in the same order, but the evening is far less animated than the morning march; a drowsiness has fallen apparently on man and beast; teamsters drop asleep on their perches and even when walking by their teams, and the words of command are now addressed to the slowly creeping oxen in the soft tenor of women or the piping treble of children, while the snores of the teamsters make a droning accompaniment. But a little incident breaks the monotony of the march. An emigrant's wife, whose state of health has caused Dr. Whitman to travel near the wagon for the day, is now taken with violent illness. The doctor has had the wagon driven out of the line, a tent pitched and a fire kindled. Many conjectures are hazarded in regard to this mysterious proceeding, and as to

why this lone wagon is to be left behind. And we, too, must leave it, hasten to the front and note the proceedings, for the sun is now getting low in the west and at length the painstaking pilot is standing ready to conduct the train in the circle which he has previously measured and marked out, which is to form the invariable fortification for the night. The leading wagons follow him so nearly around the circle that but a wagon length separates them. Each wagon follows in its track, the rear closing on the front, until its tongue and ox-chains will perfectly reach from one to the other, and so accurate the measure and perfect the practice, that the hindmost wagon of the train always precisely closes the gateway, as each wagon is brought into position. It is dropped from its team (the teams being inside the circle), the team unyoked and the yokes and chains are used to connect the wagon strongly with that in its front. Within ten minutes from the time the leading wagon halted, the barricade is formed, the teams unyoked and driven out to pasture. Every one is busy preparing fires of buffalo chips to cook the evening meal, pitching tents and otherwise preparing for the night. There are anxious watchers for the absent wagon, for there are many matrons who may be afflicted like its inmate before the journey is over; and they fear the strange and startling practice of this Oregon doctor will be dangerous. But as the sun goes down the absent wagon rolls into camp, the bright, speaking face and cheery look of the doctor, who rides in advance, declare without words that all is well, and both mother and child are comfortable. I would fain now and here pay a passing tribute to that noble and devoted man, Dr. Whitman. I will obtrude no other name upon the reader, nor

would I his were he of our party or even living, but his stay with us was transient, though the good he did was permanent, and he has long since died at his post.

From the time he joined us on the Platte until he left us at Fort Hall, his great experience and indomitable energy were of priceless value to the migrating column. His constant advice, which we knew was based upon a knowledge of the road before us, was, "Travel, *travel*, TRAVEL; nothing else will take you to the end of your journey; nothing is wise that does not help you along; nothing is good for you that causes a moment's delay." His great authority as a physician and complete success in the case above referred to, saved us many prolonged and perhaps ruinous delays from similar causes, and it is no disparagement to others to say that to no other individual are the emigrants of 1843 so much indebted for the successful conclusion of their journey as to Dr. Marcus Whitman.

All able to bear arms in the party have been formed into three companies, and each of these into four watches; every third night it is the duty of one of these companies to keep watch and ward over the camp, and it is so arranged that each watch takes its turn of guard duty through the different watches of the night. Those forming the first watch to-night will be second on duty, then third and fourth, which brings them through all the watches of the night. They begin at 8 o'clock P. M., and end at 4 o'clock A. M.

It is not yet 8 o'clock when the first watch is to be set; the evening meal is just over, and the corral now free from the intrusion of cattle or horses, groups of children are scattered over it. The larger are taking a game of romps; "the wee toddling things" are being taught that great

achievement that distinguishes man from the lower animals. Before a tent near the river a violin makes lively music, and some youths and maidens have improvised a dance upon the green; in another quarter a flute gives its mellow and melancholy notes to the still night air, which, as they float away over the quiet river, seem a lament for the past rather than a hope for the future. It has been a prosperous day; more than twenty miles have been accomplished of the great journey. The encampment is a good one; one of the causes that threatened much future delay has just been removed by the skill and energy of that "good angel" of the emigrants, Dr. Whitman, and it has lifted a load from the hearts of the elders. Many of these are assembled around the good doctor at the tent of the pilot (which is his home for the time being), and are giving grave attention to his wise and energetic counsel. The care-worn pilot sits aloof, quietly smoking his pipe, for he knows the brave doctor is "strengthening his hands."

But time passes; the watch is set for the night; the council of old men has been broken up, and each has returned to his own quarter; the flute has whispered its last lament to the deepening night; the violin is silent, and the dancers have dispersed; enamored youth have whispered a tender "good night" in the ear of blushing maidens, or stolen a kiss from the lips of some future bride—for Cupid here, as elsewhere, has been busy bringing together congenial hearts, and among these simple people he alone is consulted in forming the marriage tie. Even the doctor and the pilot have finished their confidential interview and have separated for the night. All is hushed and repose from the fatigues of the day, save the vigilant guard and the wakeful leader,

who still has cares upon his mind that forbid sleep. He hears the 10 o'clock relief taking post and the "all well" report of the returned guard; the night deepens, yet he seeks not the needed repose. At length a sentinel hurries to him with the welcome report that a party is approaching—as yet too far away for its character to be determined, and he instantly hurries out in the direction in which it was seen. This he does both from inclination and duty, for in times past the camp had been unnecessarily alarmed by timid or inexperienced sentinels, causing much confusion and fright amongst women and children, and it had been a rule that all extraordinary incidents of the night should be reported directly to the pilot, who alone had the authority to call out the military strength of the column, or of so much of it as was in his judgment necessary to prevent a stampede or repel an enemy. To-night he is at no loss to determine that the approaching party are our missing hunters, and that they have met with success, and he only waits until by some further signal he can know that no ill has happened to them. This is not long wanting. He does not even await their arrival, but the last care of the day being removed, and the last duty performed, he, too, seeks the rest that will enable him to go through the same routine to-morrow. But here I leave him, for my task is also done, and unlike his, it is to be repeated no more.

CHAPTER XLVIII

ON THE PLAINS IN 1844

IN early days the author lived for years neighbor to Mrs. Catherine S. Pringle, one of the survivors of the Whitman massacre. When he was writing the story of "Pioneer Days," in 1886, he remembered this and secured from her the accounts that follow, regarding the pains and perils of crossing the plains in 1844; the arrival at Whitman station, where she was an adopted daughter, and the fearful story of the massacre. This was all so pleasantly and graphically told that no excuse is needed for incorporating it in a work that strives to picture the early time and be a narrative of its striking events. I cannot hope to tell it better than this talented lady has done.

Mrs. C. S. Pringle's journal says:

My father was one of the restless ones who are not content to remain in one place long at a time. Late in the fall of 1838 we emigrated from Ohio to Missouri. Our first halting place was on Green River, but the next year we took a farm in Platte County. He engaged in farming and blacksmithing, and had a wide reputation for ingenuity. Anything they needed, made or mended, sought his shop. In 1843, Dr. Whitman came to Missouri. The healthful climate induced my mother to favor moving to Oregon. Immigration was the theme all winter, and we decided to start for Oregon. Late in 1843 father sold his property and moved near St. Joseph, and in April, 1844, we started across the plains. The first encampments were a great pleasure to us children. We were five girls and two boys, ranging from the girl baby to be born on the way to the oldest boy, hardly old enough to be any help.

STARTING ON THE PLAINS

We waited several days at the Missouri River. Many friends came that far to see the emigrants start on their long journey, and there was much sadness at the parting, and a sorrowful company crossed the Missouri that bright spring morning. The motion of the wagon made us all sick, and it was weeks before we got used to the seasick motion. Rain came down and required us to tie down the wagon covers, and so increased our sickness by confining the air we breathed.

Our cattle recrossed in the night and went back to their winter quarters. This caused delay in recovering them and a weary, forced march to rejoin the train. This was divided into companies, and we were in that commanded by William Shaw. Soon after starting Indians raided our camp one night and drove off a number of cattle. They were pursued, but never recovered.

Soon everything went smooth and our train made steady headway. The weather was fine and we enjoyed the journey pleasantly. There were several musical instruments among the emigrants, and these sounded clearly on the evening air when camp was made and merry talk and laughter resounded from almost every camp-fire.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL

We had one wagon, two steady yoke of old cattle, and several of young and not well-broken ones. Father was no ox driver, and had trouble with these until one day he called on Captain Shaw for assistance. It was furnished by the good captain pelting the refractory steers with stones until they were glad to come to terms.

Reaching the buffalo country, our father would get some one to drive his team and start on the hunt, for he was enthusiastic in his love of such sport. He not only killed the great bison, but often brought home on his shoulder the timid antelope that had fallen at his unerring aim, and that are not often shot by ordinary marksmen. Soon after crossing South Platte the unwieldy oxen ran on a bank and overturned the wagon, greatly injuring our mother. She lay long insensible in the tent put up for the occasion.

August 1st we nooned in a beautiful grove on the north side of the Platte. We had by this time got used to climbing in and out of the wagon when in motion. When performing this feat that afternoon

my dress caught on an axle helve and I was thrown under the wagon wheel, which passed over and badly crushed my limb before father could stop the team. He picked me up and saw the extent of the injury when the injured limb hung dangling in the air.

THE FATHER DYING ON THE PLAINS

In a broken voice he exclaimed: "My dear child, your leg is broken all to pieces!" The news soon spread along the train and a halt was called. A surgeon was found and the limb set; then we pushed on the same night to Laramie, where we arrived soon after dark. This accident confined me to the wagon the remainder of the long journey.

After Laramie we entered the great American desert, which was hard on the teams. Sickness became common. Father and the boys were all sick, and we were dependent for a driver on the Dutch doctor who set my leg. He offered his services and was employed, but though an excellent surgeon, he knew little about driving oxen. Some of them often had to rise from their sick beds to wade streams and get the oxen safely across. One day four buffalo ran between our wagon and the one behind. Though feeble, father seized his gun and gave chase to them. This imprudent act prostrated him again, and it soon became apparent that his days were numbered. He was fully conscious of the fact, but could not be reconciled to the thought of leaving his large and helpless family in such precarious circumstances. The evening before his death we crossed Green River and camped on the bank. Looking where I lay helpless, he said: "Poor child! What will become of you?" Captain Shaw found him weeping bitterly. He said his last hour had come, and his heart was filled with anguish for his family. His wife was ill, the children small, and one likely to be a cripple. They had no relatives near, and a long journey lay before them. In piteous tones he begged the Captain to take charge of them and see them through. This he stoutly promised. Father was buried the next day on the banks of Green River. His coffin was made of two troughs dug out of the body of a tree, but next year emigrants found his bleaching bones, as the Indians had disinterred the remains.

We hired a young man to drive, as mother was afraid to trust the doctor, but the kind-hearted German would not leave her, and declared his intention to see her safe in the Willamette. At Fort Bridger the stream was full of fish, and we made nets of wagon sheets

to catch them. That evening the new driver told mother he would hunt for game if she would let him use the gun. He took it, and we never saw him again. He made for the train in advance, where he had a sweetheart. We found the gun waiting our arrival at Whitman's. Then we got along as best we could with the doctor's help.

Mother planned to get to Whitman's and winter there, but she was rapidly failing under her sorrows. The nights and mornings were very cold, and she took cold from the exposure unavoidably. With camp fever and a sore mouth, she fought bravely against fate for the sake of her children, but she was taken delirious soon after reaching Fort Bridger, and was bed-fast. Travelling in this condition over a road clouded with dust, she suffered intensely. She talked of her husband, addressing him as though present, beseeching him in piteous tones to relieve her sufferings, until at last she became unconscious. Her babe was cared for by the women of the train. Those kind-hearted women would also come in at night and wash the dust from the mother's face and otherwise make her comfortable. We travelled a rough road the day she died, and she moaned fearfully all the time. At night one of the women came in as usual, but she made no reply to questions, so she thought her asleep, and washed her face, then took her hand and discovered the pulse was nearly gone. She lived but a few moments, and her last words were, "Oh, Henry! If you only knew how we have suffered." The tent was set up, the corpse laid out, and next morning we took the last look at our mother's face. The grave was near the road; willow brush was laid in the bottom and covered the body, the earth filled in—then the train moved on.

Her name was cut on a head-board, and that was all that could be done. So in twenty-six days we became orphans. Seven children of us, the oldest fourteen and the youngest a babe. A few days before her death, finding herself in possession of her faculties and fully aware of the coming end, she had taken an affectionate farewell of her children and charged the doctor to take care of us. She made the same request of Captain Shaw. The baby was taken by a woman in the train, and all were literally adopted by the company. No one there but was ready to do us any possible favor. This was especially true of Captain Shaw and his wife. Their kindness will ever be cherished in grateful remembrance by us all. Our parents could not have been more solicitous or careful. When our flour gave out they gave us bread as long as they had any, actually dividing their

last loaf. To this day Uncle Billy and Aunt Sally, as we call them, regard us with the affection of parents. Blessings on his hoary head!

At Snake River they lay by to make our wagon into a cart, as our team was wearing out. Into this was loaded what was necessary. Some things were sold and some left on the plains. The last of September we arrived at Grande Ronde, where one of my sister's clothes caught fire, and she would have burned to death only that the German doctor, at the cost of burning his hands, saved her. One night the captain heard a child crying, and found my little sister had got out of the wagon and was perishing in the freezing air, for the nights were very cold. We had been out of flour and living on meat alone, so a few were sent in advance to get supplies from Dr. Whitman and return to us. Having so light a load we could travel faster than the other teams, and went on with Captain Shaw and the advance. Through the Blue Mountains cattle were giving out and left lying in the road. We made but a few miles a day. We were in the country of "Dr. Whitman's Indians," as they called themselves. They were returning from buffalo hunting and frequented our camps. They were loud in praise of the missionaries and anxious to assist us. Often they would drive up some beast that had been left behind as given out and return it to its owner.

One day when we were making a fire of wet wood Francis thought to help the matter by holding his powder-horn over a small blaze. Of course the powder-horn exploded, and the wonder was he was left alive. He ran to a creek near by and bathed his hands and face, and came back destitute of winkers and eyebrows, and his face was blackened beyond recognition. Such were the incidents and dangerous and humorous features of the journey.

We reached Umatilla October 15th, and lay by while Captain Shaw went on to Whitman's station to see if the doctor would take care of us, if only until he could become located in the Willamette. We purchased of the Indians the first potatoes we had eaten since we started on our long and sad journey. October 17th we started for our destination, leaving the baby very sick, with doubts of its recovery. Mrs. Shaw took an affectionate leave of us all, and stood looking after us as long as we were in sight. Speaking of it in later years, she said she never saw a more pitiful sight than that cartful of orphans going to find a home among strangers.

We reached the station in the forenoon. For weeks this place had

been a subject for our talk by day and formed our dreams at night. We expected to see log houses, occupied by Indians and such people as we had seen about the forts. Instead we saw a large white house surrounded with palisades. A short distance from the doctor's dwelling was another large adobe house, built by Mr. Gray, but now used by immigrants in the winter, and for a granary in the summer. It was situated near the mill pond, and the grist mill was not far from it.

Between the two houses were the blacksmith shop and the corral, enclosed with slabs set up endways. The garden lay between the mill and the house, and a large field was on the opposite side. A good-sized ditch passed in front of the house, connecting with the mill pond, intersecting other ditches all around the farm, for the purpose of irrigating the land.

We drove up and halted near this ditch. Captain Shaw was in the house conversing with Mrs. Whitman. Glancing through the window, he saw us, and turning to her said: "Your children have come; will you go out and see them?" He then came out and told the boys to "Help the girls out and get their bonnets." Alas! it was easy to talk of bonnets, but not to find them! But one or two were finally discovered by the time Mrs. Whitman had come out. Here was a scene for an artist to describe! Foremost stood the little cart, with the tired oxen that had been unyoked lying near it. Sitting in the front end of the cart was John, weeping bitterly; on the opposite side stood Francis, his arms on the wheel and his head resting on his arms, sobbing aloud; on the near side the little girls were huddled together, bareheaded and barefooted, looking at the boys and then at the house, dreading we knew not what. By the oxen stood the good German doctor, with his whip in his hand, regarding the scene with suppressed emotion.

Thus Mrs. Whitman found us. She was a large, well-formed woman, fair complexioned, with beautiful auburn hair, nose rather large, and large gray eyes. She had on a dark calico dress and gingham sunbonnet. We thought as we shyly looked at her that she was the prettiest woman we had ever seen. She spoke kindly to us as she came up, but like frightened things we ran behind the cart, peeping shyly around at her. She then addressed the boys, asking why they wept, adding: "Poor boys, no wonder you weep!" She then began to arrange things as we threw them out, at the same time conversing with an Indian woman sitting on the ground near by.

A little girl about seven years old soon came and stood regarding us with a timid look. This was little Helen Mar Meek, and though a half-breed, she looked very pretty to us in her green dress and white apron and neat sunbonnet.

Having arranged everything in compact form, Mrs. Whitman directed the doctor and the boys where to carry them, and told Helen to show the little girls the way to the house. Seeing my lameness, she kindly took me by the hand and my little sister by the other hand, and thus led us in. As we reached the steps, Captain Shaw asked if she had children of her own. Pointing to a grave at the foot of the hill, not far off, she said: "All the child I ever had sleeps yonder." She added that it was a great pleasure to her that she could see the grave from the door. The doctor and boys having deposited the things as directed, went over to the mansion. As we entered the house we saw a girl about nine years old washing dishes. Mrs. Whitman spoke cheerfully to her and said: "Well, Mary Ann, how do you think you will like all these sisters?" Seated in her arm-chair, she placed the youngest on her lap, and calling us round her, asked our names, about our parents, and the baby, often exclaiming as we told our artless story, "Poor children!"

Dr. Whitman came in from the mill and stood in the door, looking as though surprised at the large addition so suddenly made to the family. We were a sight calculated to excite surprise, dirty and sunburned until we looked more like Indians than white children. Added to this, John had cropped our hair so that it hung in uneven locks and added to our uncouth appearance. Seeing her husband standing there, Mrs. Whitman said, with a laugh: "Come in, doctor, and see your children." He sat down and tried to take little Louisa in his arms, but she ran screaming to me, much to the discomfiture of the doctor and amusement of his wife. She then related to him what we had told her in reference to the baby, and expressed her fears lest it should die, saying it was the baby she wanted most of all.

Our mother had asked that we might not be separated, so Captain Shaw now urged the doctor to take charge of us all. He feared the Board might object, as he was sent a missionary to the Indians. The captain argued that a missionary's duty was to do good, and we certainly were objects worthy of missionary charity. He was finally persuaded to keep us all until spring. His wife did not readily consent, but he told her he wanted boys as well as she girls. Finding the boys willing to stay, he made a written agreement with Captain Shaw that

he would take charge of them. Before Captain Shaw reached the valley, Dr. Whitman overtook him and told him he was pleased with the children and he need give himself no further care concerning them. The baby was brought over in a few days. It was very sick, but under Mrs. Whitman's judicious care was soon restored to health.

CHAPTER XLIX

INDIAN TROUBLES—1845-48

WHAT we have seen in the official career of Elijah White, sub-Indian agent, shows that the glamour soon wore off from Indian life, for as soon as the missionaries were located the cupidity of the natives became chronic; few of them were capable of true religious sentiment, much less of true religious life. It was useless to expect that savages could become Christianized at once, or that they could soon adopt civilized usages and become prosperous farmers. Some of them did make advance, but the majority remained in brutal savagery. Whitman and Spaulding strove hard and continually to teach them religious truths, to practise civilized life, and to introduce agriculture. Indeed, there were some who made advancement, grew crops and commenced to have home comforts, but the savage instinct predominated whenever there was failure to meet their claims and accord them undeserved favors. Time and again trouble with the Cayuses and Nez Percés was tided over. When Whitman came they made him a present of some horses, of which they had thousands, and waited year after year for him to make them presents in return, but he never understood the traditional value of an Indian gift. In some crisis that occurred, about 1842, he learned—much to his surprise—that they considered him in their debt since 1836, and then gave them a cow for every horse he had received. Cheerful by nature, free in his ways and kindly, earnest in his desire

to benefit this people, he devoted his life to them in vain; built mills, introduced cattle and was their physician, as well as religious teacher and fast friend. Yet they were never able to appreciate the sacrifice he made in their behalf.

Mr. Spaulding was earnest enough and had zeal to all intent, but it was zeal without discretion, and he owed much to the superior qualities of his wife, who commanded their respect far more than he was able. The Nez Percés were not so savage as the Cayuses, and were capable of far more appreciation, yet they made trouble and gave cause for fear, for there was an element among them not easy to control. When Whitman went East, in October, 1842, all things seemed to be peaceful; he left in his place Dr. Geiger, who was a man to command confidence and respect, but jealousy arose because of the immigration that came the same year with Dr. Elijah White, and the fear that more would come and drive them from their homes. What communication they had with the Iroquois, and Indians who had returned from the East, after attending school, taught them that everywhere the whites came they encroached on the Indians, took away their lands, and that the natives invariably died off at the approach of the white man. Probably, the best boon the mission brought was the flouring mill, but evil-minded ones burned down the mill and threatened worse. Mrs. Whitman was insulted and her life endangered, so that she left Waiilatpu and went to The Dalles, as did Dr. Geiger and Mr. Littlejohn, so the mission was left until the Indian agent came and with others made peaceful arrangements with Cayuses and Nez Percés. One of the most savage of the chiefs broke into the house at night and would have violated Mrs. Whitman, only that a white man slept near by,

who appeared on the scene, armed, to protect her. It is just to say that his act was so despicable in the sight of his people that he was held in disgrace and left the vicinity, never to return. Thus, one contingency after another came and was met, the good offices of Dr. McLoughlin aiding peace, and the active efforts of Agent McKinlay, at Fort Walla Walla, being always at command. Many incidents occurred to warn them; Dr. McLoughlin told Whitman he was over a smouldering volcano that might at any time become destructive—but he could not believe there was actual danger.

Peu Peu Mox Mox was a great chief of the Walla Wallas, and seems to have been a man of character. His son Elijah was a mission convert and much appreciated, but he was not altogether reliable or entirely honest. The old chief and his son went with a party of Spokanes, Cayuses and Walla Wallas, who took their furs and a band of horses to California to trade for cattle. It was a long journey, almost a thousand miles, and promised to be successful, but somewhere, when they were hunting elk in the mountains, they came across Indian robbers who were driving away stolen horses. They had a fight and captured twenty-two of the stolen animals. When they drove these to California the original owners claimed them. This caused trouble and was not according to Indian logic or custom. An American claiming a mule that was in this band, Elijah loaded his rifle and then told him significantly to take the mule if he wanted to. The next Sunday some of the Indians attended church at Sutter's Fort, and after service, when in the house there, the man who claimed the mule, and others, abused the Indians awhile, calling them dogs, thieves, etc.; the owner of the mule told Elijah: "You were going to kill me yester-

day; now you must die!" As he levelled his pistol, Elijah, dropping on his knees, said: "Let me pray first!" and in that attitude was shot dead. The Indians claimed that they had captured the animals at the risk of their lives from the deadly enemies of the people there, and therefore had rights above the mere question of law. The Spaniards vainly offered ten cows, then fifteen, to redeem the horses. They told Agent White that the rest escaped with their lives and left all the herds they had bought and paid for behind them; that the man who killed Elijah was an American and they thought they ought to take revenge on all Americans. Ellis, the chief, came to the Willamette to confer with White, telling him that all the tribes allied talked of raising 2,000 men and going to California to make a general slaughter.

Bancroft's history says that the truth of the story, as told in California, was, that Elijah was quarrelsome, "and met his death in a quarrel he himself provoked." Elijah being a convert, it was possible that the Indians made up a story based on his standing with the mission, and put their own phase on the matter. The effect was unfortunate, for Whitman was afraid they would murder the whites. Ellis made a great story to White, who resorted to a policy of friendliness; showed Ellis all the attention possible and got others to do the same; then he made abundant promises as to what he would do if the Indians would remain at peace; promises that were extravagant, and sent Ellis off home to make peace; but the promises were never kept; the same fall Agent White was on his way to the States, overland, and that was the last of his official action in Oregon.

Peu Peu Mox Mox did go to California in 1846, with forty warriors, to demand satisfaction for the killing of his

son; his arrival there caused some excitement, so that military were sent to protect settlers. At that time Commodore Stockton was in command and Fremont was there. In the end the chief forgot his revenge and offered their services to Fremont to fight Mexicans in California. The Americans were in possession and he adapted himself to circumstances. He was said to have formed a high opinion of American valor from his association with them there, and told his people on his return that Americans were not all cowardly, as those in Oregon.

When Gray was at Whitman's he struck an Indian lad for some offence. The lad's uncle was Tiloukaikt, an ill-tempered chief. For this act of Gray's this chief struck Whitman, knocked his hat off and pulled his nose; all of which was borne in meekness, because he taught such meekness and believed that by patience and forbearance he could overcome their savage natures. Another time, he remonstrated because they let their horses into his field and damaged his growing grain. Then they covered him with mud, offered him personal insults, snapped a gun at him, and threatened to pull down his house; even struck at him with an axe, that he avoided. Two missionaries who were coming from the Sandwich Islands were fortunately deterred when they heard of this, for they supposed the mission would be abandoned, but Whitman—strong and brave and with iron will to do and to suffer—believed he was doing God's work and continued it. McLoughlin was his true friend, and knowing Indian character well, he advised him to leave the mission and abandon the unkind Cayuses; assuring him they would soon realize what he was worth to them, repent of their ill-usage, and beg him to return. But he bore all with

a courage greater than that which meets the shock of battle; for if he had been a coward he would never have continued. When Agent Pambrun was at Fort Walla Walla he had successfully taken Whitman's part and protected him, but Pambrun died; then Archibald McKinlay ruled at the fort, and he was also a friend. At the time these acts occurred McKinlay had bargained with the Cayuses for horses to take the Red River immigrants to The Dalles, but when they brought them, he said he would have nothing to do with people who treated Whitman, his friend, so ill. This impressed them, and on his insistence Tilaukaiht and others who were guilty went and begged Whitman's pardon. On such occasions they would weep over their acts and denounce themselves like a parcel of children, to again repeat the conduct at the first opportunity.

At Lapwai, the Nez Percés pulled down the mill, threatened Spaulding with a gun, and were insulting and abusive to Mrs. Spaulding, who was a most admirable woman. The Nez Percés were of a higher nature than the Cayuses, but every year, up to 1842, such things occurred. They claimed the mill to be theirs because on their ground; they forbid to cultivate land and were begging all the time and complaining because the missions did not make them rich; saying that Mr. Parker promised them everything, if they received missionaries; and the promises made never had been performed. The Indians were most of them born liars, and many of them were as naturally thieves. It was at such a time, when they knew that the Indians had ill-used the patient missionaries, and that their presence could only cause harm, that Vicar-General Blanchet came to plant his mission among the Cayuses, intending to take advantage of

existing complications to force the Presbyterians to leave the field. If it had been trade rivalry, it might have been permissible—or at least legal; but following the teachings of Christ, and the examples set in His life, there was abundant room for them to work in, and tribes to work with, that would not interfere with the efforts of the long suffering Whitman. There was no lie those Indians could invent they would not tell, and no mischief they could do that would not have been sport. To start another mission was to divide the Indians on religious questions and cause all the trouble that was possible.

The Indians claimed that they were to be paid for their lands every year, and that ships were to come loaded with goods for their use. It is possible that Mr. Parker had in view that, when the question of title should be settled with England, the government would purchase the Indian title, and he may have said something to that effect; and that the government would always consider their interests, but they were capable to take his words for much more than he meant and to assert them to mean whatever they chose. McLoughlin had learned Indian character well, and knew better than to promise anything blindly. At Fort Walla Walla they had learned that the Indians were capable of treachery. Once on a time, they seized and bound Pambrun and threatened him until he had to agree to pay higher prices for furs. This was done by the head chiefs, but Pambrun pursued a policy of favoring and building up inferior chiefs who then supplanted the others. At another time McKinlay was threatened by them, and seizing a keg of gunpowder, he stove in the head and stood over it with a flint and steel ready to blow all up. This suppressed them. It is true that the

Hudson's Bay Company managed them well, but it was by vigilance and authority and a thorough domination over them. The Northwest Fur Company before that had trouble all the time, and it was the excellent management and caution of the Hudson's Bay Company that maintained peace, yet it was with occasional conflict.

As the years passed, and the natives saw the immigrations increase each year, they felt that the tide must sweep them away if continued. They became aggressive and thievish; the worst and most dangerous part of the route, by 1846, came to be the journey down the Columbia from the Glue Mountains to The Dalles. It was a common jest with immigrants, that their worst troubles commenced when they got among "Mission Indians." Whitman had to warn immigrants, as they passed, to take no chances, but watch their property. He told them any indiscretion of theirs might cause an Indian war. In the fall of 1847 many families who thought they were safe, as they had reached Oregon, were robbed of what they had brought so far; four families lost everything they had in the world; even the clothing was taken and women and children left naked, while the men were looking for cattle that had been stolen. They had concealed a bolt of cotton cloth and made wrappers of this, when John E. Ross's company came by and gave them blankets. There was battle and bloodshed at The Dalles, when immigrants who were robbed seized some Indian horses to hold as reprisal. A Mr. Shepard was killed and two others wounded; the Indians had also killed and wounded.

There was a large immigration in 1847, and with it came the measles, with a virulent form of typhoid, that was fatal in many instances. As the Indians hung around the immi-

grant wagons, or perhaps stole things they could lay their hands on, some of them caught the contagion and the result was that pestilence swept through the Indian country. This brings us down to the terrible tragedy that resulted in the Cayuse war and breaking up of the various missions in the upper country. Sound judgment and good management on the part of the government of the United States, by the appointment of judicious men to control the Indians and a just policy for providing reservations and for the purchase of their lands, could have prevented much of outrage, as well as have averted war. The Indians thought the Americans had no power back of them, and never wanted to recognize their rights or to pay for their lands. If we will look at matters from the aboriginal standpoint, we must concede that they had cause for suspicion, and cannot well wonder that when disease was sweeping them from the face of the earth they lost confidence in the teachings of Christianity and their savage natures were roused to the utmost.

CHAPTER L

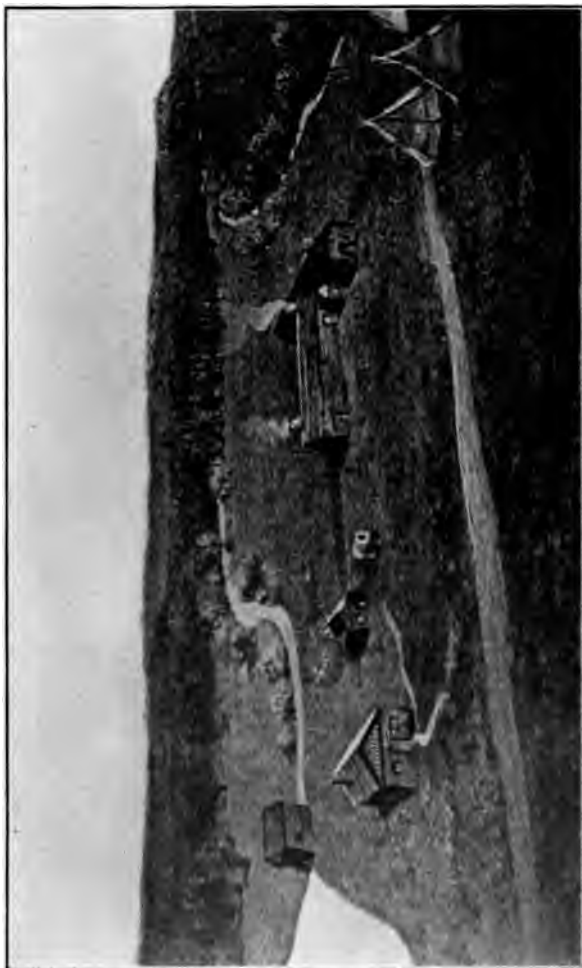
HOME LIFE AT WHITMAN'S

CONTINUING her story, Mrs. Pringle went on to give a picture of the three years of home life with Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, from 1844 to 1847, a delightful picture of a Christian household, governed by laws of love to God and charity for man. The mission seemed to be a refuge for orphan children of every class, and for all who were in need, even for that wretch Jo Lewis, who was detested, but tolerated because he was supposed to be human, and repaid this kindness by inducing the Cayuses, by his falsehoods, to do the murder.

Our faithful friend, the German doctor, left us at last, safe in the motherly care of Mrs. Whitman. Well had he kept his promise to our dying mother.

For a week or two the house at Waillatpu was full of company. Having no help, Mrs. Whitman was too much engaged in household affairs to pay any attention to us. Very lonely did that large house seem to me during that time. Being a cripple, I was not able to join the other children in their pastimes, and they were too busy enjoying themselves to attend to me. Seated by the cradle, I plied my needle at simple sewing. I saw my brothers only at meal-time. Mrs. Whitman came occasionally to bring the baby her milk. I thought I could never be happy where everything was so strange, and shed many tears in solitude. I became so timid as to cry if addressed by the doctor or any one.

School commenced soon after our arrival, and most of the children attended. In course of time the company left the house; help was hired to do the housework, and Mrs. Whitman, having more time to herself, paid more to us. Gathering us around her in the evening,



HOME OF DR. MARCUS WHITMAN AT WAILATPU AND SCENE
OF THE MASSACRE

she amused us with anecdotes, distributing pieces of calico and showing us how to make patchwork and rag dolls, conversing with us in a kind and familiar way. On one of these occasions she gave each of us a string of beads to wear, with the understanding that any one who had to be reproved for doing wrong must return the beads to her. We had been long without restraint, so that we had become quite unruly and difficult to manage. They were strict disciplinarians, and held the reins with steady hands. Any deviation from the rules met with instant and severe chastisement. Every effort to merit their approval was rewarded with smiles. While we were held under strict subjection, every effort was made to render us comfortable and happy and to win our love and confidence. Mrs. Whitman was particularly adapted to raising children, having the art of uniting instruction and pleasure. She was a fine singer. I have never known any one who excelled her in this respect. She soon commenced teaching us vocal music. Refined and accomplished herself, she exercised over our rude natures that influence that refines and beautifies a home. We soon formed a warm attachment for her, and fell into the practice of calling her and Dr. Whitman mother and father, as the other children did, and continued it while they lived. They were careful to have us remember our parents, and would speak of them with affection and respect. When necessary to administer punishment, she would set our fault before us and her own responsibility, and show that all was done for our own good, and would ask what we thought our parents would wish her to do.

Dr. Whitman's family, before we came, consisted of himself and wife, Perrin P. Whitman, his nephew, who came out with him in 1843, when fourteen years old; Mary Ann Bridger, nine years old; Helen Mar Meek, seven years old, who had been raised from infancy by Mrs. Whitman, and David M. Cortez, seven years old. This boy's father was a Spaniard, his mother a Walla Walla Indian. Becoming tired of the infant, she cast it into a hole to perish. His grandmother rescued him and took him to Mrs. Whitman, naked, except a small piece of skin tied over his shoulders. We were in the schoolroom from Monday morning until Saturday noon. The afternoon was a holiday. If the weather was pleasant, the preparations for the Sabbath being completed, Mrs. Whitman took us out for a ramble over the hills. In inclement weather we were provided amusement in the house; the doctor believed in young folks having plenty of exercise. The Sabbath was always strictly observed, yet made so pleasant that

we hailed its dawn with delight. Every preparation was made the day before, and perfect stillness pervaded the house Sabbath morning. In the winter season a Bible class met on Saturday night. All the family attended, and no effort was spared to make it interesting. A subject was given us to prove from the Bible, and Mrs. Whitman saw that each child had a proof to bring in. They were commented on, a chapter was read, each one reading a verse and giving their thoughts on it. These exercises closed by singing some Bible hymn. Sabbath morning we were reminded of the day and all kept still. Each sat with a book, and those too small to read were handed pictures. After breakfast we prepared for Sunday school, that met at 11 o'clock, while the doctor held his service with the natives. Each got seven verses, one being learned every morning during the week. This was an interesting hour spent together, especially when the doctor could spend some moments with us. At 3 p. m. we met for the regular afternoon service, when Dr. Whitman read a sermon. He was not a preacher, but a physician. We had to find the text after the service was over and repeat it to him. The evening was spent in reading, reciting the commandments, etc.

One evening in the week Mrs. Whitman would collect the young around her, holding a prayer meeting with them and conversing on religious subjects. The first Monday night in each month a meeting was held in behalf of missions, and Monday after New Year's was observed as a fast day. The housework was hired done in winter, so the children could follow their studies without hindrance; Mrs. Whitman and the girls did the work in the summer. Each of us had her allotted task and was expected to promptly do her duty. At 11 we bathed in the river; dinner was served at 12. When the work was done we all sat in a large room at our sewing, save one of us, who read aloud to the rest. Supper was at 5 o'clock, and after that was over time until retiring for the night was devoted to recreation. In the spring the evenings were spent in the garden putting in seeds; otherwise we did as we pleased. Sometimes the boys would bring horses for us to ride; at times we would go with the doctor to visit the lodges, where Indians were sick. Mrs. Whitman was always with us in all these occupations, adding to our enjoyment. She was very fond of flowers, and we assisted in taking care of her flower garden each season. Our time flowed on in one uninterrupted stream of pleasure; we were kept constantly gaining knowledge, and from morning until night our adopted parents labored to promote our

happiness. The family was larger in the winter. From twenty to twenty-five, including children, sat around the table at meals. Besides the adopted children, there were others who came to attend the mission school. Summers the doctor was gone most of the time, so there was only Mrs. Whitman and the children. Mr. Spaulding's daughter attended school with us. She came on horseback, in charge of an Indian woman, 120 miles.

The manner of living was simple. In winter we had beef, and in summer mutton and fish. Pork seldom came on the table. Dr. Whitman ignored fine flour, and wheat flour and corn meal were used unbolted. Tea and coffee came to the table only on rare occasions. This was a matter of economy, as delicacies were not easy to get in the country at that time. There was an abundance of wild fruit to be purchased of the natives; a good garden supplied plenty of vegetables. Cake and pastry only were seen on holidays. Milk, butter and cheese were in full supply, and thus you have our mode of living at Waillatpu.

Some may ask how the washing for so large a family was managed. As early as 4 o'clock all hands were mustered for work in the kitchen, Mrs. Whitman at the head. Tubs and barrels were put in use, and all the implements needed were at hand. The boys, with long aprons tied around them, brought the water and did the pounding, while the women rubbed the clothes. Jokes were current and all were in good humor. By school time (9 o'clock) the clothes were on the line. It fell to the lot of myself and brother to get breakfast on wash days.

Owing to the location and the evaporation in the spring of alkali ponds near by, Waillatpu was not healthy. The mill pond was near by, and we were more or less troubled with chills and fever in warm weather. I was very subject to it, and suffered every summer of my stay there, being often unable to labor. As the eldest daughter, I had supervision of the other girls, and from being confined to the house so much I became the constant companion of Mrs. Whitman. An attachment near to that of mother and daughter existed between us from this constant association. To me she told all her plans for the pleasure or improvement of the children, as well as her fears and troubles concerning them. When the doctor was long absent I sat with her and read or conversed, and was her bedfellow. She said often she could not get along without me.

The spring after we arrived brother Francis resolved to run away

to the lower country with those who had wintered there. His reason was he disliked the strict discipline maintained. The doctor was away, and when Francis started to go Mrs. Whitman urged him pleasantly to stay, but he went on the run, mounted his horse, and was off before the wagons moved which he was to accompany. She had not succeeded in winning the boy's confidence and affection, and Francis was stubborn.

Efforts were made to overtake him and get him to come back, but they were unavailing. He went to the Willamette and remained there.

On his return Dr. Whitman talked with John and found he was willing to remain. He then made a proposal to aid the boys to get a start in cattle and horses, so that they would be acquiring property. This was made known to Francis by a letter, and a horse sent for him, so that in the fall we had the pleasure of again becoming a united family.

In the spring of 1845 the Cayuses were embroiled in war with the Snakes. A Cayuse family named Prince was going to the buffalo country to hunt, and on the way camped on a small stream in the Snake region, opposite a camp of Snake Indians. One morning Prince with his servant rode over to see the other camp. His horse stood all day tied at the Snake lodge, but the mother did not go to learn about him, because her daughter said it would be foolish. Toward night the horse disappeared, and during the night the Snake camp also disappeared. Going over there, the mother and daughter found the dead bodies of servant and master. War resulted, in which many Cayuses lost their lives, including some of their chiefs. We saw them come home from their war raids, and heard and saw them singing war songs, dancing their war dances, and then they would change to a funeral dirge for their dead warriors. After a successful raid they would spend days in celebrating their victory and reciting the prowess of their own warriors. The beating of drums and their war-whoops and songs filled the air with savage sounds. The monotonous tones of the Indian flute mellowed the horrors of the din a little.

One Sunday morning in the autumn of 1845 two men arrived at the station. One of them, Andrew Rodgers, was a young man of about twenty-five, tall and slender, sandy hair and sallow look that betokened ill-health. He sang hymns and played the violin, so the "Seceders," to which church he belonged, turned him out. His gentlemanly appearance and intelligence won the admiration of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman.

He came to procure room and care for a friend who was ill with consumption. He succeeded in this and was also engaged to teach school the ensuing winter. Going to Umatilla, he soon returned with his friend, Joseph Finly, who took board with the family of Mr. Osborne, his relative. He had made the journey to Oregon hoping for improved health. For awhile he improved and seemed stronger. Dr. and Mrs. Whitman became much attached to him. He was one day taken worse when at their house and never left it. They made him comfortable and attended to him as if he were a son or brother. He died very happy, bidding all good-by and thanking his friends for all their care of him. All gathered round the death-bed, and the scene was very impressive as he gave his last farewell to all around him.

About this time the station had a visit from a band of Delaware Indians, under the leadership of Tom Hill, who was very intelligent and could speak English as well as Cayuse. Dr. Whitman made a feast for them and invited the leading Cayuses and others. The indispensable item of an Indian feast was corn mush. A large kettle was suspended over a fire in the yard and the mush was made by putting in tallow and stirring in meal or flour. When cooked the kettle was taken indoors and placed on the floor. The doctor was master of ceremonies and the rest came in order of rank. The doctor and the chiefs dipped their spoons in the big kettle, but common people had dishes served and ate out of them. Some acted as waiters. They had tea, sweetened. We children were looking on, and it amused us to see what a quantity of sugar they used—all that the tea could hold. It was evening and the family occupied a bench on one side of the big room, which was crowded. It was well lighted with candles, and they ate in silence, except the sipping noise peculiar to Indians eating. Their performances at the trencher were so amusing to us that occasionally Mrs. Whitman had to send us outdoors to have our laugh out. When the feast was over the room was cleared and put in order for the speech. Tom Hill delivered an address that lasted two hours and was quite eloquent. We could understand the Cayuse talk, but the Indians did not know it. We were not allowed to learn it, and kept as much as possible away from the Indians, but constantly hearing the language spoken, we could not help but learn the meaning of it, though we could not speak it well. After the massacre they soon found out that we understood their talk. Mrs. Whitman always treated them politely and kindly, thanking them for every little favor they did her.

The next spring Mr. Rogers was away much of the time at the Spokane mission, conducted by Messrs. Walker and Eells. Dr. Whitman was absent at the saw mill or breaking up land for the Indians and putting in their crops. Mrs. Whitman and the girls spent the time at home and found enough to employ them to prevent feeling lonesome. We studied botany with her and rambled over the country in search of flowers and plants.

A bad man was named Tam-a-has, meaning murderer, as he had once killed a man. One day the doctor was at work in his field when this man rode up and ordered him, peremptorily, to go and grind a grist for him. When the doctor objected to his talking and acting so, he said he could grind it for himself, and started for the mill. The doctor could walk across sooner and did so. Tam-a-has came at him there with a club, but saw an iron bar in his hand. They had a serious time of it, both with words and blows, but the iron bar was a full match for the club, and Tam-a-has finally agreed to behave himself and have his grist ground. Exhausted in body and mind, the doctor came to the house and threw himself down, saying that if they would only say so he would gladly leave, for he was tired almost beyond endurance.

It is hardly possible to conceive of a greater change than Dr. Whitman had worked in the life of the Cayuses. They had now growing fields, could have good homes, a mill to grind their meal, and they were taught things of the greatest use, yet some of them could not realize that he was unselfish in all this.

The following winter was very cold, the coldest ever known in the country, and the Indians charged the whites with bringing the cold weather upon them. Old Jimmy, a Catholic Indian, claimed the power of working miracles, and said he brought the cold upon them to punish them for their unbelief and wickedness. They paid him liberally to bring about a change, and finally a thaw did come and he claimed all the merit of it.

The doctor made his fall visit to the valley, bringing back something for each one of us. He always remembered the children when he went to the valley, and brought us all some token of his love. He piloted the emigrants by a nearer and better route to The Dalles, and learned with apprehension that the last of the train were afflicted with measles and whooping cough. He knew they would spread through the native camps and feared the consequences. None of his own family had had the measles and but few of the others.

This fall brother John had his horse saddled to return to The Dalles to reside, but at Mr. Whitman's earnest request he consented to remain. Had he gone there he might now be living! Laying aside his gun, he now devoted himself to his studies. He rose early, at 4 o'clock, and wrote, but I never knew what he wrote about, as the papers were all destroyed after the massacre.

The measles were among the natives, and in the doctor's absence Mrs. Whitman was their physician. All arrangements were made for the winter, teachers were employed, and all things were in order. The emigration had brought a Canadian half-breed named Jo Lewis, who was so disagreeable that they refused to let him travel farther in their company. Dr. Whitman reluctantly gave him some work. He tried to send him below with a company, but in a few days he was back again, so the doctor reluctantly engaged him for the winter. He was destitute of clothes and was supplied. We all disliked him, but he was well used and kindly treated. Yet this wretch laid the careful plans and told the terrible lies that led to the massacre, and took an active part in murder and robbery.

CHAPTER LI

WAILLATPU MASSACRE, 1847

THRILLING story of one who, as a young girl, was an eye witness.

Mrs. Clark Pringle, whose maiden name was Catherine Sager, and who was one of the children adopted by Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, was thirteen years old at the time of this notable massacre. She was an eye witness to all that preceded it, as well as to much that occurred. Her experience was dreadful in the extreme. The following article, and a second relating the story of her captivity among the Cayuses, were written by her as a contribution to *Pioneer Days*.

In the fall of 1847 the emigration over the mountains brought the measles. It spread among the Indians, and owing to their manner of living it proved very fatal. It was customary for emigrant families who arrived late, to winter at the station, and some seven or eight families had put up there to spend the winter of 1847. Among the arrivals was a half-breed named Jo Lewis, who had joined the emigration at Fort Hall. Much against his will the doctor admitted this person into his family for the winter. We none of us liked him; he seemed surly and morose. There was also a Frenchman named Joseph Stanfield who had been in the doctor's employ since the year 1845. Up to the year 1847 the Protestant missions had been the only religious influence among the Indians. In the fall of this year the Catholic Church established missions among them, and the teachings of the two clashed. The Indian mind is so constructed that he cannot reconcile the different isms, consequently they became much worked up on the subject. Many long talks occurred between them and Dr. Whitman in reference to the two religious systems. Owing to the sickness and these other causes, the natives began to show an insolent and hostile feeling. It was now late in the season and the weather

was very inclement. Whitman's large family were all sick, and the disease was raging fearfully among the Indians, who were rapidly dying. I saw from five to six buried daily. The field was open for creating mischief, and the two Joes improved it. Jo Lewis was the chief agent; his cupidity had been awakened, and he and his associate expected to reap a large spoil. A few days previous to the massacre, Mr. Spaulding arrived at the station accompanied by his daughter, ten years old. She was the second child born of white parents west of the Rocky Mountains, Dr. Whitman's child being the first. She had lived her ten years of life among the natives, and spoke the language fluently. Saturday, after his arrival, Mr. Spaulding, accompanied Dr. Whitman to the Umatilla to visit the Indians there, and hold a meeting for worship with them upon the Sabbath. They rode nearly all night in a heavy rain. Dr. Whitman spent the next day visiting the sick, and returned to the lodge where Mr. Spaulding was staying, late in the afternoon, nearly worn out with fatigue. The condition of his family made it imperative that he should return home, so arrangements were made for Mr. Spaulding to remain a few days on the Umatilla to visit among and preach to the Indians.

As Dr. Whitman was mounting his horse to leave, Stickas, a friendly Christian Indian, who was the owner of the lodge, came out and told him that "Jo Lewis was making trouble; that he was telling his (Stickas's) people that the doctor and Mr. Spaulding were poisoning the Indians so as to give their country to his own people." He said: "I do not believe him, but some do, and I fear they will do you harm; you had better go away for awhile until my people have better hearts."

Doctor Whitman arrived at home about 10 o'clock that night, having ridden twenty-five miles after sundown. He sent my two brothers, who were sitting up with the sick, to bed, saying that he would watch the remainder of the night. After they had retired he examined the patients one after the other. (I also was lying sick at the time.) Coming to Helen, he spoke and told his wife, who was lying on the bed, that Helen was dying. He sat and watched her for some time, when she rallied and seemed better. I had noticed that he seemed to be troubled when he first came home, but concluded that it was anxiety in reference to the sick children.

Taking a chair, he sat down by the stove and requested his wife to arise, as he wished to talk with her. She complied, and he related to her what Stickas had told him that day; also that he had learned

that the Indians were holding councils every night. After conversing for some time his wife retired to another room, and the doctor kept his lonely watch. Observing that I was restless, he surmised that I had overheard the conversation. By kind and soothing words he allayed my fears and I went to sleep. I can see it all now and remember just how he looked.

The fatal 29th of November dawned a cold, foggy morning. It would seem as though the sun was afraid to look upon the bloody deed the day was to bring forth, and that nature was weeping over the wickedness of man. Father's (Dr. Whitman) brow was serene, with no trace of the storm that had raged in his breast during the night. He was somewhat more serious than usual. Most of the children were better, only three being dangerous; two of these afterwards died. We saw nothing of mother (Mrs. Whitman). One of the girls put some breakfast on a plate and carried it to her. She was sitting with her face buried in her handkerchief, sobbing bitterly. Taking the food, she motioned the child to leave. The food was there, untouched, next morning.

An Indian child had died during the night, and was to be brought to the station for burial. While awaiting the coming of the corpse, Dr. Whitman sat reading and conversing with his assistant, Mr. Rogers, upon the difficulties that seemed to surround him, the discontent of the Indians, the Catholics forcing themselves upon him, and the insinuations of Jo Lewis. He made plans for conciliating the natives and for improving their condition. He said that the Bishop was coming to see him in a few days and he thought that then he could get the Indians to give him leave to go away in the spring, adding:

"If things do not clear up by that time I will move my family below."

Being informed of the arrival of the corpse, he arose, and after calling his wife and giving her directions in regard to the sick children, he wended his way to the graveyard.

A beef had to be killed for the use of the station, and my brother Francis, accompanied by Jo Stanfield, had gone early to the range and driven it in, and three or four men were dressing it near the grist mill, which was running, grinding grists for the Indians.

Upon the return from the funeral, the doctor remarked that none but the relatives were at the burying, although large numbers were assembled near by; but it might be owing to the beef being killed, as

it was their custom to gather at such times. His wife requested him to go upstairs and see Miss Bewley, who was quite sick. He complied, returning shortly with a troubled look on his countenance. He crossed the room to a sash door that fronted the mill, and stood for some moments drumming upon the glass with his fingers. Turning around, he said:

"Poor Lorinda is in trouble and does not know the cause. I found her weeping, and she said there was a presentiment of evil on her mind that she could not overcome. I will get her some medicine, and, wife, you take it up to her, and try and comfort her a little, for I have failed in the attempt."

As he said this he walked to the medicine case and was making a selection. His wife had gone to the pantry for milk for one of the children; the kitchen was full of Indians, and their boisterous manner alarmed her. She fled to the sitting room, bolting the door in the face of the savages who tried to pass in. She had not taken her hand from the lock when the Indians rapped and asked for the doctor.

She had scarcely sat down when we were all startled by an explosion the door after him; she did so. Listening for a moment, she seemed to be reassured, crossed the room and took up the youngest child. She sat down with this child in her arms. Just then Mrs. Osborn came in from an adjoining room and sat down. This was the first time this lady had been out of her room for weeks, having been very ill.

She had scarcely sat down when we were all startled by an explosion that seemed to shake the house. The two women sprang to their feet and stood with white faces and distended eyes. The children rushed out doors, some of them without clothes, as we were taking a bath. Placing the child on the bed, Mrs. Whitman called us back and started for the kitchen, but changing her mind, she fastened the door and told Mrs. Osborn to go to her room and lock the door, at the same time telling us to put on our clothes. All this happened much quicker than I can write it. Mrs. Whitman then began to walk the floor, wringing her hands, saying, "Oh, the Indians! the Indians! they have killed my husband, and I am a widow!" She repeated this many times. At this moment Mary Ann, who was in the kitchen, rushed around the house and came in at a door that was not locked; her face was deathly white; we gathered around her and inquired if father was dead. She replied, "Yes." Just then a man from the beef came in at the same door, with his arm broken. He said, "Mrs. Whitman, the In-

dians are killing us all." This roused her to action. The wounded man was lying upon the floor calling for water. She brought him a pitcherful from another room, locked all the doors, then unlocking that door, she went into the kitchen. As she did so several emigrant women with their small children rushed in. Mrs. Whitman was trying to drag her husband in; one of the women went to her aid, and they brought him in. He was fatally wounded, but conscious. The blood was streaming from a gunshot wound in the throat. Kneeling over him she implored him to speak to her. To all her questions he whispered "yes" or "no," as the case might be. Mrs. Whitman would often step to the sash door and look out through the window to see what was going on out of doors, as the roar of guns showed us that the blood-thirsty fiends were not yet satisfied. At such times she would exclaim: "Oh, that Jo Lewis is doing it all!" Several times this wretch came to the door and tried to get into the room where we were. When Mrs. Whitman would ask, "What do you want, Jo?" he would run away. Looking out we saw Mr. Rogers running toward the house, hotly pursued by Indians. He sprang against the door, breaking out two panes of glass. Mrs. Whitman opened the door, and let him in, and closed it in the face of his pursuers, who, with a yell, turned to seek other victims. Mr. Rogers was shot through the wrist and tomahawked on the head; seeing the doctor lying upon the floor, he asked if he was dead, to which the doctor replied, "No."

The school teacher, hearing the report of the guns in the kitchen, ran down to see what had happened; finding the door fastened, he stood for a moment, when Mrs. Whitman saw him and motioned for him to go back. He did so, and had reached the stairs leading to the schoolroom, when he was seized by a savage who had a large butcher knife. Mr. Sanders struggled and was about to get away when another burly savage came to the aid of the first. Standing by Mrs. Whitman's side, I watched the horrid strife until, sickened, I turned away. Just then a bullet came through the window, piercing Mrs. Whitman's shoulder. Claspng her hands to the wound, she shrieked with pain, and then fell to the floor. I ran to her and tried to raise her up. She said, "Child, you cannot help me, save yourself." We all crowded around her and began to weep. She commenced praying for us, "Lord, save these little ones." She repeated this over many times. She also prayed for her parents, saying: "This will kill my poor mother."

The women now began to go upstairs, and Mr. Rogers pushed us

to the stairway. I was filled with agony at the idea of leaving the sick children and refused to go. Mr. Rogers was too excited to speak, so taking up one of the children, he handed her to me, and motioned for me to take her up. I passed her to some one else, turned and took another, and then the third and ran up myself. Mr. Rogers then helped mother to her feet, and brought her upstairs and laid her on the bed. He then knelt in prayer, and while thus engaged, the crashing of doors informed us that the work of death was accomplished out of doors, and our time had come. The wounded man, whose name was Kimball, said that if we had a gun to hold over the banisters it might keep them away. There happened to be an old broken gun in the room, and this was placed over the railing. By this time they were smashing the door leading to the stairway. Having accomplished this they retired. All was quiet for awhile, then we heard footsteps in the room below, and a voice at the bottom of the stairway called Mr. Rogers. It was an Indian, who represented that he had just come; he would save them if they would come down. After a good deal of parleying he came up. I told mother that I had seen him killing the teacher, but she thought I was mistaken. He said that they were going to burn the house, and that we must leave it. I wrapped my little sister up and handed her to him with the request that he would carry her. He said that they would take Mrs. Whitman away and then come back for us. Then all left save the children and Mr. Kimball. When they reached the room below mother was laid upon a settee and carried out into the yard by Mr. Rogers and Jo Lewis. Having reached the yard, Jo dropped his end of the settee, and a volley of bullets laid Mr. Rogers, mother and brother Francis, bleeding and dying, on the ground. While the Indians were holding a council to decide how to get Mrs. W. and Mr. Rogers into their hands, Jo Lewis had been sent to the schoolroom to get the school children. They had hid in the attic, but were ferreted out and brought to the kitchen, where they were placed in a row to be shot. But the chief relented, and said they should not be hurt; but my brother Francis was killed soon after. My oldest brother was shot at the same time the doctor was.

Night had now come, and the chief made a speech in favor of sparing the women and children, which was done, and they all became prisoners. Ten ghastly, bleeding corpses lay in and around the house. Mr. Osborn's family had secreted themselves under the floor, and escaped during the night, and after great hardships reached Fort

Walla Walla. One other man escaped to this fort, but was never heard of again. Another fled to Mr. Spaulding's station; Mr. Kimball was killed the next day; Mr. Spaulding remained at Umatilla until Wednesday, and was within a few miles of the doctor's station when he learned the dreadful news. He fled, and after great suffering, reached his station, which had been saved by the presence of mind and shrewdness of his wife. Mr. Canfield was wounded, but concealing himself until night, he fled to Mr. Spaulding's station.

The manner of the attack on Dr. Whitman I learned afterward from the Indians. Upon entering the kitchen, he took his usual seat upon a settee which was between the wall and the cook stove; an Indian began to talk to him in reference to a patient the doctor was attending. While thus engaged an Indian struck him from behind on the head with a tomahawk; at the same moment two guns were discharged, one at the doctor, and the other at brother John, who was engaged in winding twine for the purpose of making brooms. The men at the beef were set upon; Mr. Kimball had his arm broken by a bullet, and fled to the doctor's house. Mr. Hoffman fought bravely with an axe; he split the foot of the savage who first struck the doctor, but was overpowered. Mr. Canfield was shot, the bullet entering his side, but he made his escape. The miller fell at his post. Mr. Hall was laying the upper floor in a building; leaping to the ground, he wrested a gun from an Indian, and fled to the fort. He was never seen or heard of afterwards, and it is surmised that he was murdered there. The tailor was sitting upon his table sewing, an Indian stepped in, shot him with a pistol, and then went out; he died at midnight after great suffering. Night came and put an end to the carnival of blood.

The November moon looked down, bright and cold, upon the scene, nor heeded the groans of the dying who gave forth their plaints to the chill night air. Mr. Osborn's family were concealed where they could hear Mr. Rogers's words as he prayed to that Saviour whom he had loved and served for many years. His last words were: "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" The clock tolled the midnight hour ere death came to the relief of these victims of savage brutality. The dead bodies lay where they fell from Monday night until Wednesday, when the Christian Indians, among whom the doctor and his wife had labored for eleven years, and from whom the natives had received nothing but kindness, gave consent to have them buried, but not one of them would help in the task. Jo Stanfield was set at the work.

A grave three feet deep and wide enough to receive the eleven victims was dug, and the bodies placed in it. Wolves excavated the grave and devoured the remains. The volunteers who went up to fight the Indians gathered up the bones, placed them in a wagon box, and again buried them, and this is all the burial these martyrs of Americanism in Oregon have ever received.

CHAPTER LII

IN CAPTIVITY

The night of November 29, 1847, found me, a girl of thirteen years, sitting in company with two sisters and two half-breed girls upon a bed in the chamber of a large adobe house. On the floor lay a white man with his arm broken. A fearful scene had been enacted during the day; savage fury had swept over Whitman's station, and we thought that we only of all who awoke to busy life in the morning remained alive. When the woman who had supplied the place of mother to us for several years had been induced, by what proved to be false promises, to leave for a place of safety, we expected soon to join her and accompany her to the fort, but the roar of musketry that soon shook the house left us in utter despair. We were convinced of the treachery of the savages, and hope, which a moment before had lifted our hearts to almost buoyancy, now fled entirely. The wounded man exclaimed, "Treachery! Treachery! Children, prepare for the worst."

With hearts filled with fright, we awaited the coming of the murderers, and cold chills seized me as I thought of the dreadful knives I had seen them using upon their victims. During the day we were too much palsied with terror to even cry, but stood listening with pale cheeks and distended eyes to every move below. Soon we heard the savages splitting kindling; then one called for fire. We now thought our doom was to die by fire and that our home would be our funeral pile; but, strange to say, I experienced a feeling of relief at the thought—anything rather than meet again those fierce savages with their knives.

We listened in vain for the roar of the flames; we heard instead some one addressing the Indians. The speech continued for some time, and then all was still. They had evidently left the premises. Three of the children were very sick; their clothing was wet with blood from lying on the bed with Mrs. Whitman after she was wounded. We had no fire or light, and we did not even think to get warmth by wrapping bedding around us. I tried to soothe the chil-

dren to sleep, reasoning to myself that if we could lose consciousness in slumber that the roof of the burning house would fall upon us and we would not know it. We still thought that they would fire the building. The sick children were suffering for water, and begged for it continually. I remembered taking up a cupful the day previous for a young lady who was lying ill. I directed my sister where to find it, but in searching for it in the dark she knocked it down and spilt it. The disappointment seemed to add to their thirst, and their pleadings for a drink were heartrending. I begged of the wounded man to let them have some from a pitcher he had brought up with him, but he said it was bloody and not fit to drink. The hours dragged slowly along, and from exhaustion the children fell asleep one after the other, until the man and I were the only ones awake. I sat upon the side of the bed, watching hour after hour, while the horrors of the day passed and repassed before my mind. I had always been very much afraid of the dark, but now I felt that the darkness was a protection to us and I prayed that it might always remain so. I dreaded the coming of the daylight; again I would think, with a shudder, of the dead lying in the room below. I heard the cats racing about and squalling, with a feeling that seemed to freeze the blood in my veins. I remember yet how terrible the striking of the clock sounded. Occasionally Mr. Kimball would ask if I were asleep.

Hours were passed in this manner, when sleep came and locked my senses in its friendly embrace. About 3 o'clock I awoke with a start. As I moved my hand I felt a shaggy head and shrieked with alarm. Kimball spoke and told me not to be alarmed, that it was he. He had become cold and tired lying on the floor, and was sitting up to rest, but had to lean against the bed because he was so faint. We conversed for some time, our voices awakening the children, who renewed their calls for water. Day began to break, and Mr. K. told me to take a sheet off the bed and bind up his arm, and he would try and get them some. I arose, stiff with cold, and with a dazed, uncertain feeling. He repeated his request. I said, "Mother would not like to have the sheets torn up." Looking at me, he said: "Child, don't you know your mother is dead, and will never have any use for the sheets?" I seemed to be dreaming, and he had to urge me to comply with his request. I took a sheet from the bed and tore off some strips, which, by his directions, I wound around his arm. He then told me to put a blanket around him, as he might faint on the way and not be able to get up, and would suffer with the cold. Taking a pair of blankets from the

bed, I put them around him, tying them around the waist with a strip off the sheets. I then placed his hat on his head and he went downstairs. We waited long for him, but he came not, and we never saw him again alive.

It was now fully light, and we heard the Indians arriving. They were calling Mr. Osborn, and we heard utensils jingling, and concluded that Mr. Osborn's family had been spared and were getting breakfast. Soon we heard approaching footsteps and some one ascending the stairs. We huddled together and almost held our breath, not knowing what would happen to us. It was Jo Lewis and several Indians. He told us that we would not be hurt; that he was going to take us to the fort as soon as he could get up a team. Saying this he left. The Indians remained; they were mostly young men; they asked me what made the children cry. I replied, They are hungry, and want water. One of them went for water and one for food. They soon returned, one bearing a bowl of water and the other a plate of cold victuals. They directed me to gather up our clothes in readiness to go to the fort. Bringing a large basket for me to put them in, they also brought a loaf of bread for me to put in, saying we would get hungry. We had none of us yet ventured downstairs. The water was consumed and the children were begging for more. I tried to get some of the natives to go for more, but they seemed to think they had done enough and refused. I could not bear to hear the piteous calls for water, so taking the bowl I went down. I found my shoes where I had left them the day before; putting them on I went to the river after water. Having obtained it I was returning. Some Indians were sitting upon the fence; one of them pointed his gun at me. I was terribly frightened, but walked on. One sitting near him knocked the gun up and it went off in the air. I went to the children with the water. There were no Indians in the house, and we ventured down to take a look at things. The Indians had spread quilts over the corpses. Mary Ann, my sister, lifted the quilt from Dr. Whitman's face, and said: "Oh, girls, come and see father." We did so, and saw a sight we will never forget. Passing into the kitchen we found the mangled body of brother John. We were crying bitterly when Joe Stanfield stepped out of the pantry and ordered us to hush; that "the Indians would be mad and kill us if they saw us taking on so." The savages were now crowding in, and we again retreated upstairs. Jo Stanfield had told us to go over to the other house, as the other women and children were there, but we were afraid to leave our own

retreat. As we passed through the sitting-room many native women were in it; they wept over us, and loaded us down with clothing which they were collecting. The Indians came up and urged us to leave, so mustering courage I took one child and my sister one. As Mary Ann was not strong enough to carry the other one, and would not stay with her, we were under the necessity of leaving her, promising to return as soon as we could. Upon reaching the room below we found the kitchen to be full of savages, and were afraid to pass through, so we went out through the Indian room. At the outer door we passed the corpse of Francis. We were met about half way by the girls; for several moments we all wept, and then some of them relieved us of our loads. On reaching the house I fainted. As soon as consciousness returned I informed them that Helen was still at the house, and I would have to return for her. Several volunteered to go with me. We found her screaming with fright and calling for me.

We were now captives of a horde of savages. The house we were held captive in was a large, square adobe building, containing five rooms, one being a bedroom and the others large living rooms. Each of these rooms had two families living in it. The Indians supplied us with plenty of food. Every morning early they would come from their village, a mile or two away, and stay until late at night. We had to prepare food for them, of which they would make us eat first, for fear that we had put poison in it. The women seldom came around. When night came and the beds were made down, the Indians would take possession of them, and we would frequently have to sit up until midnight before they would leave the house.

On the 5th of December my little sister, six years old, died; three days afterwards Helen died. There were two young men at the station who were sick with a fever at the time of the massacre. These men were not killed at that time. One of them spent the night of the 29th of November alone in his room, not knowing that any one else was alive aside from himself. They had both been removed to the house where we were staying. One evening we were startled by the savages attacking these men as they lay in their bed. We all rushed outside, supposing that we were all to be killed. An Indian told us to come back, that only the two were to be killed. Late that evening there was a knock at the door, and a voice in English called the name of one of the young women named Mary Smith. It proved to be her father, who with his family and another family had arrived from the saw mill, where they were employed. They had been brought down

to be murdered, but word had come from the fort that no more Americans were to be slaughtered. It came too late to save the two young men, who had been dead several hours. These men were set at running the grist mill.

One evening an Indian came to the house and seemed to be looking for some one. We learned that it was Miss Bewley. She was sick with the ague, and was lying in bed. He went to the bed and began to fondle over her. She sprang up and sat down behind the stove. He sat down by her and tried to prevail upon her to be his wife. She told him that he had a wife, and that she would not have him. Finding that persuasion nor threats availed, he seized her and dragged her out of the house, and tried to place her upon his horse; he failed in this also. She told him that she would tell the chief of his conduct the next day. He said he would not let her do so. She replied that she would call loud enough for him to hear her and come to see what was the matter. He tried to stop her screams by placing his hand over her mouth. The contest lasted for some time, when, becoming enraged, he threw her with violence upon the ground. After perpetrating his hellish designs upon her, he ordered her to go to the house. The poor, heartbroken girl came in, shaking with agitation. One of the women sent Eliza and I to get some medicine for her. It was in another room; the fiend was in there, and wanted to know what we wanted of the medicine. We told him it was for a sick child. We carried it in, well pleased with our ruse. A few days after this a chief of the Umatillas sent for and carried Miss B. there and held her as his wife. The evening after she left the other came with a wagon and a team. He had ropes and men to assist him to carry her to his lodge.

Previous to this the Indians had held a council to decide what to do with their prisoners. Many speeches were made; the savage mentioned above said he could see no use in bothering with them; the easiest and quickest way to get rid of them was to kill them. He sat down, and a Nez Percé arose and gave him such a scathing rebuke that he cowed down and had no more to say. They decided to keep us during the winter, and then send us below in the spring. We were informed of this, with the assurance that we would all be killed if our countrymen attempted our rescue. A few evenings after this another council was held, at which we were required to be present. This council was for the purpose of setting before the young women the policy of taking chiefs for their husbands to protect them from violence. The

poor girls had to submit to the decrees of their captors. The remembrance of these things takes all admiration for the noble red man from those who had the experience. Our captors kept us busy making them shirts out of the goods taken at the station—we knew that the Indians were planning an expedition to The Dalles. It was no unusual thing for one to come and demand a shirt made against a set time, as he was going to The Dalles. We would make the shirt, he would come and get it, bid us good-bye, and leave, but in a day or so be back with another shirt to make. We learned that this was a ruse adopted to have their sewing done first. Sometimes it was done to see if we would sew upon the Sabbath. One Sabbath evening a fellow came and wanted us to make him a shirt that evening. We refused, telling him it was the Sabbath. He became very abusive, so we commenced the shirt, and seeing this he left. We then laid it aside, and next day complained to the chief, and he forbid them bringing us work to do upon the Sabbath.

The Indians generally stayed around until near midnight. After they would leave some of the vagabonds would come in and harass us and manage to frighten us thoroughly for their own amusement. To prevent this we adopted the plan of hiring some of the influential men to stay with us until 1 or 2 o'clock. The one who oftenest performed this service was Beardy. He had remained in the lodge upon the day of the massacre till late in the day, when he came upon the scene and made a touching appeal for the lives of the women and children. He was a professor of religion and was regarded as a good Indian. The ladies were in the habit of setting him a lunch before he left. One of them had baked some pies made of dried peaches, and which were kept hid from the other natives. These particularly suited old Beardy's taste, and notwithstanding he had eaten several hearty meals during the day, he partook freely of them. After reaching home his stomach rebelled and rejected the load. Seeing the fruit thrown from his stomach, he mistook it for blood and concluded that we had poisoned him, and vowed that our lives should pay the forfeit. He was sick three days; on the fourth he came armed with a band of savages to wreak vengeance upon our defenceless heads. During the night an Indian woman had arrived from Fort Hall. Her husband was a white man, and she spoke the English language well. As soon as she heard of the massacre she started for the station, and her arrival was very opportune. She pleaded our cause with Beardy and convinced him that he alone was

to blame—that he had only overeaten himself. He was very much ashamed of the affair, and used to laugh over it. It came near being a serious joke to us.

It was our custom to gather in some one of the rooms to spend the evenings; we felt better when thus together. One evening I was sitting by the fire in a room some distance from the one I occupied, when a stalwart savage came in, seized me by the arm and dragged me shrieking through the house to our room, which was empty at the time, excepting the sleeping children. Placing a chair, he told me to sit down; he then began to court me for his friend. The friend soon came in and I was compelled to listen to their love speeches. A half-breed present came in and told them not to try to carry me away. They said they did not intend to; they only wanted to amuse themselves. I could not see the fun, but sat shivering with fright and cold. I begged them to let me go to the fire; they refused and wrapped a blanket around me. They made my life a torment to me, and so afraid was I of being carried off by them that I was tempted to end my troubles by jumping into the mill pond. My fellow-prisoners sympathized with me, and laid many plans for eluding them. Jo Stanfield proposed that I should go to the straw stack and sleep, but this the women would not allow, as they were suspicious of him. Some proposed that I go to Jo Finlay's lodge in company with one of Mr. Young's sons. This was also abandoned. Mr. Young and his wife then laid a plan by which they thought I could elude them. During the day their extra beds were thrown upon the bedstead. In the evening the old gentleman was in the habit of lying on the front of the bedstead. The girls were to watch their chance, when the Indians would be out of the room, and take me in. I was then to get over behind the pile of bedding and lie down. A few evenings afterwards they came and the plan was carried out with complete success. I lay quiet, and although they searched the house, they failed to find me, and left, giving vent to their chagrin in loud whoops. Soon after one of them came again. I went to bed and was asleep, as was every one else. I felt some one pulling me by the arm; starting up, I confronted my enemy; he wanted me to sit by the fire with him; I refused. He tried coaxing and threats, but in my desperation I lost all fear of him, and fought with teeth and nails. He said if I would sit and talk with him he would go away, but I would not. The contest lasted for some time, then he raised his whip and said he would whip me, but I cared not, and still fought

him, calling upon other Indians who were sleeping near to help me. They paid no heed, but the white men, getting tired of the row, jumped up, when he left and never came back. The Indians called me a brave girl, that would thus fight a man.

Knowing how treacherous the nature of the savages was, we lived in constant fear of their murdering us. We watched for their coming in the morning and only felt safe when they departed at night. It was my custom to take my sister, who was three years old and was prostrated by a long and severe illness, in my arms and sit down behind the stove every morning and thus await their coming, resolved to die with her in my arms should they murder us. Occasionally I would go over to my desolated home. What a scene was presented there! Mutilated furniture, feathers, ashes, straw and blood, all commingled in one indiscriminate mass; desolation reigned where once had been peace and harmony. Amid all the anguish and turmoil of those dark days there would sometimes things occur that were ludicrous enough to make us for a moment forget sorrow and indulge in a hearty laugh. One day an Indian brave came riding to the house with a large map of the world thrown over his horse for a blanket. At another time the voices of the children would be heard singing hymns, accompanied by the natives. Oh, blessed childhood, that can thus throw off sorrow and gloom!

On the 26th of December word came that three boats had arrived at the fort. This news caused great excitement, both to captors and captives, and a messenger was dispatched to learn the particulars. In a few hours he returned with the information that the great chief of the Hudson's Bay Company had come and wanted the Indians to meet him in council next day. The greatest excitement prevailed among the captors and their captives. While the hope of rescue was feebly entertained, it was overshadowed by the thought of another terrible massacre, in which we would be the victims. Our captors left for their village, but in the course of a few hours returned in their hideous war paint and armed to the teeth. They remained a short time to finish their preparations, and then departed for the fort. It was just nightfall when they left.

Oh, what anxious days those were; how slowly the hours seemed to drag along! On the evening of the second day we were overjoyed at receiving Miss Bewley again. She gave us a graphic account of her life during her absence. We slept but little that night, and as

soon as daylight appeared we started for the fort. All of us wept as we drove away from that scene of suffering; wept for joy at our escape and for sorrow for those who had been slain and could not go with us. As we left an Indian woman came from a lodge near by and told us to hasten for our lives, that her people had repented and were coming to kill us. We made all speed we could, and as darkness came on the welcome walls of the fort loomed dimly before us and we were soon inside, but did not feel safe until a week afterwards, we reached the settlements. Thus ended our captivity among the Indians.

CHAPTER LIII

THE CAYUSE WAR

WHAT has preceded this has given the details of life at Waiilatpu and the massacre of November 28, 1847, also the warnings given by the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company that the Cayuses were becoming dangerous and liable to outbreak. Agent McKinlay, at Walla Walla (now Wallula) station, advised Whitman to leave there long enough to let them find out his value to them, for he felt sure they would soon be glad to ask his return, and willing to accord him proper respect. But Whitman could not consent to leave the home he had made and all the improvements of the mission he had founded, with the many warm friends he had among them. Meanwhile, the Catholic priests had come among the Cayuses, and to leave even temporarily would be to abandon the field to give them opportunity to supplant him. To many of the Cayuses the forms and ceremonies of that church appealed with striking effect; he had reason to fear that absence would be fatal to his labors, so determined to work on and hope for the best.

Such was the condition in the fall of 1847, when the immigration passed through. Unfortunately for all concerned, the newcomers had the measles among them, and this disease in a virulent form attacked the people at the mission as well as the Indians. The result was fearful. The Cayuses relied on their sweat-houses and the magic of their medicine men. When they took the medicine Dr. Whitman

gave, they did not follow directions, so there was no good effect.

The best efforts of the Hudson's Bay people availed nothing. They had warned Whitman of his danger when they heard what threats the Cayuses made, but he could not believe they had murder in their hearts. Nothing could pacify or satisfy the Cayuses; they were frantic at the loss of friends and children, and although the disease prevailed also at the mission and was in some cases fatal, they listened to the words of a half-breed miscreant, named Jo Lewis, who assured them that they were being poisoned purposely by Dr. Whitman, who wanted their lands for friends of his who were to come in the future. He even asserted that he heard the doctor, Mr. Spaulding and Mrs. Whitman plotting in his hearing how to destroy them in the most certain manner.

This infamous creature came there wandering and homeless, naked and hungry, and Whitman, whose nature was generous, took him into his employ and treated him with kindness. When he saw that the influence of Jo Lewis was evil, he was discharged, but he soon returned and begged so piteously, that he was again set to work, against the doctor's better judgment. He repaid this kindness with the basest treachery; calling up the fate of their race on the Atlantic; he stimulated their native ferocity with this fact of history, then added the perjured lie, that they were to be victims of the doctor's art, and that Whitman's medicine was deadly.

False and savage as these Cayuses were, ill as they had treated this benefactor, who abandoned civilization to bring them news of salvation, one cannot but feel some leniency

toward a race terrorized by falsehood, who were so tenacious of their rights and their homes.

On that fatal 28th of November, 1847, a few of the most fanatical and savage of the Cayuses murdered Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, and many more, including men and boys who were sick in their beds; sparing only three men, who could manage the mills, and the women, girls and children—some of them for a fate worse than death. A few escaped to the trading fort, but there were eleven ghastly corpses and mangled remains of those zealous servants of God who surrendered civilized life for that of the wilderness, and devoted themselves to the service of these very murderers!

These were the incidents that led to the Cayuse war. Dr. Whitman had been warned by Dr. McLoughlin, Agent McKinlay and others, that the Cayuses were becoming dangerous before the immigration brought the measles among them. The doctor and Mrs. Whitman talked over their danger at this very time, and wept over the possibilities of their fate. Agent McBean, in charge at this time at Fort Walla Walla, was most apprehensive from what he heard and saw, but with a courage that defied fate, the devoted missionaries remained at their posts and became martyrs to their faith.

We must remember that they were handicapped by the promises and assurances given the Cayuses in advance of their coming by Rev. Samuel Parker, that they should be paid for their land and receive annual gifts. Of course, he referred to the course he supposed the government would pursue, but while he dealt in suppositions, the Indians treasured every word as a specific promise, from one who

came to them representing the white man's God in his own person.

The writer of this secured from a lady who was at thirteen years of age a survivor of that fearful time, a full and complete account of the massacre and of her captivity, as also the beautiful family life in the Whitman home, where they cared for a large number of children, orphaned on the plains, who became their own children by adoption. He learned many facts from this lady, who was his near neighbor, also from the nephew of Dr. Whitman and from the Spauldings, all of which confirm the belief that Whitman labored, endured and suffered in the effort to benefit this savage race, much more than could have been expected of the most self-denying martyr.

The fate of the Whitmans, of the many who composed their family and persons in their employ, came upon the pioneers of the Occident with fearful effect. The Hudson's Bay Company took immediate steps to free the captives, sending an armed company under Peter Skeen Ogden, one of their leaders, who went to negotiate for the purchase of the women and children, paid their ransom as agreed and conveyed them to the settlements in safety—a work of humanity much to the credit of that company.

The question of permitting savage murderers to go unpunished had to be met, and the decision of the brave pioneers was, that the safety of their settlements, as well as of future immigrations that must pass through that country, demanded that the Cayuses should be severely punished and every one of the murderers convicted and suffer death as punishment.

At that time the few pioneers had inaugurated a pro-

visional government that had no means at command; a governor who had no reliable salary, a legislature that had no resources to draw from.

The few thousands of early settlers were scattered over a wide region west of the Cascade Range, far from the hostile tribe, with but scanty means to live and no sources of revenue but the acres they had subdued. Wheat was legal tender and the currency in circulation was the promises of the Hudson's Bay Company, of the missions, and of individuals who were in trade, or had more than ordinary resources. To prosecute war, equip a regiment, and secure material was scarcely possible.

Through the Hudson's Bay Company, the news reached Governor George Abernethy, at Oregon City, within ten days after the massacre—on December 8th. The legislature had met, so the matter was laid before that body by the governor. It may be imagined that consternation filled this far community. With energy that was as surprising as it was patriotic, the legislature ordered a company of fifty riflemen enrolled and equipped, which was done in twenty-four hours. The governor, with the loan committee appointed by the legislature, consisting of Jesse Applegate, A. L. Lovejoy and G. L. Curry, went the same day to Vancouver, and by pledging their individual credit, purchased about \$1,000 worth of supplies for the use of this company. Further means, to the extent of about \$5,000, was raised; \$1,000 from the treasury of the Methodist mission, \$1,600 from merchants at Oregon City and yet more by contribution of supplies from producers.

In this inchoate condition, few at least too poor to have what are called life's comforts and ill-supplied for absolute

needs, these intrepid pioneers commenced a war with savages removed two hundred and fifty miles from their base of supplies, in a wilderness inhabited by wild beasts and as wild tribes. Their especial enemy was the most numerous, savage and warlike tribe of all!

The entire American force in Oregon seemed unequal to such an emergency. To be sure, they had their old-fashioned rifles, and each man had some powder and ball, but they had no supply adequate for a campaign, for the less than \$5,000 at their command was but a drop in a bucket to the needs of such a war. They sent a messenger to the national capitol, three thousand miles away, who, though a mountain man of tried experience, must be months on the way. They attempted to send an embassy to California, but this failed, after risking the lives of the party in vain effort to surmount the snows of the Siskiyou Range. There was no vessel bound for San Francisco that winter; the only craft to leave the Columbia River was bound to Honolulu, and they sent by it a letter to the American consul there, explaining their emergency. Isolated from the world, they summoned all their courage to dare fate and carry the war into the enemy's country!

Has history in America record of any greater pluck than this?

Congress had been talking since 1825 of the Oregon question, and all the United States knew of the importance of the Pacific Coast of America. Discussion in favor of a pending donation land bill had been going on for years. Time and again those Oregonians of the farthest Occident had sent memorials to Congress stating their isolation and danger and pleading their love for their country; urging

their helplessness and exposure, lack of means and resources, and their weakness in case of difficulty, but no notice was taken—no answer made. So this small band of Americans was left to battle for life or death as they could.

Had our government recognized its duty to itself, even as well as to the struggling patriots who preserved for it an empire on the Pacific that is scarce equalled on the face of earth, they would have been protected and nourished in safety; there would have been fewer outrages on Indians and fewer acts of vengeance in return; there would have been no Indian wars and no such holocaust of victims as were slaughtered at Waiilatpu that November morning in 1847. A firm hand and a just rule on the part of our government could have protected the Indians as a race, as well as the whites, and have left the history of the United States unstained as to both!

The presence of those rescued women and children was enough to incite men to heroism, and their story of outrage and suffering was potent to arouse vengeance. The massacre occurred November 28th and the rescued survivors reached Oregon City on January 8th. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Ogden and to the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company for their noble generosity in purchasing the freedom of the captives, and for their courage in risking their own relations with the Indians of the entire region by this interference to protect the victims and restrain further violence.

By act of the legislature the regiment of 500 men was to rendezvous at Oregon City by the 25th of December, then proceed to the seat of war to punish those guilty of the massacre. The features of that time would make a volume

of romance as well as tragedy, but this is merely a sketch of what actually occurred in prosecution of the war, so we pass over the intervening details.

We will now trace the progress of the war in the field, show how the volunteers went to the front in the depths of winter and drove the haughty Cayuses to sue for peace, and so prevent their taking part in future wars.

The scene of the war was Eastern Oregon, while the white population was all west of the Cascade Range, chiefly in the Willamette valley. For over sixty miles the Columbia River has worn its way through these wide sierras; great difficulty of transportation has always resulted from the existence of formidable obstruction of the Cascades, in the heart of the ranges and at The Dalles, the eastern gateway of the mountains. The fur companies had trouble with the Indians at both these points in earliest times. Now the Indians there were not so dangerous. The obstructions were difficult to surmount at the Cascades, as all goods had to be transported by portage for five miles.

The first effort was to establish a supply depot at the Cascades and another at The Dalles, where a portage of many more miles was necessary, but horses could be used, for it was in open country. There was a mission of the Methodists at The Dalles. The Indians there were a mixture of various tribes; the Cayuses were in the habit of visiting river points, and even made journeys to Western Oregon. The immigrants of 1847 had left hundreds of head of cattle to range there under the care of friendly Indians. The first struggle of the campaign was when the earliest volunteers saw, on January 8th, a party of twenty-three of the natives, all well mounted, gathering up this immigrant stock. Seven-

teen men went after them, some of them on foot, none well mounted. A running fight ensued, in which three of the Indians were killed and one wounded, while Sergeant William Berry was wounded. The Indians got off with the cattle, shouting that they were all good Cayuses; one-third of them were of that tribe, the rest were men of other tribes, who were willing to take a hand in anything that promised spoil. Among all the tribes were renegades, usually young men, who obeyed no chiefs and minded no treaties; such often made trouble when their people wished for peace.

The Deschutes chief, Siletza, who had refused to take part in this raid, after being robbed and threatened on that account, was brought into camp to receive protection of the troops. The Cayuses claimed that they surrendered the captives to Mr. Ogden on condition that no war should follow and that the sending of troops east of the Cascades was an infringement of the agreement. Of course, Mr. Ogden made no such pledge; he merely promised the influence of the Hudson's Bay Company to make the best terms for them in their power.

The troops in the field were commanded by Colonel Cornelius Gilliam, Lieutenant-Colonel James Waters, and Major H. A. G. Lee. It was a work of difficulty to raise and equip these companies, and of toil and expense to transport them and their supplies past the Cascades and The Dalles, so they could mount their steeds to take the open field. This, remember, was done in mid-winter, entailed great hardships, and even more danger from the elements than from the enemy. A winter campaign was sure to be more serious to the Indians, because they were then in their winter camps, shut in by mountain snows, while summer opened all routes

to them, as they could go to the mountains to live on game and the products of nature to be found there, so a winter campaign was attempted, with all its dangers and difficulties.

Colonel Gilliam was impulsive, even headstrong, but brave and desirous of doing right. On the way up the river he heard of this first skirmish, near The Dalles, and hastened to the front. Governor Abernethy hoped that a display of force would incline the hostiles to make terms of peace and surrender the murderers, so avoid a prolonged war. Colonel Gilliam seems to have favored fighting it out to a finish and wait for no negotiations. Either course may have been preferable to the uncertain policy pursued, for the peace commission achieved few results and the army lost by waiting for them to negotiate.

This commission was composed of Joel Palmer, Robert Newell and Major H. A. G. Lee. The two former the writer knew well and respected highly; General Palmer was commissary of the volunteer force, a man of cool courage and well-balanced mind. Robert Newell was a mountain man of experience, used to Indian life and with considerable reading to educate his mind. Major Lee was probably the most forceful man engaged in prosecution of the war, as well as the most unpretending of its officers, for when later offered the command in chief, on the death of Colonel Gilliam, he declined to outrank Colonel Waters and served under him as a volunteer lieutenant-colonel to the end.

The peace commission had not sufficient opportunity to secure success, for while several of the Cayuse chiefs professed peaceful intentions and other tribes showed the same desire, affairs miscarried; their correspondence fell into the

hands of the hostiles and matters became uncertain, or complicated, as a result. It simply became impossible to carry out the intention of the commission. Colonel Gilliam was rather a "fire eater," and his voice was all the time for war. He was even supposed to favor levying contribution on the Hudson's Bay Company's base of supply at Vancouver to properly equip the troops; which led to correspondence between Governor Abernethy and Chief Factor Douglas that resulted in a good understanding.

Meantime, the people of Oregon discussed, very indignantly, the course of the Catholics and of the Hudson's Bay Company. While the appearance of the Catholic priests near Whitman's mission no doubt caused trouble and complicated matters, there is no proof that they did anything to cause the Cayuses to commit the massacre. It is a sad commentary on the religion of peace, on those who claim to be the disciples of Christ, the Prince of Peace, that different sects of Christians send missions to the heathen, each claiming to be true representatives of His teachings, yet fighting each other in some instances more bitterly than they fight the Evil One—for the Catholics usually arrogate to themselves the claim to be the only teachers of true religion, and of old found no excuse for the existence of other Christian creeds. Had any one of these missions been left to prosecute their work in peace and unchallenged, they could have done much good, but where this unholy rivalry occurred, the result was ever disastrous to the natives, who did not see how true religion could have such various and inharmonious interpreters.

The jealousy, in the popular mind of the Hudson's Bay Company was due in part that most of its employés were

Catholics, and that its established policy and interests were to have the trade of the natives and preserve peace on every hand. The student of Oregon history must confess that this great company pursued a course that was generous in the extreme, both to the early missions and the pioneers; for the presence of the one encouraged the other, while the interest of the Hudson's Bay Company was to preserve the immense western territory in a state of nature in the possession of the native tribes.

About the last of January, 1848, Colonel Gilliam had one hundred and thirty of his men mounted and equipped at The Dalles, and with these marched east twenty miles to the Deschutes River, to punish the Indians who had driven off immigrant stock. Major Lee was sent forward to discover their village, but was seen by them, and they were moving their families and goods to the mountains when overtaken. Lee attacked; one Indian was killed and two women and some horses captured. On his return he was ambushed in a deep ravine, by a force well armed and mounted, that drove him to seek shelter among rocks and river growths, where his men remained until night, the enemy rolling stones on their hiding places, but they suffered no loss.

The next day the whole force pursued and attacked, the enemy losing several killed, many horses and some cattle; they also captured \$1,400 worth of stolen property, found cached in the hills. The village was destroyed, but the old people in it were spared. The volunteers had one man wounded. Skirmishing continued several days, the troops losing four men. The hostiles were of two local tribes, with some Cayuses. The Indians were dismayed to find that

the volunteers could yell much louder than they, so they became demoralized and fled.

Returning to The Dalles (Fort Lee) on the 12th of February, it was determined to send forward one hundred men, under Major Lee, with two peace commissioners. The army now consisted of seven companies, aggregating five hundred and thirty-seven men. Orders were issued to march on the 14th, to the disgust of the commission, who feared such haste would drive neutral tribes to become hostile. The army was not under good discipline in some respects; many who had suffered from Indian encounters on the road across the plains felt willing to punish all of the race, and would, and did, occasionally pursue and kill those they met by the way. There are always such men to complicate matters with Indians, who refuse to pardon in them acts they are guilty of themselves. It is a question if these reckless men did not give the Indians along the river cause to assume hostility.

Meantime, the furnishing and transport of supplies was the great question. The troops could fight their way to victory, but to secure clothing, food and ammunition was hardly possible. Mr. Spaulding sent by a friendly Indian a letter to the Nez Percés, that reached them—after falling into the hands of the enemy, and insured their neutrality, a result that was very important.

The troops proceeded to Willow Creek, half way to the Walla Walla, and were so demoralized as the result of hunger, thirst and hard marching, that Colonel Gilliam haranged them from a wagon bed, urging them to be true and loyal, and endure what was before them manfully.

Here a deputation of Dalles Indians overtook them and promised peace as result of their late experience. A little

such experience had wonderful effect on them, and they seem to have made no more trouble. A delegation from the Yakima Indians came, with letters from the Catholic priests in charge of that mission, to say that the Yakimas had taken their advice and would not go to war. Their country was north of The Dalles one hundred miles or so, and the Cayuses had sent to invite their alliance.

On the 24th of February the army started for the Umatilla. About noon Indians were seen on the hills, making war signals, then they gathered from all directions in the path of the army and battle proceeded in the usual manner. The warriors and their horsemen also avoided open warfare, and seeking cover stood their ground as they had chosen it. The volunteers marched steadily on, throwing out lines to protect the stock and wagon train. A double-quick charge where they were the strongest surprised the Cayuses and the yells of the soldiers terrified them. Pouring in one ineffectual volley, they withdrew in haste to a distant higher ground. This was several times repeated, and each time they left their dead and wounded. A remarkable duel is recorded, where Tom McKay, captain of the French company, killed Gray Eagle, and Lieutenant Charles McKay shattered the arm of Five Crows. These chiefs rode out to boast of their prowess and infallibility and to challenge the McKays, and while the words were in their mouths they were shot down.

Tom McKay was a wonderful shot. Gray Eagle seems to have had actual confidence in the infallibility of his person and immunity from danger, probably taking the assertion of his medicine man for his belief. The two chiefs rode out to the front and dared the McKays to shoot at them.

Tom McKay fired at Gray Eagle offhand, without seeming to take aim, and the chief fell dead. His people said the trouble was that McKay's medicine was too strong for Gray Eagle, but the death of their supposed immaculate champion was very discouraging to them.

The Cayuses had an idea they could defeat the Americans and had talked of making a raid into Western Oregon, but the result of the battle left them defeated and inglorious. The next day the troops, who had camped without water, started early and were all day surrounded by hostiles. Some who were lookers on merely sent messengers to sue for peace, but the troops refused to have any talk until they should find water and a good camping place.

They reached the Umatilla River at sunset, suffering intolerably from hunger and thirst. The Indians were four miles away on the east side. Crossing the river on the 26th, camp was made a mile nearer the hostiles. Indians were numerous who made signs of hostility, while others did not. When camp was made, Chief Stickas and others made overtures of peace. Stickas was really a good character—considered the most reliable of all the Cayuse converts. While he seemed not to approve the massacre, he was a man of character and much respected the remainder of his life. No proposition was entertained there, however, and the army proceeded on its way to Walla Walla.

February 28th, they encamped on the Walla Walla River, where the commissioners had an interview with Mr. McBean, of the Hudson's Bay Company's station at Fort Walla Walla, learning the position of the various Indian tribes. The next day they were at the camp of Peu Peu Mox Mox, the chief of the Walla Wallas, who was friendly. The

next camp was near the former Whitman mission. They found the bodies of the dead unearthed by wolves, and they were reinterred. The scene of this massacre, the bleaching bones of the martyrs, the ruined homes and blighted hopes that all these represented, had the effect to exasperate good men and true, so they could hardly restrain themselves from wreaking vengeance on whoever was a Cayuse Indian.


The ruins that lay prone sufficed as material for a fortification; Colonel Gilliam was willing to make war on whoever willed it, many of the troops were on the point of insubordination; Newell was peace commissioner, because of his character as a lifelong friend of Indians, and knowing how to manage them, which Gilliam and the majority could not do, of course the two men could not agree.

About noon of the 6th, Craig and Gervais, two old mountaineers, came to say that two hundred and fifty friendly Nez Percés and Cayuses were near at hand. When they came to camp the troops gave them cheers, treated them hospitably, and on the seventh a council was held. Joseph, a Nez Percé chief, opened with a peace address for the Cayuses present, as well as his own people. It was pathetic in its appeal; he had taken his Nez Percé testament in his hand and came thus to meet the Americans, who, he had heard, came to kill him. Although his brother (Five Crows had a Nez Percé mother who was also his mother) was wounded, he did not wish his children to engage in this war. Different ones spoke for peace and for surrendering the murderers. Then General Palmer praised the Nez Percés; said the Cayuses had forfeited their lands, but the Americans only wanted a road through at that time. The Nez Percés were advised to return to their homes and their farms.

Others made friendly addresses; the Nez Percés became friendly neutrals and the Cayuses were a divided people.

On the 11th the army left the peace commission behind, and with only the two hundred and sixty-eight men and officers remaining made a new march in search of the hostiles. When they left The Dalles, the Indians along the Columbia were more or less allied with the Cayuses and took up arms with them. These had enough of fighting and made no further trouble of consequence. The Cayuses were many of them satisfied with their experience to date. The Walla Walla chief, Peu Peu Mox Mox, and his people were for peace and had never taken part in the contest or in the Whitman massacre. South of the Columbia there were left only the part of the Cayuses who were hostile, and some of their chiefs were now for peace. It remained to be seen what this little band were to encounter next.

March 11th, Colonel Gilliam took up the line of march for the Cayuse camp, and they met three Indians bearing a flag of peace, who brought with them horses stolen from the troops since leaving The Dalles. They said Stickas had taken Jo Lewis—the infamous half-breed who betrayed Whitman by his lies—intending to deliver him to Colonel Gilliam, but the hostiles had rescued him and seized much property which the faithful Stickas intended to surrender to the original owners. Colonel Gilliam disbelieved this story, so pushed forward, to be betrayed by the professed friendship of Tautowe, a chief who had pretended peace all the time. He asserted that Tamsucky and Tiloukaikt were gone, dividing the Cayuse force. Gilliam marched to attack the remaining Cayuse camp and found only an old Indian, who assured him this was a friendly Walla



Walla chief's camp, but that Tiloukaikt's stock were scattered over the hills for the Americans to take. There was a deep cañon intervening, and when they had toiled up the farther hill side, at great fatigue to men and horses, to reach the high plain, they saw their cattle swimming Snake River and escaping to the north, to the Palouse country. Gilliam had been outwitted. Collecting a few cattle and some hundreds of horses, they returned toward their camp. After going a mile they were attacked by four hundred Cayuse and Palouse warriors, for the Cayuses now had these others for allies, and the Palouses were numerous and warlike. It was a day spent in weary marching and fighting. They were obliged to camp on the upland, where there was neither wood nor water. There was no rest possible, for the Indians kept up a constant fire. The captured stock was again turned loose without any advantage. As soon as they were on the road the attack recommenced; summoning all their courage, they assumed the offensive and challenged the allies to assault.


A small detachment headed off the Indians from the Touchet, on which the camp was located, and saved the day. Elsewhere the savages had built a fort the men had to pass, where several were wounded. The Indians had four killed and fourteen wounded. The women cried to them to cease the fight, and they did not attempt to cross the Touchet. The whites were victorious, and their foes changed their war cry to the death wail; that is the saddest sound in all their vocal expression.

Thirty hours of constant strife left the volunteers willing to quit, so their victory was very welcome. Of all the tribes, there were now only the Cayuses on the south of Snake

River, and the Palouses on the north, who were on the war-path, but these were sure to be recruited by renegades from other tribes, who took part in whatever warfare promised spoil or could insure scalps. The Spokanes to the north were not known to be hostile; there Messrs. Walker and Eells, colleagues of Whitman and Spaulding, were located, and apprehension was felt concerning the fate of their families and others.

The question now was as to the future of military operations, and what course to pursue to end the war satisfactorily. A sad event at this time was the death of Colonel Gilliam, who was drawing a gun from a wagon when it was discharged, causing his instant death. This left Lieutenant-Colonel Waters in command. Major H. A. G. Lee was later commissioned as colonel, but served through as second to Colonel Waters, as we have said.

So far the volunteers were victorious, yet their victory was not so assured that they could afford to quit the field. They had done heroically, and not only those in the field, but the entire population had done well and sacrificed much to have the war go on and the peace of their homes assured. All had not been quiet at home, for there were some dissatisfied and unquiet members of the various Western tribes, who gave occasion for fears, so that apprehension was at times acute; but these episodes passed by and were not dangerous, though at times fearsome. During the few weeks of the campaign numbers had decreased from various causes, and it became necessary to recruit the force, also to find means to meet current expenses. The troops in the field needed clothes, provisions, ammunition—needed everything.



Appeals were made for men and means. The true women of the settlements organized societies to provide clothing, and the young women insisted that stalwart young men should go to the front and enlist, and those who would not fight in their defence should have no part in their good graces. Wheat was subscribed, to be delivered below the falls of the Willamette, that had to be hauled to the river and boated down it, then make the portage at the falls and reach Vancouver to be marketable. Every possible means and source of credit was exhausted to insure the progress of the war. Those who do not comprehend the isolation of a new wilderness and the difficulties of transportation at The Dalles and the Cascades can have no idea of the situation.

The work of raising more troops went steadily on, and as fast as forwarded to The Dalles they were there organized under Colonel Lee. It was May, 1848, before another movement was made; then the new companies took up the line of march for the seat of war. Reaching Waiilatpu May 9th, Lee found that his claim to the colonelcy would cause trouble, so returned his commission and expressed his confidence in Lieutenant-Colonel Waters. The men, with almost unanimity, asked him to serve as lieutenant-colonel, which he cheerfully did. The fact that more troops came from the Willamette, and further news that the mounted rifle regiment was to cross the plains, had wonderful effect toward peace with the Indians.

Lee made them understand that the country would be held until the murderers were given up and all the damage done and property stolen from emigrants paid for. On May 17th four hundred men set out for the Clearwater, in

the Nez Percé country, in search of the murderers, but found none of them. They succeeded in capturing a lot of stock belonging to Tiloukaikt, a hostile chief, in which the Nez Percés assisted. Summer was now at hand, when every man was needed in the Willamette to harvest the ripening crops. The campaign had cowed the murderous Cayuses, and the appearance of the last four hundred showed that they had no security from the vengeance of the Americans.

This expedition soon returned to the Walla Walla River, for in summer the Cayuses could not possibly be followed. All the tribes saw that the Americans were not cowards and could take care of themselves, so the lesson taught was salutary. The Palouses made overtures for peace and Peu Peu Mox Mox had hung a Cayuse Indian to the first tree who boasted in his presence that he was one of the murderers. It was decided that a garrison of fifty men should remain at Waiilatpu until September 15th under Captain James Martin; and fifteen men were stationed at The Dalles, a promise being made that the country should be open for settlement and settlers in possession by the time stated, for the value of the rich Walla Walla region was apparent.

Returning to The Dalles, the volunteers crossed the Cascade range by the Mount Hood route, and after five months of toil and danger, often with actual suffering, found themselves again at home. Never men better deserved the honors their countrymen bestowed on them and posterity yet accords them. The history of our country has no parallel to this campaign in winter against such obstacles, and the self-sacrifice of a people who had so little to give and gave so much to insure the peace and safety of their homes and their loved ones!


About this time excitement arose when it became known that against the law of the provisional legislature Jesuit missionaries were sending more munitions of war into the Indian country than the volunteers had been able to acquire during the whole campaign. This consisted of thirty-six guns, 1,500 pounds of balls, and 1,080 pounds of powder, while the volunteers had only obtained 500 pounds of powder. This material was seized and sent from The Dalles to the governor at Oregon City, and Rev. Acolti was written to for an explanation; which was that this constituted the annual supply of the four Jesuit missions to the Flatheads—Pend d'Oreilles, Cœur d'Alenes and Okanogans, who all lived by the chase. A certain amount, he said, was also needed by the whites who were connected with those missions. In course of the next season this material was returned to Vancouver to their credit.

The laws of Oregon forbade sale of ammunition to Indians and the result was great hardship to them. As time passed the United States Government sent General Joseph Lane as governor, also the rifle regiment came, and the Cayuses saw that they could not trifle with the rights of Americans. General Lane, as well as the military, took steps to arrest the Whitman murderers, and at last five of them were surrendered, virtually pleading guilty. After trial they were executed—hung at Oregon City, June 3, 1850. These were Tiloukaikt, Tamahas, Klokamas, Isaiachalakis and Kiamasumpkin. Bishop Blanchet, in his history of Catholic missions, says they only came down to have a talk, but that does not accord with the fact that some actually confessed, and all practically plead guilty to their crime and accepted their fate. They all died in the odor of

sanctity, attended to the scaffold by Father Veynet, of the Catholic Church. In his account of Catholic missions Right Rev. Bishop Blanchet claims that they were innocent victims, who gave themselves to redeem their people—or to that effect. Their father confessor exclaimed, as their fate was called for: “Onward! Onward to heaven! Children! Into Thy hands, Lord Jesus, I commend my spirit!”

Thus ended the Cayuse war, and its results were eminently satisfactory.

At the close of the campaign an escort was sent to Spokane to bring down the missionaries there—Revs. Eells and Walker, and their families and employés—and all missions to the disaffected tribes were temporarily discontinued. At both Lapwai, among the Nez Percés, and at Waiilatpu, on the Walla Walla, among the Cayuses, there had been progress made by superior men among the Indians, some of whom had farms opened, and their children had the advantage of schools. The effect is seen to-day in the intelligence of those who attended them. The after condition of these tribes belongs to history, and the object of my work is fulfilled in giving this brief story of the way the settlers of Oregon—two thousand miles from the nearest civilization and separated from it by winter snows and mountain barriers—carried the Cayuse war to a successful conclusion.



CHAPTER LIV

ISTACHUS, THE CHRISTIANIZED INDIAN

ISTACHUS, or Stickas, was a remarkable character; he lived where his ancestors had lived for more generations than Indian genealogy could trace. As the country became settled several white families occupied land near him and he was a great favorite with them. It was common to see him riding the range with some white child, son of these neighbors, mounted behind. The nearest family was named Moore; he often visited them and partook of their hospitality. He always prayed before he left them. Finally, the Indians having agreed to live on the reservation, orders came for their removal and Stickas had to give up his ancestral home and the fields he had so long cultivated. He went to bid a last farewell to his friends, the Moores, and said: "This is the land my fathers owned and tilled for many a year; many of them are buried here and I had hoped to finish my life here and also be buried here. It is not right that I should have to move in my old age, but we have agreed to do so. God owns the land and His children should live where they wish on His land. I go away and you will see me no more. Let us pray!" Kneeling down, he offered petitions for each member of the family by name, then took a sorrowful farewell. Leaving his old home—and no people have stronger local attachments than our Indians—he took up his residence on the reservation, where after a few years he died. He had for many years lived as a devoted

Christian by precept and example, among difficulties that would have discouraged many a man with better opportunities.

During the fifties, when Istachus made his home on the Umatilla, the emigrants received much aid and comfort from him; several anecdotes were current that prove the fidelity with which he kept the Christian faith, and illustrated the teachings of Whitman, the martyr missionary, who had been his personal friend. His village was near the old emigrant crossing of the Umatilla, and occasionally, when early fall rains raised the river, he assisted to make the passage. The Umatilla is no mere summer ripple when storms have drenched the mountain ranges and warm autumn rains melt the lingering snows into raging floods. Stickas—or Istachus—was always willing to enter the torrent on his well-broken horse, that had been trained to stem the floods, as well as range the uplands; so one day, after a drenching rain had caused the river to rise, a company of emigrants were crossing with his volunteered assistance. Among them was a woman who had become terrified at the surging waters over their rocky beds. It is characteristic of Indians that they seldom use their English, so Stickas—though he was fairly versed in that tongue, did his talk by pantomime and broken words very sparsely used. He signed for this woman to mount behind him and she did so, taking two half hitches round her protector. When they came into swift water his passenger shrieked and screamed as if she was surely lost. Stickas tried the golden influence of silence awhile, but when thoroughly disgusted with her want of faith, turned an angry—or rather a scornful—look on her, and exclaimed in perfect English, “Wicked woman,

put your trust in God!" Had it come from the heavens or from a vision, she could not have been more utterly overwhelmed than she was to receive a rebuke so merited from the lips of one she supposed an untutored savage. It goes without saying that she stopped screaming and made the trip after that with entire confidence in both her God and the ferryman that He had sent her.

Another incident was more amusing still—as also instructive. Stickas owned a nice lot of horses and was a fair judge of horseflesh. The emigrants often came by with jaded horses and could not make the remaining journey. While their stock was much better quality, they could afford to trade for a stout Cayuse pony in good condition that would learn to work. It was thus that the natives acquired good American horses, as also did others who had fat stock to trade for lean. One day Stickas sat silent and thoughtful by his lodge door, when a train from the emigration was passing to The Dalles. The owner of one team came to him to inquire about his horses and stated his need of fresh animals to replace his jaded stock. He thought the Indian very indifferent, so asked him on what terms he could trade a fresh riding horse for the one he bestrode.

Now, our traveller was a Baptist clergyman on his travels. No doubt they started with due observance of the Sabbath, and had kept the faith as pure as circumstances would permit; but the changing circumstances met with on the plains—teams giving out and feed growing shorter, provisions scarcer, with September's cold nights—all these circumstances warned them to make haste. So by the time our Baptist preacher had got over the Rocky Mountains, had crossed Green River and hewn a way over the Blue

Mountains, his idea of the Sabbath had been modified by circumstances. He had lost the run of the days and even of the weeks, and stood abashed and surprised in the presence of this gentle savage, who looked up in surprise at the question and said: "I never swap horses on the Sabbath Day!"

Mrs. Catherine Pringle furnished me with other interesting facts as to Istachus. When the Whitman mission was established he soon became an earnest listener and was really converted to the Christian faith. All his life thereafter he lived as a consistent Christian. When Dr. Whitman returned, with the emigration of 1843, Stickas met him and helped him guide the train over the Blue Mountains. He was fine appearing, with so even a disposition and so kind, that he was universally liked. His perceptions of right and wrong were very acute; he did much for weary emigrants who passed through his country.

The night before the massacre Dr. Whitman was at his lodge, twenty-five miles from the mission. As the doctor mounted to go, Stickas told him that mischief was brewing, that he had better leave the mission until they had better hearts. It is possible that he knew what was to be, and from a sense of honor to his people did not explain. Mr. Spaulding was also there, but remained until next day; noticing the gloom of his host, who was usually so cheerful, he asked the cause and the answer was: "My people have decided against the Americans." That night the two wives of Stickas sat on either side of his bed after he had retired, and sang their mournful death song all the night, but refused to say for whom they mourned. He was allowed to go the next morning in total ignorance of the massacre that had taken place. Whether he feared violence at the hands of his

people, or from some code of savage honor, will never be known. Mrs. Pringle says: "While he refused to accept the charges made against Whitman by his people, he went to the priests and they seemed to confirm the story that Whitman was poisoning the Cayuses. On his return he wept and mourned over the supposed faithlessness of one he considered the best of men." When Mr. Ogden came to redeem the prisoners, Stickus went to Fort Walla Walla and there met the Osborns, who had escaped. He gave Osborn the hat he wore and tied a handkerchief on the head of his son, as he said they would need them going down the river. In the Cayuse war he remained neutral, living in seclusion.

Two years after, Mrs. Pringle met him at Oregon City, at the trial of the murderers. It was there that he learned that the Cayuse charges against Whitman were false. He never ceased to mourn for Dr. and Mrs. Whitman, and often told emigrants how good they were. In the war of 1855 his son-in-law was tried and condemned to death; after the sentence was pronounced he asked leave to speak, then rose and said: "I know that my son-in-law has done wrong, and that it is right he should be punished. I have always been the friend of the whites. I never refused them food. This man is my son-in-law; my daughter is his wife; she has little children; if he dies there will be no one to provide for them. I am old and not able to work. I want him punished, but for my sake punish him without taking his life." The sentence was reconsidered; punishment was changed to a severe whipping. Poor old Istachus seems to have been more sinned against than sinning.

CHAPTER LV

IMMIGRATIONS FROM 1845 TO 1848

THE immigration of 1845 was greater than any that preceded it. It doubled the population of Oregon. The 3,000 who arrived during the year and the 3,000 who preceded them mostly settled in the Willamette valley. There were a few at Clatsop and some had made homes in the valleys between the Columbia River and Puget Sound; but these scarcely amounted to a tenth of the total. No settlements had been made east of the Cascades, save the missions at The Dalles, Waiilatpu, Lapwai, Colville, and Spokane to the north. The Catholics had their various missions, and the fur trade had stations through all the wide area of the Inland Empire. By this time the value of the fur trade had greatly diminished everywhere, for fur-bearing animals were in process of extermination. Gradually, but surely, the beaver had vanished from the scene. But the Hudson's Bay Company was still powerful and had become interested in fisheries and the lumber trade. The field was wide and their enterprise found other channels. In the meantime the Columbia River and Willamette Indians had vanished with the passing of the game. They were victims to the degradation and vice that too often follows in the path of civilization, and too often accompanies it. Venereal diseases impaired their life and left them more degraded than even savagery had created them. Then came, also, the contagious diseases that followed the immigrations. Of these the

measles proved most dangerous, sweeping away native tribes until scarce a remnant was left of what had been aboriginal nations. These results were more severe at the west, where they were easily reached by sailing vessels, than to the east of the Cascades. To the west the native race had gradually melted away and the field was left open to the invading whites.

The immigrants retained the same features that distinguished their forerunners. They had gone from various States to the border, where they were removed from trade and had a few resources, but possessed a spirit of loyalty, with independence, that empowered them to follow the western march to the farthest shore.

Bancroft has been at pains to collect from survivors of this immigration important facts that correspond with what I had previously gathered from similar sources. Some of the companies rendezvoused at Independence and others at St. Joseph. Twenty-five wagons, under Pressly Welch, assisted by Joel Palmer and Samuel K. Barlow, and forty wagons, commanded by Samuel Hancock, left Independence; two other companies—one of fifty-two wagons, under Hackleman, with sixty-five wagons, commanded by W. G. T'Vault, left St. Joseph, John Waymire being lieutenant and James Allen sergeant. There was a fifth company, with sixty-five wagons, under Solomon Tetherow.

There seems to have been no trouble on the route and all went well. They reached Fort Hall all right, but two men were supposed to have been killed by Indians while hunting at the crossing of Snake River. They were now on the waters of the Columbia, within reach of the promised land. But at Fort Hall their troubles commenced. Forty-six

wagons had started for California. At that time there was fear that Great Britain would send her Pacific fleet to take possession of California and on that might depend the fate of Oregon. At Fort Hall were several who had been to California the previous year and were desirous to induce others, who might be coming, to leave the Oregon trail for that leading to the south.

It is certain that many did take the route to California, reached there in safety, found themselves disappointed and the following year made their way to Oregon. One was L. B. Hastings, who was then prominent in inducing others to go the southern route, but afterwards came to Oregon. He was at Portland in 1850, but went to Puget Sound and was prominent there.

There was a rough road to travel on Snake River and to cross the Blue Mountains, as well as danger to meet in descending the Columbia. Two hundred wagons were induced to try a new route that has come down in history as "Meek's cut-off." I will give that story as it was told me in 1885 by William H. Herren, who was in that company.

BY MEEK'S CUT-OFF

I have the story of the fearful journey by Meek's Cut-off, as told me by both Colonel T. R. Cornelius and William H. Herren, and as given by Bancroft's history, who claimed that Elijah White originated the idea of making the supposed shorter route to save two hundred miles of travel, and that Stephen Meek carried out his suggestion; about two hundred families following him. They took an old and abandoned trail of the fur hunters and went up the

Malheur River for several days without trouble, though it was so rocky that the oxen's feet soon wore out and they could hardly be forced on. Stephen Meek was brother of Jo Meek, and was also a mountain man, but had no actual acquaintance with the route he was leading these people to follow.

Colonel Cornelius was then a boy of seventeen and remembers that Meek told the men of the train of the time to be saved by travelling through a beautiful region with which he seemed very familiar. It was agreed to pay him \$300 to act as pilot, part of it was in advance; then a party was formed that moved forward. Meek had just married a young girl on the border and was desirous to add to his scant store by doing this service. The families of Cornelius, Herren, Adams and others took the new trail with perfect confidence. An interesting feature of the journey was that one day, in the bed of a small stream, Cornelius, Sr., picked up a small yellow piece of metal, half as large as a grain of coffee, that he pounded flat on the wagon tire and wondered what it could be, then threw it in the wagon bed. A few years later when in the California gold mines he remembered this and then knew that they had missed discovery of gold in Oregon at that early time. They were then on the headwaters of the John Day River, where mines were discovered forty years ago that have proved rich to this day. That was the site of the famous Blue Bucket diggings, of which much has been said and written.

Not finding good pasture, they had trouble with cattle, so bore south to find grass, but only found alkali plains and foul water. It was a desert region; they turned north, where the fountains of the Columbia should be, but there

was no game and they soon had short allowance. Many became sick, and soon death was a common visitor. They dug graves and made fires over them, then pushed on with the sad courage of despair. For awhile they had funerals daily and buried some one at each camping, driving teams and wagons over the consecrated spots to deceive the Indians; there was too much apprehension of evil to utter or display their grief.

There was no sign that even Indians had ever frequented that desert region, so it finally dawned on them that their pilot had no knowledge as to where he was leading them. Unhealthy conditions, worry of mind and wear of body, insufficient food and filthy water, caused a sickness known as mountain fever; the children were sick and several died of dysentery. Turning north, they followed a dry ridge between the Deschutes and John Day rivers, and half the men hunted for living springs while the other half pursued stock that was crazed with thirst. Despair settled on all; the old and young wept together—and only the women showed the truest courage.

They finally refused to listen to their guide, and murmurs, not loud but deep, soon grew to angry threats, so that Meek realized that his life was in danger. He knew that a certain course must lead to the Columbia, but they refused to listen to him, so following the advice of some of the elders, Meek and his wife concealed themselves and one night stole away for The Dalles. They grew moody and selfish; cold-eyed selfishness looked out of faces that had been alive with human sympathy; almost in silence the days passed; the sick died and were silently buried. They killed young heifers they had hoped to drive on to become mothers of

stately herds—and it seemed murder to do it, all the more because the poor creatures were so starved as to be mere skeletons. On this diet mothers and children sickened and died. At least twenty hidden graves marked the desert road. The first who went the old emigrant road got to The Dalles, while Meek's company was unheard of—were often dying by the way, only to grow unselfish as death came nearer and the end promised rest and peace.

One evening they were on a rocky wilderness—where stock range now, when they can eat snow or drink its meltings—all day they had been famished; a small squad that had ridden on returned to report no water for twenty miles; at this Adams and Cornelius struck north for the Blue Mountains, in sight, for they knew that water from the ranges fed the Columbia's tributaries. They pushed on "all night long till break of day," and the middle of the forenoon found a small stream, where they camped and rested—probably the head of Crooked River. Two days later nine men left for The Dalles, taking but four days' provisions; the teams followed slowly. The nine were nine long days reaching The Dalles; only that they got some salmon of Indians, they must have killed a horse. At the mission, Rev. Waller furnished food and they met Black Harris, a mountaineer, who returned to aid the emigrants. They were gone twenty days, and were fortunate in meeting the train, as they feared to miss them and knew their distress. It is not easy to tell the horror they were in, and evils were aggravated by painful circumstances. They had wearily made the best of what food and force they had; when short they killed a cow or steer. When weeks wore on they despaired of seeing those advance messengers again,

fearing they had died by the way. Perishing and frenzied, they yet had an unknown terror stored up concerning the fate of those friends. Words cannot say the joy with which the advance—Cornelius's wagons always led—saw the messengers return—and bringing them relief.

That these were come back safe, and they knew they were on a road that led somewhere, for the moment overcame hunger that was clamorous. Laughter and tears were unbidden companions, the banishing of apprehension made the sage plains a haven of rest beyond power of words. There was excitement, but no noise; too serious a time for hilarity, for the sick and dying were there still. They camped where they met and waited for the rear ones to get supplies and join the company. Some were so far behind that they did not arrive when the advance started the next morning.

Palmer's company reached The Dalles the 29th of September. It was the middle of October when the travellers by Meek's cut-off reached there; they were detained two weeks at the crossing of the Deschutes. Even the horrors of that journey over mountains and deserts from Fort Hall did not surpass the terrible suffering that many underwent in descending the Columbia. There were but few boats; their provisions were scant; many suffered from famine and disease. The suffering they endured had terrible details that time has seldom known and human endurance seldom equalled. The Hudson's Bay Company came to the rescue with their batteaux. There had been little need for river craft when there was no business to employ them, and no leisure to enjoy them. The settlers were mostly poor and too busy making homes and opening farms to have time to think of others.

In this contingency, with winter close at hand and the dreaded rainy season liable to commence at any time; when many families were waiting transportation and only two small boats were at their command, Palmer and his company determined to attempt to cross the Cascade Mountains to the Willamette valley. Knighton had—with Barlow and seven others—penetrated twenty-five miles into the range to find no pass, so had returned, discouraged. On the 1st of October, Palmer, with fifteen families and twenty-three wagons, left The Dalles to join Barlow, overtaking his company on the 3d. Seeking for a route, they went into the mountains, following gorges, climbing ravines, penetrating thickets and swamps. When thirty-six miles had been made from camp they came to an impassable cañon. There they prospected and toiled, but made little progress until it was too dangerous to longer dally, so leaving their wagons with a guard, mounting a few of the women and children on horses, they started to take them to the Willamette by the cattle trail that led from The Dalles that they had found in their wanderings.

The rains commenced; the cold was intense; for awhile they lost their trail in the dense fog, but it cleared up after that, and to their great joy they met a company from Oregon City who had heard of this effort to cross the range, so had come to meet and assist them. They had loaded eleven horses with provisions and arrived in time to avert fearful disaster. This relief saved many lives. Sending the women and children on to Oregon City, they returned to camp to find a distressful scene. The relief company had turned back to give up the effort, when an impulse caused them to make one more search for the train; then in six miles they

met Palmer's party, when several families at the camp were nearly destitute. Then all started for the Willamette, women and children on horses, and even the half-starved cattle carrying loads; the men were wading through the snow on the mountains afoot. There were other parties who ventured later and had similar experience; death was staring many in the face; many horses died—every one of the eleven that came with provisions died on the way. On the 1st of November Palmer reached the homes of the Willamette valley, but it was December before all the pilgrims arrived. It is needless to say that kind-hearted settlers helped all as they came. No one who has knowledge of these fearful sierras, with their snowy peaks, forming a continuous line from Southern California to the frozen north, can imagine the fearful task it was to penetrate and cross that rugged range—as rugged as any on the earth—at such a season.

Palmer and his family were a month on this dangerous journey. Those who went down the river experienced almost as many vicissitudes and dangers as they who took the mountain trail. But this we have described elsewhere.

When the provisional legislature met in December, 1845, Barlow was authorized to construct a wagon road, or toll road, over the Mount Hood pass of the Cascades. This was partially completed the next season. In July they rescued the wagons and baggage left at "Fort Deposit." The emigration of that year—1846—mostly crossed the mountains. The sides of some of the hills that descended to the Willamette were so steep that it was dangerous to attempt to go down them. It was the custom to cut some tree of sufficient size and let its top drag behind the wagon, as all ordinary clogs and brakes were insufficient.

The sudden doubling of the population and entry of 2,000 people, with hundreds of families, just at the advent of winter, upon a people who were themselves struggling to redeem a wilderness and were far from any base of supplies, was no trifling incident. It was not possible for them to locate homes, for it was necessary to go farther up the valley to find them. The newcomers were scant off for means, so had to accept the friendship and hospitality of settlers and the kindly accommodation that had always been given by the Hudson's Bay Company. Nearly all had left good homes and favoring fortunes when they came, and many had come from States not on the border. All had suddenly become reduced in circumstances, and to many the change was a humiliation.

The pilgrims who landed on the New England coast encountered no such hardships, subdued no such difficulties as these met who made that two thousand miles journey over mountains and plains, the deserts and wastes of the continent, to reach the western valleys and the western sea. To them the rains of Oregon were a discouragement; the homelessness of their lives was an almost brutal travesty of the generous abundance they had won in their former homes, and left so far behind! To some it was discouragement; to many the fatigues, dangers and hardships of the long journey brought broken spirits, as well as broken health. The fact remains that the woman was often the bravest and capable of a heroism that made all others strong. It was a time of trial, and the pioneer usually came out of it as if refined by fire.

1846

The immigration of 1846 was the first that did not endure the fearful experiences that met those of the previous years in reaching Western Oregon, after coming to The Dalles. During the season a company had organized to build the Barlow road across the most available pass, south of and near to Mount Hood. This road, thus opened, was not a Roman causeway by any means, but it was possible by it to reach the Willamette with teams, wagons and animals. There was also more accommodation on the Columbia and less danger in all directions. The fearful experiences of earlier years were not to be repeated, though the long journey was yet tedious and sometimes dangerous. The passage of time had resulted in easier methods and lessened dangers.

In 1846 the immigrants to the Pacific amounted to about 2,500 persons—two-thirds went to Oregon and the other third to California. By this time Fremont and Stockton had raised the Stars and Stripes on the soil of California and war with Mexico was in progress. The immigrants to Oregon were men of courage and character not to be appalled by the dangers and fatigues their predecessors had encountered. There was still good lands to claim and the difficulty of the route was lessened. In the early part of the season exploration had been afoot to discover some better route by which to reach the vales of Western Oregon. The Barlow route was rough at the best; mountaineers and trappers told of a southern route with greater advantages and less dangers. In May, Levi Scott, of Polk County, raised a company to prospect the southern mountains and plains, but failed for want of numbers. He was aided the second

time by Lindsley and Jesse Applegate; fifteen men left on June 22d to proceed south on the California trail. They found a California company in trouble among the Rogue River Indians, but they escaped by being watchful. They were first to find the way through the fearful Umpqua Cañon, that was bad enough when I travelled it in 1851; they crossed the Cascades to the east and had their first glimpse of the beautiful prairies of Klamath. The scene was so inspiring that they all shouted. Soon they aroused the natives, and columns of smoke were seen rising from all the hills to tell of their coming. Only two months before Fremont had camped there and the Modocs had murdered three of his Delawares.

They were now in Modoc Land and in California. These treacherous savages were fearful that a force had come to avenge the murders they had committed. Where the Pathfinders' force had camped they found fragments of newspapers. They passed the since famous Tule Lake; got lost among lava crags, and coming to the lake, found that many canoes were making for Scorpion Point as a refuge. Going southeasterly, they crossed the divide to the Humboldt, made their way to Fort Hall, to meet the immigration, and recommend the newly traversed southern route. Jesse Applegate and his brother were as honest, sincere and disinterested men as this world affords. To their minds the southern pass possessed far greater advantages than the route down Snake River and the Columbia. There were no mountains to pass until the Cascades were reached; this pass was, to their minds, not difficult. With this impression Jesse Applegate persuaded the Kirquendal company to try the Southern Oregon route. J. Q. Thornton was in this company and has

written and published his experiences. There were nearly an hundred wagons. Leaving the caravan—with injunctions to be careful in the Modoc country—and always maintain great precaution—the Applegates went on to smooth the road, as far as possible, where the immigrants were to follow. But they seem to have disregarded advice; many were both dilatory, as well as careless. As they struggled along the road, the treacherous Indians, from concealment, shot poisoned arrows at both men and animals. A number of Indians and some whites were killed. All this had been paralleled by occurrences on The Dalles route, but Thornton tried to make himself believe that Applegate was guilty of intentional misrepresentation. Having in later years known intimately both Applegate and Thornton, I found much good in the last and great excellence in the first. It is only possible to reconcile the difference between them by recognizing the varied features of weak human nature. Of the two, Jesse Applegate was capable of the greatest and truest nobility of character. He seemed to not have appreciated the dangers and difficulty of the southern route. The crossing of the Cascades proved to be fearful and toilsome; when that was passed some of them tarried in the lovely Rogue River valley to recruit their worn-out teams; this delay caused them to lose time until the rains set in and the Umpqua cañon became almost impassable.

They were met by relief parties and had every assistance rendered them that was possible; but the three miles of that gorge of Cañon Creek—where in 1851 the road was all the way through running water—caused great destruction of cattle and property.

With all the supplies sent them, many became destitute.

In 1847, Levi Scott explored further, and at the time of the Cayuse war the southern route was found to be available for travel and safer than that through the hostile country. Eventually, Levi Scott, Jesse Lindsley and Charles Applegate made their homes in the Umpqua and were among the few settlers of that beautiful region when I passed through it in 1851.

IMMIGRATION OF 1847

This immigration consisted of over 4,000 persons, who generally left good homes to find their way to Oregon. This raised the population to fully 10,000 total, independent of the Hudson's Bay Company. The questions of boundary and sovereignty were no longer pending, for the country was certainly American; immigrants knew there was land waiting for them and the flag of the Union to protect them. They commenced arriving at The Dalles August 22d, and when November came 200 wagons were still on the east side of the Cascades. Those who came last found the grass gone and were delayed to recruit their cattle, which made them late; many suffered great loss and were semi-starved.

The black measles broke out among them and many died; it being specially fatal from Snake River to The Dalles. The Indians also caught it, and many died from the tribes on the Columbia, making them hostile. There was not much travel by the southern route, as the immigration was met by messengers at Green River, who denounced that way and recommended the Barlow road. They had a circular that was signed by Governor Abernethy, who no doubt was sin-

cere. There were hostile Indians there, as well as barren deserts; it is probable that despite these facts there would have been less loss and fewer deaths had one-third of this immigration come by the southern route and exercised due caution. But some who went that route had rough experience.

The immigration of 1847 brought over better stock and more of it; this addition made a population able to support schools and conduct a State. They spread over a wider country and the work of development went on with more certainty, as well as rapidity.

1848

With 1848 came a new era. The discovery of gold during that winter made the tide of travel turn from the Columbia River to California; only half a thousand, or less, are supposed to have come to the Columbia. The world on the Pacific was no longer the dull scene of wild life and privation they had known of yore, for the Oregonian had made his way to the placers and brought home with him such treasure as the pioneer had never heard of or dreamt of.

Oregon had suddenly passed the crisis of her fate and was become rich with wealth that Ophir could hardly rival. There was no more privation; no lack for a market; no fear from savage foes nor of British interference. The future had promise of all things needful, and the present had realized much already. The time was now come when the vast area west of the Rockies had government protection; the days of the provisional government were ended.

CHAPTER LVI

HOW BATTLE CREEK WAS NAMED

SOUTH of Salem, a few miles, a creek pours through the beautiful hills to enter Mill Creek, and there I located my donation in 1853. The origin of the name involves one of the few times when there was conflict with Indians in Western Oregon. The Calipooias were peaceful and kept under subjection by the whites, but other Indians came from the south and from east of the sierras, who sometimes made trouble.


There had been no volunteer military company in Champoege County until May, 1846, when a meeting was called at the farm of Daniel Waldo, in the Waldo Hills, that were named for him as first settler. The Oregon Rangers were there organized with Charles Bennett as captain; A. A. Robinson, Isaac Hutchins and Hiram English were lieutenants; Thomas Holt was orderly sergeant, and Thomas Howell, S. C. Morris and W. H. Herren were sergeants; corporals were P. C. Keizur, Robert Walker, B. Frost and John Rowe. The company were to meet every Saturday at Mr. Waldo's for regular drill. Captain Bennett and orderly Holt had been dragoons in the Seminole War, and others had military experience.

One time when Captain Bennett was absent he had deputed Holt to drill the men, but Lieutenant Robinson insisted on giving the orders himself. His ignorance of tactics caused many a laugh, as when he one day ordered the wrong

wheel. There were several old dragoons who led off as he directed and the rest followed, which confused matters and made Robinson very angry.

In June, 1846, a party of Walla Walla Indians came over the mountains from The Dalles and camped near Looney's Butte, on the Santiam and acted in a very free manner. Hamilton Campbell then owned the mission herd and his cattle ranged the hills near there. A rumor was started that these Indians were killing and eating cattle that ran near their camp, so a messenger was sent to ask the aid of the Oregon Rangers, who were drilling under Lieutenant Robinson, as Captain Bennett was absent. The day before this word had reached the settlers, and two of Isaac Cook's boys, two Delaney boys, and Daly and Doty, six in all, started to investigate the story of cattle killing; also as to horses said to have stolen from Jesse Looney. They met Hamilton Campbell, who told them not to go, as there were forty well-armed warriors, so they returned. Saturday about forty of the Rangers started for the Indian camp on the run; the Indians had moved several miles north, in the hills, on what was after called "Battle Creek." The Rangers rushed up and formed a circle around their camp before the Indians saw them.

Robinson was for taking three of their head men and holding them until the lost stock was returned; but Looney objected to having to guard Indians; he said to keep their horses instead. Of course, the Indians were greatly alarmed at the unexpected onset, and were more so when Robinson had three of them brought to stand in their midst. They had grabbed their guns when the Rangers closed in and then all broke for the brush that lined the creek. My in-



formant said that as an Indian returned for his gun Daly shot him, and he died the next night, and that two others were wounded; another version is published that says one Indian was wounded and was afterwards placated by gift of a pony and pair of blankets. My informant, who was there, said Robinson rode to the hills and the rest followed; Sexton got behind the Indians' horses and drove them off; the Indians followed, but did not reach him; then they ran back to the brush. While Daly was loading his gun one of the Indians snapped a pistol at him. The firing soon ceased, and the Indian leader demanded to know why they were attacked in that way? He was told that there had been no intention to fight them, but they had come to see about the report that Walla Wallas were killing the settlers' cattle. This was denied, and there was no proof that the charge was true. One of the incidents of the campaign was that George Hibbard declared he was shot, but was not able to locate the wound. Patterson was so excited in the heat of the onset that he lost his balance and fell from his horse, but a dash of cold water made him all right. The Indians were placated by gifts, but it looks very much as if the Oregon boys were more impetuous than the occasion called for.

The Calipooias, who were natives of the valley, seem to have resented the inroads of the Eastern Oregon Indians, and made a jest of the Battle Creek skirmish. Louis's band of them came to Looney's, and Jo Hutchins, one of the best of the Calipooias, was with them. On the way they saw Doty, and as he showed symptoms of scare, they chased him all the way to Campbell's, where they headed him off and had a hearty laugh. They came to ask if their white friends wanted them to clean out the Walla Wallas? They were

rather disappointed not to have the chance. The Walla Wallas seem not to have been very well armed, as they fired many shots and no white man was ever wounded.

It was said that Rev. Waller told the Walla Wallas the next day that he would give up to them the man who killed their man, so they went that night and camped at his place; as he was a missionary, they probably did this merely for protection. There was a barn raising at Looney's soon after the battle; Daly was on the roof of the barn and saw McClaine and five Walla Walla Indians coming, so went down and got his gun. They wanted pay for the man killed; demanded a horse and blankets. It was then that Lewis's band came, and were keen to clean out the others. They were afraid that if depredations were committed they might be accused of the cattle killing. The people of Salem seem to have contributed to satisfy the Walla Wallas and they soon went away.

These incidents were not very important, but I give various versions as typical of the country and the time.

EARLY TIMES ON FRENCH PRAIRIE

Mr. L. H. Poujade, of French Prairie, remembers when they arrived there, September 30th, 1847, and says: "My father, the old French doctor, had studied at Montpellier, and after getting his diploma as surgeon and physician, was immediately taken into service by Napoleon Buonaparte and served three years as surgeon, mostly in Spain, and naturally did not want to go into the army again. He then came to America and found his way to Oregon, and from force of associations made his home on French Prairie.

"Our first camp was at the ranch of old man Montier, that then looked like an old farm. Peter Depot then owned a claim on the land where Gervais now is situated; I understood that he got it from Montier some time previous, but how long I do not know.

"Montier had two sons [George and Robert]. Whether they were both children of the same wife he lived with then I cannot say, as morals were very loose previous to the arrival of the missionaries. There was a custom among ex-servants of the Hudson's Bay Company to claim a wife wherever they were among the Indians. After the arrival of Father Blanchet they were allowed to have but one wife.

"I remember that George Montier was a very large man and very strong—must have weighed 350 pounds. I have seen him lasso wild cattle and hold them to be branded without any sinch or other thing to hold the saddle on the horse. He was a half-breed, and did it by mere weight and strength. He would do this for half a day at a time.

"Bob, as he was called, was not so large, but was stout and active; he was considered a good shot; I remember hearing from Captain Tom McKay and others, who were volunteers after the Whitman massacre, in the winter of 1847-8, that when they were camped in a valley east of the Cascades, when one of the Indian medicine men rode out on a hill, in plain sight, and called out for any one of the boys to shoot at him that wanted to, as he could eat all the balls as fast as they came. Captain Tom called up Bob Montier and asked him if he thought he could hit him, and Bob said: 'Don't know, Cap; it's a long way off.' McKay knew that Bob had the best gun in the company, so he says to him, 'Hand me your gun.' Then he

took aim and fired, and blew all the top of the Indian's head off. The Indians made excuses for their medicine man by saying that no living man but Captain Tom could have hurt him."

THE APPLLEGATES AND ROBERT SHORTESS

The three Applegate brothers came in 1843, and after awhile made their homes near together in the Umpqua, among the first to settle there. I learn from O. C. Applegate, son of Lindsley, that they always had resided near each other, having their homes on the Osage Bottoms, Missouri, as early as 1838, before coming to Oregon. At that time Lindsley Applegate was building a small grist-mill, expending all his means to do so, on his claim by the Osage River. One day while putting on the roof a foot traveller came by who stopped to rest; Lindsley stopped putting on shingles to say, "I see the march of empire has set in!" The other very sententiously said, "Has it?" As the newcomer proved to be a miller, he was employed to run the mill. His name was Robert Shortess, afterwards well known in Oregon.

The mill was finished and at work when, in the spring of 1840, a freshet on the Osage broke the record, lifting the mill from its foundations and taking it off down the implacable flood. The only thing that came ashore was a rat that had defied traps and contraptions. They stood on the bank and Applegate saw his fortune disappear. He was left with little means.

Shortess went to the Rocky Mountains, joined the fraternity of hunters and trappers, and about 1841 found himself at Vancouver, on the Columbia. From there he wrote his friend Applegate several letters, that were circu-

lated among the people of the Osage Bottoms, and roused their ambition to go to Oregon, for Shortess painted that Land of the Occident "with words that burn," lighting their patriotism as well as desire to possess the promised land. It is safe to say that Shortess was a loyal American and wanted to see Oregon saved to his country. The spirit of the Osage settlers was aroused, and not only the Applegates, but Waldo, the Fords, Beales, Bennett, and others who came in that emigration were fired with determination to make Oregon American by occupation.

We find in this single incident that Shortess coming by as he did in 1838 was cause of remarkable results. Had he not been there, and the flood not have occurred, he might not have gone to Oregon, the letters that roused the Osage settlers would not have been written, and those names, among the foremost of early times, would not have been pioneers of Oregon. Lindsley Applegate talked Oregon with Dr. Hall, of Boonville, and Oregon emigration was discussed in the Boonville *Herald*. This was February, 1843. In the Osage country many sold out and were ready, when one day there came a rough-and-ready young man from Fort Scott, named Nesmith, who joined them, bringing some knowledge of military affairs. He was orderly sergeant and kept the roll of that emigration, which is an interesting memento preserved in the archives of the Oregon Historical Society. Shortess was a Pennsylvanian, well read, and could quote Shakespeare and the classics. When Colonel Kelley came to Oregon, in 1852, he bought Shortess's land near Astoria. When Shortess lost his means and was quite old, he returned to Astoria and remained on the place he had owned as guest of Colonel Kelley while he lived.

FIRST FRUIT TREES IN OREGON

The introduction of fruit trees into the Columbia region is matter of interest. One would suppose that seeds could be sent and planted as soon as any cultivation would be commenced, but the first apples eaten at Vancouver have a history that says the seeds came there by accident. Captain Simpson was dining out in London before leaving to take charge of the company's coast vessel, when a lady present saved the seeds of her apple at dessert, and dropping them into the captain's vest pocket, told him to plant them in Oregon. When dining at Vancouver, after his arrival, in 1827, he had on the same party vest and took the seeds out to give them to Bruce, the gardener, who planted them in pots or cans. Mrs. Henry, daughter of McLoughlin, says, "My father and Mr. Pambrun and Simpson were together and planted them in little boxes that were put where they could not be touched; they had glass over them. By and by father came to me and said, 'Now come and see; we are going to have some apples.' Father used to watch the garden so no one could touch them. At first there was only one apple; the second year they bore we had plenty. The first apple on the little tree was a great prize; it was cut up in small slices to go around among so many."

In February, 1829, the brig Owyhee, Captain Dominis, came into the Columbia; on the way out he stopped at Juan Fernandez and brought some peach trees that were the first planted in Oregon. Captain Dominis managed well enough with peaches, but rather missed it in buying sheep. McLoughlin gave him an order to bring up sheep when he went to California; he wanted them to increase and use the super-

abundant pasture. He brought a large lot of fine fat sheep, but they proved to be all wethers. Coarse wool sheep were eventually got from California and were driven up the ocean shore. It must have been a very tedious task to get them over the rivers, bays and inlets. A few had come to Astoria very early, brought by the coasters.

FIRST GRAFTED FRUIT

An interesting letter from Mr. George H. Himes to the *Oregonian*, December 30, 1905, tells how grafted fruit trees were first introduced by being brought across the plains in 1847. This is only one of many features of our early history that Mr. Himes has carefully studied and preserved for the future.

Mr. Himes writes as follows:

Every little while an item appears in the papers, and is widely copied, to the effect that Seth Luelling, or Luelling Brothers, brought the first grafted fruit to Oregon. In the interest of accurate statement, it should be stated that Henderson Luelling, of Salem, Henry County, Ia., conceived the idea in 1845 that it would be a fine thing for a new country like Oregon to have a supply of the best kinds of fruit, and at once began to work with that end in view. When the spring of 1847 came he was ready to remove to Oregon. In order to transport safely the nursery stock, he prepared two wagon boxes, making them extra strong, placing therein a compost consisting principally of charcoal and earth, about 12 inches deep, and started West on April 17, 1847, with over 700 trees, from 20 inches to 4 feet high. These trees were what Luelling considered the best varieties of apples, pears, cherries, etc., of the most hardy and thrifty quality, selected with especial reference to enduring the trip. He arrived at a point opposite Vancouver on November 17th, and two days later found himself at the squatter cabin of A. E. Wilson, on the eastern bank of the Willamette River, just below the mouth of the Johnson Creek of to-day. Mr. Luelling at once acquired Wilson's right to the

premises, and set out his priceless trees in a small clearing made by Wilson, and in due time acquired the property as a donation land claim.

Wilson first came to Oregon in 1843 with Captain John H. Couch, and took part in the famous meeting at Champocg, May 2, 1843.

Mr. Luelling's son Alfred, a youth of sixteen years, had worked about the nursery in Iowa, under his father's instructions, and thus became his father's main dependence in the enterprise while crossing the plains, and for the first year after arriving in Oregon.

In this connection, it is proper to say, upon the statement made to me some years ago by Mr. Alfred Luelling, that William Meek, also a resident of Iowa, visited Henderson Luelling at Salem, Ia., in 1846, and then learned of the prospective enterprise, which he most heartily approved. He, too, came to Oregon in 1847; but before starting he prepared a small stock of grafted scions and hauled them across the plains. It so happened that he arrived in the Willamette valley about two weeks before Mr. Luelling, but instead of locating in the lower part of the valley, he drove southward until he came to the forks of the Santiam. There he located a claim near Scio of to-day, and "heeled in" his trees for the winter. During that time he visited Mr. Luelling. This visit convinced Meek that it would be best to transfer his small stock of trees to the Luelling place, and this resulted in a partnership between the parties, which was known by the name of Luelling & Meek, which continued until October 28, 1856, when H. W. Eddy was admitted to the partnership, and the name of the firm changed to Luelling, Meek & Eddy. This firm did not long remain in business; in fact, Luelling had already removed to California, but retained his interests in Oregon up to 1857 or 1858, when he sold his interest to Meek & Eddy, as the firm was known after he withdrew. The next year, 1859, J. H. Lambert, who came in 1850, bought out Meek & Eddy, and devoted all his energies to fruit growing, which he continued until 1899 upon the original Henderson Luelling premises. Thus it may be seen that Seth Luelling, although a brother of Henderson Luelling, never had any business connection with him as a partner.

So far as is known, Seth Luelling never had any experience in the nursery business or in fruit raising until after he came to Oregon. He started to California in the spring of 1850 from Greensboro, Ind., where for some years he had been connected with the boot and shoe business. After about a year's residence there he came to Oregon,

and on November 29, 1852, as shown by his diary, he went to "work for Henderson Luelling making grafting benches."

From his old diaries, it is evident that he was an all-around mechanic, for on May 22, 1855, he "stocked Meek's place." The next day he "pointed a cradle." Prior to this he started off on a "grafting tour" through the valley, and mentions the number of trees he grafted, and for whom. At another time he speaks of making boots, cutting out soles, etc.

It is well known that his regular trade was that of a shoemaker. Just when he began the nursery business on his own account is a little uncertain, but it is believed that it was in 1859, because under date of August 2, 1859, he speaks of paying \$6 for "advertising nursery" in the *Oregon Farmer*. This idea is supported by the fact that when Lambert bought out Meek he did not continue the nursery business, and hence it is presumed that Seth Luelling, having been in the employ of Meek & Eddy, arranged to take the nursery end of the business. Seth Luelling was a practical nurseryman, did a great deal to stimulate the production of fruit, and deserves a prominent place in the annals relating to the development of horticulture in this commonwealth.

In closing, I will give a brief sketch of Henderson Luelling. He was born in Greensboro, N. C., April 23, 1809, of Welsh ancestry, and removed to Henry County, Ind., in the spring of 1831, and from that State to Iowa about 1839. His career as a nurseryman and orchardist began in North Carolina, and was continued in Indiana and Iowa. He left Oregon for California in 1864, and died on December 28, 1878. His attention was first drawn to Oregon soon after settling in Indiana, by the reading of the journal of Lewis and Clark.


In the words of Ralph C. Geer, also a pioneer of 1847, who was an intimate friend of Henderson Luelling, that travelling nursery was the "mother of all our nurseries and orchards, gave Oregon a name and fame that she never would have had without it, and brought more wealth to Oregon than any ship that ever entered the Columbia River."

This being true, too much pains cannot be taken by this later generation to place the credit where it properly belongs.

A NATURALIST

David Douglas was a naturalist who at twenty-five years of age, in 1824, was sent to the Columbia by the Royal Horticultural Society, of London, and remained in this northwest for ten years, until 1834. He was assisted by George B. Roberts, sent from the Greenwich Naval School to be raised in the company's coast service. It was claimed that he added fully a thousand names of plants to the vocabulary of science. Wandering through the wilds with his knapsack, his dog and his gun, he was wondered at by the natives as something abnormally innocent of the mania for trade that ruled all others of the white men. He had been a gardener, became the favorite companion of Hooker, the naturalist, and to him he owed his advancement. He used what skill he had and what science he knew to charm the unsophisticated savage, so won his way in safety while danger lurked on every side.

It must have been a wonder to them to see this man, who had no idea for money making, as he went where nature led him, studying birds, plants, and flowers, as if they were his friends and allies. Thus he wandered and explored, as much at home under a tree as if in a fort, and far more comfortable. He left his name to the Douglas fir, so common in this region, and gave names to much of the flora of Oregon. Though he received all attention possible from the great fur company, he could not forgive them for neglecting humanity in their greed to make money and acquire riches. When he had strayed so far north as Fort Kamloops, once, he ventured to free his mind to trader Black, with the remark that the company was all mercenary



and its officers had never a soul above a beaver skin. Black took this as personal, called the philosopher a reprobate and challenged him to fight it out, but as it was then night the duel was postponed. The next morning, when Black called him at early dawn, Douglas postponed it further. Black took exception, because he also was an educated man and whatever had a taste of science attracted him. Poor Douglas had left Oregon and was in the Sandwich Islands, bound homeward in 1834, when he fell into a den where wild cattle were penned and was trampled to death; a terrible death to die after a life spent in communion with nature. Black was himself killed about the same time by an Indian lad who thought he had charmed away the life of his uncle, a friendly chief, who expressed confidence in Black with his latest breath; but the chief's wife worked on the mind of his nephew to make him finally believe that his uncle was the victim of trader Black's magic, so he killed Black in revenge, and his own life expiated the crime.

THE U. S. SCHOONER SHARK

The U. S. Schooner Shark, having been ordered by Commodore Sloat to proceed to the Columbia River under command of Lieutenant Harrison, left the Sandwich Islands June 23d, 1846, and arrived off the mouth of the Columbia July 15th, lay off three days and entered on the 18th. Lieutenant Harrison was warned of changes on the river bar by Captain Crosby, of the Toulon, and Captain Mott, of the Hudson's Bay Company bark Vancouver, so he sounded the channel in a small boat. At Baker's Bay they were boarded by Lovejoy, Gray and Spaulding, who were

at Astoria. A negro pilot having run the Shark on a sand bar, Mr. Latta took the vessel to Astoria, where they got fresh provisions, then proceeded to Vancouver.

While in the river he learned that the British Government had three men of war on the Northwest Coast, the *Modeste* at Vancouver, the frigate *Fishgard* within Puget Sound, and the armed schooner *Cormorant* about Vancouver's Island; which was suggestive of a war feeling. Lieutenant Harrison visited Oregon City, and travelled up the Willamette valley with Abernethy. On his return he arrived at Baker's Bay September 8th, and on the afternoon of the 10th was wrecked on the bar. The crew lost all but what they had on their persons. Then they went again to Vancouver, and the Hudson's Bay Company's officers supplied their wants for a bill drawn on the Barings; the officers of the *Modeste* presented them with a boatload of provisions. October 11th Lieutenant Harrison chartered the Hudson's Bay Company's schooner *Cadboro* for £500, to take himself and crew to San Francisco, where they arrived on October 25th.

MANUMITTING A SLAVE

The fact that slavery was never recognized in Oregon, and that the early settlers never practised it, is beyond doubt; though some who brought their old-time servants across the plains kept them and provided for them as long as they lived; and living up to the kindly nature of life in the old slave states, these family servants never questioned their relations with those who had been their owners.

At Fort Vancouver, Llewellyn Jones, Captain U. S. A.,

gave the following certificate of freedom to a woman in his service, which shows that slavery had existed here.

FORT VANCOUVER, May 5, 1851.

Mommia Travers, a black woman, aged about forty-five, bought by me of Isaac Burbayge, in April, 1849, I have this day given her freedom, unconditionally, and she is in all respects free to go and to do as may seem to her most to her advantage, without let or hindrance from me, my agents, heirs or assigns.

Witness my hand and seal, at Vancouver, May 5, 1851.

LLEWELLYN JONES,

Captain, U. S. A.

The above-named woman, Mommia, is an honest and perfectly conscientious woman, and deserves kind and good treatment at the hands of every one.

LLEWELLYN JONES,

Captain, U. S. A.

Recorded July 29, 1857.

DEATH OF GEORGE LE BRETON AND RODGERS—MURDERED BY
COCK-STOCK, THE MOLALLA

One of the most interesting characters of the early forties was George Le Breton, who was prominent in the organization of the provisional government, of which he was recorder and clerk of court. There is reason to believe that he would have proved a valuable citizen and prominent in public affairs had he not been killed in an affray with murderous Indians at the falls, in 1844. The particulars are told by Mrs. Sallie Applegate Long, in a contribution to the *Native Son*, giving reminiscences from the life of William H. Wilson, a pioneer of the Umpqua, who was a survivor of that fray.

Mr. Wilson came to Oregon in 1843; in February, 1844, he was in employ of Dr. John McLoughlin at his saw mill

at Oregon City. He was asked by Dr. Elijah White, sub-Indian agent of the United States, to ride with him to the Indian camp to aid in arrest of a desperate Molalla named Cock-Stock, who had been trying to make trouble between whites and Indians, and by his reckless conduct and threats had been terrifying women and children, so his arrest was necessary for safety of the community ; but they did not find Cock-Stock at the camp.

Mr. Wilson says :

It was on the 4th of March, 1844, that Cock-Stock and several other Indians, saucy young fellows, came riding into Oregon City. They rode to the house of the Methodist missionary, Rev. J. F. Waller, and halloed several times, but no one came out of the house. Then they rode up and down the town, talking loud and acting in an impudent and insulting manner, but not really molesting any one, though many of the people, especially women and children, were terribly frightened, as they were very panicky about him anyway. Finally the Indians tied up their ponies at the foot of the bluff, and taking a boat, paddled across the river to where there was a village of Calipooias. It was thought, from some threats that Cock-Stock had made, that he was going to try to get a party together to do some injury to the mission or the people.

I thought, from all I had heard and seen, that that man would be doing a good deal for the community who would rid it of this Indian, and while the Indians were over the river I went to dinner, and when I came back to the mill brought my gun back with me. I believe I was a little anxious to take a shot at the Indian, provided he would commit some overt act to justify me in doing so. When the Indians were seen coming back across the river, several men collected about the mill and boat landing, which was under the mill.

The mill was set on timbers, and persons could pass under it easily. A logway of slabs was sloping from the ground, over which logs were hauled into the mill. I was standing about the middle of this, Sterling Rodgers near me, and Colonel J. W. Nesmith near the end of the bridge, on the ground. Nesmith and I were both armed, but Rodgers was not. The Indians landed under the mill and came in sight, going toward their horses. When they had gone a few steps

some one yelled at Cock-Stock. I did not catch the word, but the Indian whirled and fired into the crowd with a pistol. Colonel Nesmith and I both shot at him at the same time, and when the smoke cleared away so I could see, I saw him on his knees and hands, but scrambling up again. Then I caught sight of Le Breton and heard the report and saw the smoke of another pistol. The next thing I saw Le Breton and the Indian struggling together about the end of the bridge. Then for an instant I saw the mulatto, George Winslow, rush to them with a gun in his hands. The Indian was down, and the mulatto did not strike with the gun, but just drove the muzzle of it through the Indian's head, as though it was a crowbar or bayonet. When Cock-Stock fell the other Indians broke into a run for their horses, turning as they ran and shooting back bullets and arrows into the crowd. Le Breton was shot twice and badly stabbed in attempting to arrest Cock-Stock.

All this had taken place in a few seconds. Rodgers and I still stood on the bridge looking on, and being up there made a good target. At any rate, Rodgers suddenly cried out, "Look out, Bill, they are shooting arrows! I am hit!" Before he had done speaking an arrow hit me also, whereupon we both ran into the mill. Rodgers was wounded in the arm; the arrow hitting me buried itself in the fleshy part of my hip. Before I thought I caught hold of it and tried to jerk it out, but only partially succeeded; it came out broken, leaving the head imbedded in the flesh, where I have carried it these fifty-six years.

When Cock-Stock's body was examined there was found the mark of a bullet across the back of his head and neck, which was no doubt what knocked him down. I believe that was my bullet, for I was a good shot in those days. Colonel Nesmith thought it was his shot. I never disputed it with him. It was a good job, whoever did it. Le Breton and Rodgers were both taken to the hospital at Vancouver, where both died. Blood poisoning set in and caused his death. I used simple remedies and finally got well, though painful for a while.

CHAPTER LVII

THE OREGON TITLE

THERE never was any question as to the north boundary of Mexico—or the State of California—being the 42° of north latitude. In 1790, Spain claimed to the far north; farther even than $54^{\circ} 40'$, that became the campaign cry of Democracy in 1844. The convention between England and Spain, in 1790, conceded to Great Britain the location established by British traders at Nootka, after international trouble, when Spain had seized and confiscated vessels in the Northwest trade carrying the British flag. But Spain only conceded commercial rights, and not territorial. British vessels could navigate, trade and fish along the coast, and British traders own stations, as at Nootka, but not within ten leagues of stations or fisheries occupied by Spain; also Spain retained the right of eminent domain, and her subjects could enter any ports occupied by British subjects and had equal rights with them everywhere.

Six years later (1796) there was war between England and Spain; international law claims that war abrogates treaties and all must be re-established by new negotiation. However, the treaty of 1814 reaffirmed that of 1790, conferring on—or confirming to—Spain all its original sovereignty, which strengthened Spanish title and practically surrendered whatever of Spanish claims England disputed.

The treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, had attempted to determine “the limits which are to be fixed between the Bay of

Hudson and the places appertaining to the French." Mr. Madison claimed "that the boundary between Louisiana and the British territory north of us was actually fixed by commissioners appointed under the treaty of Utrecht, and that this boundary was to run from the Lake of the Woods, westwardly, on latitude 49°, and along that line indefinitely." Mr. Monroe, when Minister to England in 1804, wrote the British Secretary of Foreign Affairs: "Commissioners were appointed by each power, who executed stipulations of the treaty by establishing the boundary proposed by it. They fixed the northern boundary of Canada and Louisiana." Some authorities, however, express doubts of this.

The territory thus defined on the north and west was ceded by France to Spain in 1762, ceded back by Spain to France in 1800, and ceded by Napoleon to the United States in 1803. Caleb Cushing, when the treaty of Washington was negotiated, in it said: "The parallel of 49° was established between France and Great Britain by the treaty of Utrecht." Spain was dissatisfied because of this sale by Napoleon—or France—to the United States, so virtually protested against it, delaying, or refusing, to pass the papers in her own treaty, made three years before, but our nation was satisfied by the assurance of Napoleon that he guaranteed the title. Only that France was at war with all the world, and that Napoleon could not defend the mouth of the Mississippi and New Orleans from the fleets of England, it is possible that Louisiana—which then included the State so named and all the immense territory west of the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains—would be held by France to this day. The pittance of fifteen millions of dollars purchase price would never have been accepted had

France been at peace. It was received simply because Great Britain would otherwise have occupied it by fleets from the south and armies from the north. So Napoleon's wars practically doubled the territory of the United States.

As it was, Spain only made the transfer of title on the last day of November, and the French title to the United States was made twenty days later, on December 20, 1803. It was feared that the French and Spanish element in Louisiana would rebel against this transfer by some popular movement, but the surrender was made in peace. The treaty made with Spain for sale of Florida to the United States, in 1819, not only accomplished that transfer, but also conveyed to this country all the title that Spain had to territory north of the 42d parallel on this continent, which included the original territory of Oregon.

The above briefly summarizes the title of the United States to territory lying west of the Mississippi and on the northwest coast of North America.

The discovery of the Columbia, in 1792, by Captain Robert Gray, as detailed elsewhere, afforded the United States a claim by right of discovery that was beyond question. Captain Gray had met Vancouver within twenty-four hours from the time he left the mouth of the Columbia, after waiting nine days outside the cape and entrance for the breakers to become smoother, and stopping that navigator on the high seas, told him that he believed a great river debouched into the ocean at $45^{\circ} 10'$; but the Englishman declined to believe it was a great river, and left Captain Gray to complete the discovery ten days later. Then, as their vessels met again, Captain Gray very generously told him of his discovery. Captain Vancouver then entered the river

and sent Lieutenant Broughton to make surveys for an hundred miles from its mouth, claiming that he had rendered very material aid in the discovery, equal to what Captain Gray had done.

Fourteen years later Lewis and Clark came from the East, crossed the Rocky Mountains and made the first discovery of the sources of the Columbia; they followed its flow to the ocean, completing the discovery of a region that, for some inexplicable cause, was even then known as Oregon, while no human tradition tells the origin of that name.

The settlement of Astoria in 1811 followed; then came the land expedition of Wilson G. Hunt, of the Astor Company; war with England soon followed, and Astoria was treacherously sold to the Northwest Fur Company, and so British supremacy came to the Columbia temporarily. By the treaty of peace Astoria was to be surrendered to its original owners, but conditions did not satisfy Astor that he could afford to resume trade there. A period of joint occupancy followed for ten years, and was renewed from year to year as terms expired; finally it was agreed on to terminate when either party should give one year's notice.

For thirty years from the treaty of 1814 the vital question of eminent domain remained in abeyance. Whenever any exigency arose it was tided over, and British monopoly still swayed the endless shore line that lay widespread in primal waste of mountains, forests or almost desert plains, where rivers coursed through unknown wilds and broad lakes swept in summer's peace or were swept by winter's storms; where ranges rose in rugged and untamable vastness, their supernal summits overlooking land and sea from altitudes of eternal snow.

This monopoly was officered and manned by men of iron will and tireless thews, who had left civilization far behind to claim alliance with and sovereignty over the savagery they lived among and traded with, believing that occupancy and possession were paramount to treaties, and that they could defy fate and challenge fortune—even the fortunes of the irrepressible Yankee nation—so long as two thousand miles of desert, plains and mountains intervened from the western frontier to the shore of the Occident. Sir George Simpson, governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, having passed a large body of emigrants from Red River in 1841, speaking of the British title, said: "Actual possession must be held conclusive in her favor." At another time he said: "The United States will never possess more than a nominal jurisdiction west of the Rocky Mountains." About that time the great argument of the Hudson's Bay Company, as to title for Oregon territory, was that no proof as to treaties or of discoveries could equal, much less contravene, the actual facts of possession, occupancy and settlement. It appeared impossible, impracticable, that American immigration could either come by land or sea. The Hudson's Bay Company had twenty-eight trading stations in a region five times the area of the British Islands; they had absorbed, or destroyed, many rival trading companies, so that they monopolized that region, and their policy was to rule or ruin. While at every post hospitality was generous, and even kind, every rival trader met with ruthless competition that meant ruin. To squander tens of thousands to defeat rivalry in trade was only business; from the ordinary standpoint of commercial policy and business success we cannot say it was unusual or subject to blame. They had aban-

doned all else to rule the wilderness; the law of success in that wilderness was heartless—conscienceless from the Christian standpoint—but there was always truth in the old proverb that “corporations have no souls.” Fort Hall, on Snake River, an hundred miles north of Great Salt Lake, was a very important post, established by a competitor who was destroyed by such competition. A capable agent was stationed here, part of whose duty was to divert travel to California that might be on the way for Oregon; another duty was to make travel as difficult as possible to so discourage emigration. No doubt the route over the Blue Mountains to the Columbia was rough and difficult, but Mr. Grant’s duty was to convince the sojourner that he must leave his wagon there and take the chances of getting through with pack horses. In other words, when they had made three-fourths of the journey in safety they were to be convinced that the remainder was impossible. To keep up the necessary isolation, the Hudson’s Bay Company had no wagon roads out of or into Oregon; had made no roads but narrow trails over almost impossible routes.

Sir George Simpson came annually to see how the laws of the wilderness were observed, and such laws were in accordance with the cast-iron, hard-hearted policy of the great corporation. Many writers have claimed that the officers of the company ruthlessly carried out this policy, and some of them may have done so, but there was a deal of humanity in the souls of most of the chief leaders. Beyond all question of discovery or of treaties, the ultimate of title came to be the fact of occupancy and settlement. The great corporation had grown confident that they could settle the

country and own it—or at least own all that lay north of the Columbia River.

The policy of detraction worked well, for a number of emigrations had been planned—as that of Hall J. Kelley in 1828—that had been dissuaded by mountaineers who declared it impossible, represented the savage tribes as implacable and the mountains impassable. The Indian delegation that visited St. Louis in 1832 sounded the knell of the past and prepared the way for caravans to follow the route they came. In response to that appeal missionaries ventured, and where they led settlement followed. Elijah White learned the way on his first journey, and when he returned to Oregon in 1842, as United States Indian Agent, he gathered on the border the first immigration of true Americans who crossed the plains for purpose of settlement. This came as result of missionary venture and was the opening wedge that broke the isolation and destroyed a monopoly that had ruled and barred entrance to a region destined to become homes for millions.

The immigration of 1843 settled the "Oregon Question," and succeeding emigrations ratified the decree of fate. Whitman brought news of the safe arrival of those who crossed with Dr. White in 1842, and published on the border facts as to the value of land in Oregon, and as to climate and conditions, to interest intending settlers. He also gave his personal assurance that wagons could be taken through to the Columbia, and his promise to see that they were so taken. Thus it was that Providence, that shapes the destinies of nations as of men, through inscrutable ways opened the mountain gateways to admit the population that should Americanize the wilderness of original Oregon.

IS OREGON WORTH HAVING?

This was the question that occupied the mind of men who thought they were statesmen for a quarter of a century, from the time when Floyd, of Virginia, first introduced the question in the house in 1820, to 1845, when the value of our Pacific possessions became a fixed fact on the minds of Congressmen. It seems strange now, within the memory of some who were active then, to look back on Congressional debates that were participated in by men who were famous leaders in their time, and who defeated all measures looking to occupation of Oregon, denouncing them as Utopian schemes, mere fancies of diseased imaginations. It is not within the purpose of this work to argue the Oregon question over again or discuss it fully, but it is permissible to review it briefly. It will interest the present generation and that to come to know how little the value of this coast was appreciated so lately as half a century ago.

The matter of title is not what we wish told, but to show the idiosyncrasies of men who were supposed to be progressive, and certainly were influential, because they kept back legislation and made the majority in Congress believe that the United States never could be great enough to extend to the Pacific; nor that identity of interest could ever exist between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Floyd, of Virginia, believed in the occupation and settlement of Oregon. In 1820, and again in 1822, he urged the value of this region, its extent, its relation to the commerce of the Orient and of the world, the fur trade being the chief consideration for local value and immediate realization. But Congress was not informed, and was unwilling to realize as true what

seemed hyperbole with regard to the future of the nation's greatness. The distance was too great for a member of Congress to journey back and forth to attend sessions; the mountain ranges were inaccessible and ordinary travel would be impossible. Speculation was wasted in discussing possibilities for journeying back and forth; possibilities of sea and land were quoted, and urged, to make the matter more objectionable; the bar of the Columbia River was used as a hindrance to successful commerce. A writer, who pretended to know about the region he told of, pronounced all the Inland Empire, from the Cascade Range to the spurs of the Rocky Mountains, to be "a region where forest trees totally disappeared and nothing larger than the common willow is to be seen. The whole interesting tract is one of gravel and sand, with just soil enough to sustain a scanty covering of grass. On the Willamette, a tract of country of moderate extent is found, which affords some advantages of soil and climate superior to those which have just been mentioned; and it is here, and here only, that the least prospect for an agricultural settlement can be found." The same writer had the grace to own that "there were places along the Columbia where a few families might set down together." Yet to-day those spots along the Columbia and Snake Rivers ship hundreds of car loads of fruit to cities of the East; the beautiful uplands, that were so scant of soil in the older time, ship to the world's markets tens of millions of bushels of the finest wheat the world knows, and have helped to change the lately scant supply of bread for the world to vast abundance; that, too, on soil that is so deep that ploughshare can never reveal its depth. And to clinch his assertion with more positive assertion, the same author

concludes: "The God of nature had interposed obstacles to this connection" (of the Atlantic with the Pacific) which neither the enterprise nor the science of this or any other age can overcome!

This was uttered by one who pretended that he had reliable information, gathered from those who knew the country well, and was published to the world as fact concerning a region that has over a million population to-day and will make a home for ten millions in the not distant future. There was much effective support; Linn and Benton, in the Senate from Missouri, earnestly and ably seconded and advocated all measures proposed in favor of Oregon. It was in vain that successive Presidents in their messages urged action for occupation; that the friends of Oregon advocated the same; that the wealth of the region was proven; the mass of Congress was so inert that no possible momentum could affect it; so incapable of taking in the scope of the argument were they that it was waste of time to argue; it required so much grasp of mind and breadth of enterprise to imagine a nation reaching from ocean to ocean that years passed, a quarter of a century went by and little was done. But in the meantime facts accumulated so that it was no longer possible to be sarcastic, as was Senator Dickenson of New Jersey, in treating of this matter of inaccessibility.

So far as that American Congress was concerned, all that was Oregon would be the possession of Great Britain in our day, for all the interest that was taken by Congress prior to the time when Americans took up the line of March with "Westward Ho!" for their motto, and proved the title of occupancy beyond question. The people of the United

States showed more interest than did their Congressmen. The pioneer was not a politician, but he heard the motto of the campaign of 1844: "54° 40' or fight!" and before that election was consummated he, in his collective capacity, had settled the vexed question, for he had possession of the promised land.

CHAPTER LVIII

PIONEER SHIP BUILDING—STORY OF THE STAR OF OREGON

AN interesting incident of early time was the building of the schooner *Star*, in 1840-41, for the purpose of sailing her to California to there trade her off for cattle, of which the few settlers then in the valley were in great need, as is explained in the statement of Captain Joseph Gale, that follows:

Joseph Gale may have been, as he says, an uneducated man, but surely possessed graphic powers of description; this statement he wrote at request of Senator J. W. Nesmith, who took much interest in all that related to pioneer history. It is admirably written and preserves in most authentic shape the story of the building of the schooner *Star* under circumstances that seemed to be almost insurmountable.

Only for the fortunate presence of Commodore Wilkes, who was then making the exploring voyage that leaves his name historic, and was at the time surveying the Columbia River and Sound waters, it would not have been a success; but the commodore had great influence with Governor McLoughlin, so secured for these adventurers the needed material. Only practical seamen can understand the courage of Joseph Gale, in venturing to sea with a crew who had no knowledge of seamanship; but it is doubtful if more credit is due to Gale for so venturing or to the landmen who so confidently trusted themselves to his guidance. It was a pleasing incident and consistent with the heroic character

of that time. It was by such effort as this and such undaunted courage that the handful of settlers who were in Oregon in 1840 secured stock for their farms; as also, that recruits were secured for the struggling colony, for Joseph Gale brought back quite a company, who also increased greatly the number of stock driven to Oregon.

Gale had had previous experience on the sea, but later had been a free trapper and mountain man, one of the six told of by Squire Ebberts, who located together on Tuality Plains. When organization of the provisional government was accomplished, he was chosen as one of the three executive committee who acted as head of the new government, so must have commanded the respect of the people.

This statement of building the *Star of Oregon* was found among papers of Senator Nesmith, after his death, and was furnished to the Pioneer Society for publication by his daughter, Mrs. Molson.

THE SCHOONER STAR

AN ACCOUNT OF HER CONSTRUCTION AND VOYAGE TO CALIFORNIA

It was not until the latter part of the summer of 1840 that the spirit of American enterprise began to manifest itself in Oregon. Previous to that it appeared to be dead; but, instead, it was only inactive for the want of something to arouse it into action. Among the desiderata of the country were horses and cattle. It is true that there were quite a number of cattle in the valley, and these were held by Ewing Young, the Methodist Mission and the Hudson's Bay Company, and with such tenacity that it was next to an impossibility to purchase them at any reasonable price. The want of these were severely felt by nearly every settler in the Wallamet Valley. How to better our cases by supplying ourselves with such animals was a question that troubled and puzzled us all.

Consequent upon our deficiency was the question of the practicability of building a vessel and sail her to California and there dispose of her for stock. This proposition was favorably received and

thoroughly discussed pro and con. The result was an organization of a company of the following named men for that purpose, viz.: John Canan, Ralph Kilbourne, Pleasant Armstrong, Henry Woods, George Davis and Jacob Green. These men secured the services of Felix Hathaway, an excellent ship carpenter, to lay out, assist and superintend the work generally. They all shortly after got their tools, provisions, etc., together and descended the Wallamet River to near its junction with the Columbia, and there, on the east side of Swan Island, selected a site upon which to build their vessel.

Now in regard to myself. In the first instance I did not join the company. My reason for not doing so was owing to the fact of having agreed with five of my old mountain companions to form a settlement in Tualatin plains. These five men were Robert Newell, George W. Ebberts, Caleb Wilkins, William Doty and J. L. Meek. But, nevertheless, I had given the company my word, and all the advice in reference to the model and general construction of the vessel they were about to build, that I would join them as soon as I saw a sufficient amount of work done on her to insure the completion of the remainder, and all that I possessed that could be converted into funds should be invested in the enterprise.

Now, as I have said, they selected a site on Swan Island upon which to build their vessel, and went to work like men who are determined to accomplish their purpose. The first work done was to find a stick sufficiently long and sound for her keel. This was found on Sauvie's Island, i.e., Wapato Island, and cut down and found to be forty-eight feet and eight inches long, which was roughly hewed and transported to Swan Island, and there dressed to its proper dimensions, and put in place; and from that time the work went rapidly on, notwithstanding the opposition of the Hudson's Bay Company, which had been anticipated—in fact, no piece of work ever met with more discouraging prospects. Even Felix Hathaway became discouraged and quit the work when it was a little over half completed. This was owing partly to the company not having the means to pay him for his work and partly on account of scarcity of provisions.

The vessel, however, was nearly planked up to the waterways, and in that condition she was launched. The launching took place on the 19th day of May, 1841, and without the slightest accident. From Swan Island she was worked up to the Wallamet Falls.

While they were getting her to the Wallamet Falls I was waited upon by two of the company, John Canan and Ralph Kilbourne, to

remind me of my promise, and at the same time offer me the command and also a full share if I would gratify them in that respect. This, of course, I willingly did, for my heart and well wishes were with them all the time; and from that time until the final consummation of the undertaking I was closely engaged in the work. I sold my farm and farming utensils to Courtney Walker, removed my family to Champoege, and went down and took charge of the whole concern.

Kilbourne and myself did the remainder of the work. Kilbourne was a good mechanic. It is not pertinent to this narrative to dwell upon the treatment of the Hudson's Bay Company to us; suffice it to say that they did all they could to deter us from the work; but it went on until completed in spite of them. And had it not been for Captain Wilkes, in all probability we would have been obliged to lay the vessel up on account of not being able to procure cordage and canvas for rigging and sails.

He interviewed Dr. McLoughlin on the subject pretty roughly. The doctor excused himself by saying that he thought they were making a coffin for themselves, for, said he, "there is Gale at the head, who has been in the Hudson's Bay Company for several years as a hunter and trapper, and what does he or the rest of them know about the managing and navigating of a vessel at sea?" "Never mind," said or retorted the captain, "I have seen enough to convince me that he knows what he is about, and if you should have such things as they need, you will oblige not only me, but, I believe, every American in the country, by letting them have them, and should they not be able to pay you for them, and as I shall want a considerable amount of such things myself, you may charge the aggregated amount to me and I will settle the same with you." "Oh, well, well," said the doctor, "they can have as much of cordage and other materials as they wish."

So the store, through Commodore Wilkes's influence, was thrown open to us; but alas! the season was too far advanced for us to get the vessel in readiness to make the passage that fall. We, nevertheless, while the chances of getting those things were so favorable, and for fear that after the commodore would leave the river they might shut down on us again, purchased an ample supply of all the necessities we needed, such as cordage, canvas, paints, oils, etc., etc., for which we paid the company in wheat and furs of different kinds, and returned thanks to Commodore Wilkes for his generous offer.

We continued the work on till late in the fall, and yet she was not in a fit condition for sea. About this time two of the six men, George

Davis and Henry Woods, became dissatisfied and wished to withdraw from the company. But one of the articles of the company's agreement stated plainly that if any person or persons should wish to withdraw from the company, he or they should forfeit all interest in the vessel. This, however, made no difference to them, for they withdrew, notwithstanding; consequently there were but five left.

Shortly after this I was taken down with the fever and ague, and reduced in such a manner that I was hardly able to do anything; and while lying in that condition I received a letter from Commodore Wilkes, in which he stated that he was on the point of leaving the country, and that he felt greatly interested in the successful issue of our enterprise, and as there was no port or town from which we could hail or clear, and that without such, or papers to show from and to what government we belonged, there would be the probability of having our vessel seized. And he further stated:

"If you can convince me that you understand navigation, I am ready to furnish you with papers that will be honored in whatever port you may enter, for I do not think it advisable for you or any other person to attempt it without an adequate knowledge of that science, it matters not in other respects how good a seaman one may be."

How generous and noble the old commodore. He was perfectly right. Now for me to wait on him in person was out of the question. I therefore called Kilbourne and told him to get his pen, ink and paper and write while I dictated. So we soon had the following letter written:

To Commodore Charles Wilkes, of the United States Navy.

DEAR SIR: I received your very kind letter and am very thankful for the interest you have taken in our affairs, but I am very sorry that I cannot see you in person, owing to being confined to my bed by the fever and ague. I acknowledge the propriety of your remarks in reference to going to sea without a knowledge of navigation, and also the entering of a foreign port without papers to show from whence I came. I do not, my dear sir, profess to be a consummate navigator, yet I have a sufficient knowledge of that science to take a vessel to any given port upon the globe, and as it is almost impossible for me to see you in person, you will very much oblige me by proposing such questions which, should I be able to satisfactorily answer, may convince you of that fact. With much respect,

I am your obliged and humble servant,

JOSEPH GALE.

To Commodore Charles Wilkes,
of the U. S. N.

This letter was dispatched immediately to the mouth of the Columbia River and delivered to the commodore. The next morning our boat started on its return, and in three days after I received an answer in which were a few questions regarding the science of navigation, which I answered and dispatched in a second letter to the commodore, and on the return of our boat I was highly rejoiced to find that my answers were satisfactory. In consequence of this I received a large document with the United States seal upon it, which was the papers alluded to by the commodore.

The Exploring Squadron left the country a few days afterwards. The grand old commodore, before leaving, made us a present of a flag, an ensign, and also a compass, a kedge anchor, and hawser 140 fathoms long, a log line and two log glasses—14 and 90 seconds glasses. I bought a quadrant epitome and a nautical almanac from Kilbourne, who was Captain Couch's mate, for which I paid him forty-five dollars. These were sufficient for all ordinary purposes. Now we lacked nothing; our outfit was as complete as circumstances would permit, and yet we were not ready to go to sea. It now being late in October, I advised the laying up of the vessel, which was done. We all, with the exception of one, who was appointed ship keeper, left for our several homes and employed ourselves to suit the occasion. I went to work for the Methodist Mission, running their saw mill at Salem, and continued thus employed until June, 1849. I then quit working for them and summoned the partners in the vessel to appear at the falls for the purpose of fitting our vessel for her intended voyage.

We all now set to with a will, so that by the middle of August our vessel was all ready, with the exception of getting our provisions in for the trip, to try her speed upon the ocean. It was generally predicted that as soon as we saw the great Pacific our hearts would fall us and we would return. These predictions came very near being prophetic, for had I sanctioned in the least the propositions made by all except one it would have been done. But no, the die was cast, and so far as regards myself, I would sooner have gone to Davy Jones's locker (as the sailors say) than to have turned back and had the finger of scorn pointed at me ever after.

The following is a description of the schooner *Star*: She was forty-eight feet and eight inches on the keel, and fifty-three feet and eight inches over all; that is, from night heads to taffrail, with ten feet and nine inches beam in the widest part, and drew, when in good bal-

last trim, four feet six inches water. Her frame was of swamp white oak, her knees were of seasoned red fir roots, her beams and carlins were of seasoned red fir timber. She was clinker built and was of the Baltimore clipper model. She was planked with clear cedar planks dressed to plump one and one-fourth inches, which was spiked to every rib with a wrought-iron spike one-half inch square, driven through a three-eighth hole and clinched on the inner side; her timbers standing nine inches apart, a nail one-fourth inch square was driven between each timber. Her deck was double, first a three-fourth board and over which, so to break joints, a plank of one and one-fourth inches, which obviated the necessity of pitch and rendered her deck perfectly watertight. She was what is generally called a fore and after; that is, she had no topsails, but simply foresail, mainsail, gib and flying gib. Her spars were made of the straight fir sticks and consisted of foremast, fore topmast, mainmast and main topmast, bowsprit and flying jibboom; and thus equipped and painted black, with a small white ribbon running from stem to stern, she was one of the handsomest little crafts that ever sat upon the water. The most of her irons were made by the celebrated gunsmith, Thomas J. Hubbard, a gentleman to whom more honor was due than he ever received for his services rendered to the early settlers of Oregon. But alas! he is now no more.

Now came the command, "All aboard!" I had taken my leave of my wife and children and also of my friends on the 25th of August and embarked on the 26th. The 27th we got under way and descended the Wallamet to its mouth and came to anchor there. The next day, being in need of wood and some extra spars, we lay at anchor. The 29th we got under way and shot out into the Columbia, with the wind blowing a half gale. We worked up against it to Fort Vancouver, not because we had any need for so doing, but merely by the way of taunting the inmates and showing our little beauty to them. The flag that Commodore Wilkes made us a present of had not as yet been hoisted. The breeze was all that could be wished for. Our vessel was performing admirably, and just as we made the last stretch, with the flag in readiness, we ran so close to the bark Vancouver that we nearly touched her, then the word was given "Helm alee!" and as she spun around on her keel the Stars and Stripes were flung flauntingly in the face of those British tars. We proceeded about a cable length ahead and came to anchor, and so near the beach that we could plainly hear the comments passed upon our boat.

I penned the following note to Mr. Douglas, Dr. McLoughlin being absent:

James Douglas, Esq.

SIR: As I am now on my way to California, if you have any letters or command that you wish to send to Mr. Ray, residing there, I will, with pleasure, take them to him.

Very respectfully,
JOSEPH GALE.

I received the following answer:

Mr. Joseph Gale.

SIR: As the schooner Cadborough, Captain Scarborough, will leave for that port soon we will not trouble you in that particular. [His very words.]

Yours, etc.,
J. DOUGLAS.

Of course, like the rest, he thought such a thing as our reaching California was all braggadocio in us.

The next morning we got under way and proceeded down the river, and on the 3d day of September came to at Fort George. Here again the Stars and Stripes were unfurled to the view of Birney and his men. 4th, lay by taking on ballast. 5th, also; now having put her in good ballast trim. 6th, got under way in order to try how she would act in a seaway, and also to give my crew a foretaste of what they might expect hereafter. The wind was from the northwest and blowing freshly, with the tide against us. We faced her to it, and notwithstanding these obstructions, worked up to our anchorage on Baker's Bay with all ease.

My crew consisted of the following named men, viz.: John Canan, Pleasant Armstrong, Ralph Kilbourne, Jacob Green, and a little Indian boy ten years old, and one passenger, Charles Pfeffenhauser—not one of whom knew the compass, to say nothing of steering a vessel by it in a heavy seaway.

In order to accustom my crew to the working of a vessel in a seaway, and also to teach some of them to steer by compass, I got under way next day and ran back to Point Adams and came to anchor. My men began to rejoice from not having been seasick. Of course I said nothing to undeceive them. They had not as yet entered the wide realms of old Neptune, and I knew that as soon as they felt the undulating motions of his empire they would succumb.

While we were lying at Point Adams, Captain Couch, in the brig *Chenamus*, made his appearance, bound to the Sandwich Islands,

and passed us, most of us being ashore at the time. We discovered him, however, and hastened aboard, and by the time we got under way he was half way down the channel. The wind was fresh and ahead, but the tide being favorable, we soon overhauled him and passed him and anchored in Baker's Bay before him that evening, being the 11th day of September, 1842. The captain boarded us and invited me aboard with him to tea. After supper he said to me that if the wind served to-morrow he would get under way and pilot me out. I thanked him and took my leave.

The next morning, being the 12th of September, there sprung a leading breeze, and we commenced getting our anchors. He hove short and made sail without tripping his anchor, and I, suspecting that it was his intention to go to sea at once, got my anchor and made for the passage. But I soon found that the old experienced sea dog saw indications that the breeze would soon die away, which was the case, for as we passed the cape the wind lulled into a perfect calm, the tide ebbing at the rate of six or seven knots an hour, and taking us apparently into the breakers on the south spit. There was nothing to do but to let go the anchor, which was done and about 40 fathoms scope given her, in which she swung with security, and just at that critical moment every one aboard, excepting the Indian boy, was taken down with seasickness. Some of them wished themselves ashore, and would have given their interest in the vessel if they were. In that condition we lay until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when a strong breeze sprang up, and I ordered them to get anchor, which was done, and instead of going back we, by making five stretches, passed the south spit and found ourselves launched on the grand old Pacific Ocean. Here, finding myself once more with blue water under my keel, and on the element upon which I had spent so many years, my feelings can only be imagined. Now my crew had supposed we would run into some little harbor along the coast and tie up to some rock or stick. But nothing was farther from my mind. Not being acquainted with the coast, and not having any charts, such would have been a perilous undertaking. But my intention was to get an offing of 30 or 40 miles by running diagonally from the coast, and then run in my latitude and departure parallel to it.


The breeze freshened as the sun went down, and just as it touched the western horizon I took my departure from Cape Disappointment. This was on the 12th day of September, 1842. By 12 o'clock that night the wind had freshened to a perfect gale, and our boat was spin-

ning off $11\frac{1}{4}$ knots an hour. I hope that you will not take me to be an egotist when I say that I stood to the helm thirty-six hours. It would have been almost certain ruin to have trusted the steering to any other person on board, for the sea was heavy and at times it appeared that we could or she could not live in it. But no.

"Their angry surges she seemed not to heed,
But chose her passage with wonderful speed;
Like the stormy petrel, through the wind and rain
She skipped the surface of the angry main.
Walking the water like a thing of life,
And seemed to dare the elements to strife."

The weather was such and the fog so dense that I did not get an observation of the sun for three days. At this turn the gale had abated, and I got a fair noon observation, in working up which I found that we were considerably south of Mendocino Cape; from our position at that time I shaped my course for Point Bass. I found, however, that the difference of latitude between that of account and that of observation of the sun amounted to twenty-eight miles, which was owing to bad steerage. I ran for Point Bass until we could distinctly hear the surf beating, beating upon its shore. Here I hove to, with head off shore. My reason for so doing was in order to land Pfeffenhauser at the Bordagos, he claiming to be a relative of Captain J. A. Sutter.

Next morning we made sail and ran along the coast as near as we dared, the fog still as dense as ever. I soon found by the sound of surf that we had rounded the cape, and hauled in closer to shore, when all of sudden there appeared a rock within less than a cable's length of us; we just had room to tack ship and clear it. This made me so mad with Pfeffenhauser, who had been whining the whole passage and accusing himself of his folly for embarking, that I told him that I would throw him overboard rather than endanger our lives and the vessel on his account. This day I found ourselves something over a half a degree north of the entrance of San Francisco with my longitude nearly in. We ran along the coast and came to anchor in fourteen fathoms water, the fog as thick as ever. This was in the morning of the 17th day of September, 1849. The fog began to open, we made sail and ran down with a light breeze until about four o'clock; the fog commenced giving way, and in a few minutes we looked up and saw the high lands immediately southeast of us, and in half an hour after the entrance of the port of San Francisco was opened to us. The breeze now freshened to a whole sail breeze, we hauled in



to the eastward and dashed through its portals like an arrow, and just as the sun went down we dropped anchor abreast of the Old Presidio.

It was pleasing to me to see what a difference there was in the aspect of my companions. The gloom of the voyage had now given way to pleasure, and they were happy. As for myself, Columbus himself could not have felt happier when first he solved the great problem than I did at this time. The boat was made fast and I went ashore with my papers, which were duly acknowledged. Next day I got under way and sailed up to Yerba Buena, as it was then called.

There I found the following named vessels riding at anchor: Ship Barnstable, Captain Clapp; ship California, of Boston, Captain Arthur; the schooner Julian, Captain Leidsdorff, and one or two smaller vessels. Our flag was flying, in consequence of which the captains of the above-named vessels paid us a visit. Now, to show how little was known of Oregon in those days, I will relate an anecdote. As these gentlemen approached our vessel and passed our stern, they discovered our name written or painted upon it, when Leidsdorff exclaimed, "Oregon! Oregon!" two or three times; "I'll be d——d if there is any port by that name on any of my charts!" They came aboard, remained twenty or thirty minutes, and returned to their vessels. Shortly after I went ashore to see Mr. Ray, with whom I was acquainted. He was surprised to see me, and asked if I had come down in yonder schooner. I told him I had. "Then," said he, "you have fetched letters for me." I gave him my reasons for not doing so.

The rest is soon told. I sold the vessel to José Y. Lamonture, a Frenchman, who had cast his vessel away a few weeks previous to our arrival, for 350 cows, General Guadalupe Vallejo becoming responsible to us for their delivery. And as it was impossible for us to start with them that fall to Oregon, there now being only four of us—Kilbourne had concluded to stay—we mutually settled up our accounts and set off our several ways and went to work at what we could find to do, all agreeing to rendezvous in the spring on Cash Creek. Knowing that without a company of more than four men it would be a dangerous undertaking, and believing there to be several of Chila's party adrift in the country, and also several sailors, I sent out written circulars to different parties, describing Oregon and its immense advantages to them. These circulars had the desired effect, so that by the middle of May we had mustered a company of forty-

two men, all bringing more or less stock. Among the rest was Jacob P. Leese, General Vallejo's brother-in-law, and a gentleman with whom I was well acquainted some fifteen years previous to this event. We made our camp or rendezvous on Cash Creek, and there I trimmed a tall cottonwood tree and swung out the Stars and Stripes again, around which there soon rallied a company of forty-two men, bringing an aggregated number of twelve hundred and fifty head of cattle, six hundred head of mares, horses and mules—mares, horses, colts, principally—and nearly three thousand head of sheep; and on the 14th day of May we started for Oregon, and after a toilsome journey of seventy-five days arrived in the Wallamet valley with comparatively small loss. The rest, or what disposition was made of that stock, is known, I presume, to everybody. There is one thing certain, it done away with the stock monopoly, and set the people of Oregon in a fair way of getting on in the future. This result was brought about by the undauntable wills of a few men who are now scarcely known.

Sir, if you can condense out of this jumbled mass of writing anything that will accomplish your design, you are welcome to it, and all I ask is that if you shall put any part of it in pamphlet form, please send me a copy of it. You will see at a glance that I am but an indifferent writer, and in fact I make no pretensions as to a correct writer. My education is very limited, so you must make allowances for all defects and correct bad spelling, and also the grammatical errors that you will herein find.

Hoping that this may be satisfactory to you, I remain as ever,

Your friend,

JOSEPH GALE.

CHAPTER LIX

EARLY POLITICAL HISTORY RELATING TO OREGON

It is interesting to review history and trace the steps that led up to the recognition of Oregon and formation of the territorial government. Congress would not act, and virtually ignored Oregon settlers while they were organizing a provisional government, yet at that same time was jealous as to our territorial rights and claims for ownership and discovery. It will always interest readers of Oregon to know the facts of that early political history, so I will go back to the times and occasions when the Oregon question was early under discussion.

There was nothing pending in 1820 save the bare question of ownership. In the sketch of the life of Hall J. Kelley it appears that from 1815, when twenty-six years of age, he was interested and well informed as to Oregon. It is surprising that at this early time he was thus informed and so enthused. Washington Irving was no doubt in some sense responsible for this interest, and also that such men as Floyd, of Virginia, advocated the cause of Oregon so early as 1820, in Congress, who moved the house "to inquire into the expediency of occupying the Columbia River and the territory of the United States adjacent thereto." A committee to investigate settlement on the Columbia, etc., consisting of Floyd, Metcalf of Kentucky, and Swearingen of Virginia, reported January 25, 1821. Their report reviewed American history for two hundred years as to

the right of the United States, showed value of fur trade, etc., and favored occupying the Columbia. They asserted the possibilities for trade with China and the Orient, and favored a steamboat route to ascend the waters of the Missouri and descend the Columbia. The committee reported a bill to occupy Oregon territory; by treaty to extinguish Indian title and establish a stable government.

This bill was read twice and referred to committee of the whole house, laid over till December 10, 1821, when another committee was appointed; Floyd's associates were Baylies of Massachusetts and Scott of Missouri.

This committee reported with bill, January 18, 1822, that was read twice, then no longer heard of. At the second term 1822, Floyd's bill was discussed in committee of the whole, amended, and he made a speech that was an exhaustive review of many matters, as of the value of certain articles of commerce to countries that possessed them, making an object lesson in favor of occupying the Columbia; he advocated military possession and the steamboat route before mentioned. This first speech on the Oregon question ever made in Congress fell still-born; he was considered fanciful and speculative; no interest was felt generally, in Congress or among the people.

Baylies of Massachusetts favored the bill, showed the great profits in the whale fishery; value of fisheries and lumber trade on the Columbia, and that a cargo of Columbia spars had been sold at Valparaiso. He answered the objection that expansion would dismember our empire, and that occupying the Columbia might precipitate war; argued in favor of colonies and of the commercial value of the Columbia.

Tucker of Virginia thought the question too impracticable and feared it would draw off capital and population from the East, and that people in Oregon would prefer to trade with China and the Orient. There could be, he said, no community of interests between Atlantic and Pacific.

January 13, 1823, Colden of New York spoke as to the value of seal fishing; of China trade and its profit; the trade of the Northwest Coast in 1821, and of the importance of the Columbia.

Mallory of Vermont favored the measure; ridiculed the idea that American enterprise did not dare to venture beyond the Rockies.

Tracy of New York had met people who had been at the mouth of the Columbia, and so knew that, instead of an Eden there was an inhospitable wilderness; climate black and humid, so that crops could hardly be raised and hardly any places fit for settlement. East of the Cascades was only a waste of sand and gravel.

Mr. Wood of New York also opposed the bill; there was nothing to justify it, and to carry it out would cause ruinous exposure and provoke Indian wars.

Baylies of Massachusetts spoke again to urge that the natural boundary was not the Rocky Mountains, as has been asserted, but the Pacific Ocean. The bill provided three hundred and twenty acres bounty land claim to each head of a family and two hundred acres to each unmarried settler. Baylies answered all disparagement of the country, showing the excellence of both soil and climate; he made an able argument, consistent with what we know of the country to-day.

In closing debate, Breckenridge of Kentucky opposed the bill; we had not population for territory east of the Rockies and would not have for many and many a year. He took extreme views, and the vote being taken, the bill failed, 61 ayes to 100 noes. However, the discussion attracted attention, for soon there came a memorial from eighty Maryland farmers and mechanics who favored the bill, as they desired to emigrate to Oregon.

At the next session a committee was again appointed to report as to expediency of occupying the Columbia, consisting of Floyd, Gurley of Louisiana, Scott of Missouri, Hayden of New York, Bassett of Virginia, Frost of New York, Baylies of the last committee. On January 19, 1824, Floyd presented another bill, which was read twice and referred to the whole house. This bill authorized a military colony and that a territorial government be established when deemed expedient. This bill granted a section of land to actual settlers. The bill came up for final action the next December, when Floyd had acquired many valuable facts and ably presented them. It was now asserted, by Smyth of Virginia, that there was already too much land on the market and the line should be drawn east of the Rocky Mountains, that farther west there would certainly be another confederacy; but Floyd said that even so, a Pacific confederacy would be less dangerous if peopled from the older States. No speaker seems to have had any fears that the title of the United States was not good to all the West Coast.

After four years of debate and struggle this third bill, being put to vote, passed the house by a vote of 113 to 57, and was sent to the Senate in February, 1825.

It found a warm advocate in Barbour of Virginia. But Dickenson of New Jersey took ground against it. Military occupation would lead to war with England. A senator from Oregon would spend all his time on the road, going and coming. Benton argued ably in favor of the bill; but it was laid on the table, and lays there yet, for no action was ever taken by the Senate.

In 1824 a treaty with Russia placed her southern boundary at $54^{\circ} 40'$, whereas she had claimed to 51° . It remained there to define the rights of Great Britain. In his message December, 1824, Monroe suggested the propriety of establishing a military port at the mouth of the Columbia, or at some other point within our acknowledged limit, and to send a frigate to make the necessary exploration. The house passed a bill for this purpose, but it failed in the Senate, not because we had not title, for no one questioned that title was perfect, the opposition was because the interests of the United States did not demand any action until joint occupancy should expire in 1828; meantime we should await the result of negotiation and depend on diplomacy.

In 1825, President Adams reviewed the recommendation of Mr. Monroe and Baylies of Massachusetts, offered a resolution to send the sloop of war Boston to explore from 42° to 49° . On May 26th, Mr. Baylies made a report on the matter and pronounced the British claim to title entirely unfounded; he sensibly claimed that neglect weakened our claim. Nothing was done until the end of 1828. All this time the 49° of latitude was offered as the boundary. The British offer was to make the Columbia River the line to the 49° , then follow that parallel to the East.

It seemed to be good policy to leave the Oregon question at rest while negotiations were pending with Great Britain as to occupancy. In 1827 the joint occupancy, about to expire in 1828, was indefinitely continued, subject to termination by either party on a year's notice. In December, 1828, Floyd resumed the contest. Again he reviewed the questions and interests involved, making a strong appeal for the passage of a law to protect American interests. One remarkable feature was that three different companies of farmers, mechanics and others petitioned Congress for grants of land on the Columbia. One of these was the scheme Hall J. Kelley organized, consisting of three thousand persons of various occupations; another was a Louisiana company, represented by John M. Bradford; the third, located in Ohio, was represented by Albert Town. Under the conditions of joint occupancy the United States could make no positive grants, though there was no doubt felt as to right of ownership, so these movements all fell through. It would be interesting to have had these several movements possess the grants asked for and trace results to the present day.

The foregoing facts are gathered from public records and have been summarized in the publications by Bancroft and in statements made by W. H. Gray in his work on history. They possess value as showing the various positions taken by able men of that time. The Floyd bill finally passed the house by a vote of almost two to one in its favor, while the Senate let it die a lingering death. Looking back, we recognize that friends of Oregon were well advised and understood themselves and the question at issue. It is remarkable that many others, often men of

national ability and reputation, were so ignorant, and often so prejudiced. All the while, however, time was maturing public sentiment, and the final result need at no time have been in doubt.

Ten years passed with no effort made and no action taken. In 1838 Oregon had begun existence under missionary influences and a few Americans had drifted in from one source or another, but there were no permanent American settlers and no improvements. What the conditions were then is shown in the history given of the missions, the story of Ewing Young and Sol Smith, but the fact remains that in 1838 there were few Americans outside the missions.

On the 7th of February, 1838, Senator Lewis F. Linn of Missouri introduced another bill for occupation of the Columbia River and country by a military force, establishing a port of entry and extension of the revenue laws of the United States to Oregon territory. The Secretary of War was asked for information. The President had recommended establishing a military post at the mouth of the Columbia. Senator Linn's report dealt ably with all features involved and showed the vast sources of wealth that were waiting development and certain to reward enterprise if under government protection. Senators Linn and Benton labored ably for the measure, but it failed to pass the Senate. The information published went among the people and created such interest, especially on the border, as it called into action the pioneer impulse of such people as are found on every frontier. Five thousand extra copies of Linn's great speech were circulated and attracted much interest.

There were also ten thousand extra copies of the com-

munications of the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy, which documents contained the letter and petition from Jason Lee, and another from N. J. Wyeth, on the soil, climate and resources of Oregon; also other matter furnished by Hall J. Kelley and Mr. Slacom, so there was much varied information put in circulation. In December, 1839, and February, 1840, other resolutions were offered by Linn, one feature of which was granting each male white inhabitant one thousand acres of land. Memorials commenced to come in from the different States. Great and general interest was taken, especially through the Middle West and Border States, in the Oregon question. About this time Farnham came East with the letter prepared for the Secretary of War, and accompanying petition. This rather uncalled-for alarm was expressed by some in Oregon as to coming of British immigrants and extension of British laws over Oregon territory. All these seemed to increase the special interest that the people of the West and the border felt in Oregon. While the report was printed and went broadcast, as usual, the resolutions were permitted to lie on the table.

At an extra session, in 1841, Linn moved that the President be requested to give the twelve months' notice required to terminate the joint occupancy of Oregon territory, but the matter must have been dropped as unseasonable.

In December, 1841, the President and Secretary of War, John C. Spencer, favored the occupation of Oregon and establishment of military posts to the Rocky Mountains; taking the position that with this done peaceable settlement would do the rest.

December 16th, Senator Linn introduced a bill declaring

our title to Oregon perfect; authorizing measures for settlement and occupancy of the country; also, to establish line of posts to the Rocky Mountains, and one at the mouth of the Columbia River; also, to appoint two Indian agents at \$1,500 salary; also, to grant six hundred and forty acres of land to white male settlers, eighteen years of age or over.

At this time Lieutenant Fremont was sent on an exploring expedition to select sites for posts from the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains, and study the country along this route. Senator Linn also submitted a Senate resolution that the joint occupancy of the Pacific be ended, and notice be given Great Britain terminating the treaty of 1827.

Linn's bill was referred to a select committee, who instructed their chairman to report same with favorable recommendation. The pendency of the Ashburton treaty made it impolitic to pass any measure affecting that matter, or to discuss same in Congress, so this bill was allowed to rest until the treaty was concluded. It was called up at the next session, warmly debated, and finally passed by a vote 24 to 22, but it failed in the house. This session ended the careers of both Floyd in the house and Linn in the Senate. The first was not in the next Congress, and Senator Linn died during the recess.

By this time Western people had become generally interested in the Oregon question. From the legislatures of Illinois, Indiana, and Missouri were forwarded resolutions and memorials to Congress. An Ohio company wanted to have the right to settle "not over twenty thousand square miles." From Alabama, Kentucky, Missouri, Indiana and Iowa came petitions. Public meetings were held in different cities and many letters came. This agitation con-

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tinued until the final settlement of the Oregon question in 1846.

In 1844 President Polk was elected on the popular cry of "fifty-four forty, or fight!" On February 3d, 1845, a bill passed the house, 140 to 59, but failed in the Senate for want of time. It took there the place of the Atchison bill, that had been pending, and would probably have passed.

The question of slavery was not introduced in the bill, and the Oregon provisional government had decided the question in favor of a free State. During the twenty-ninth session of Congress, President Polk took strong ground for Oregon. On August 6, 1846, the boundary question was settled, and I shall give the rest of congressional action in the chapter relating the story of Judge Thornton's experience in Washington.

NEGOTIATIONS FROM 1818 TO 1846

The message of President Polk to Congress in December, 1845, recites the Oregon question and negotiations had previous to that date. Three attempts at compromise had been defeated, and he claimed that a spirit of "liberal concession on the part of the United States" had been shown. The first negotiation took place in London in 1818, under the administration of President Monroe, and having failed, resulted in the convention the 20th of October, the same year, by which it was agreed that joint occupancy for space of ten years should follow, the "only object of the high contracting parties in that respect being to prevent disputes and difficulties among themselves."

Another negotiation was attempted in London in 1824, but produced no results, so the convention of 1818 was left unchanged; further effort in 1826 having failed, resulted in the convention of August 6, 1827, by which it was agreed to continue in force for an indefinite time the provisions of 1818 for joint occupancy; with power further provided that in case either party shall think fit at any time after the 20th of October, 1828, on giving due notice of twelve months to the other contracting party, to annul and abrogate this convention, in such case it should be annulled at end of twelve months.

In all these attempts to adjust controversy the parallel of 49° of north latitude had been offered by Great Britain and further concession of navigation of the Columbia River south of that latitude. In 1844, Great Britain offered the 49° parallel from the Rocky Mountains with its intersection with the Columbia, thence follow its channel to the sea. The country north of that river to belong to Great Britain and that to the south to the United States, with a detached territory north of the Columbia extending along the Pacific and Straits of Fuca, from Bulfinch Harbor to Hood's Canal, with ports south of Vancouver Island. This was nearly the same offer made by the British and rejected by the American Government in 1826. It was promptly rejected the same day it was made. Then the British plenipotentiary requested a proposal by the United States. This was the condition existing at time of President Polk's inauguration. In consideration of what his predecessors had done, he made another proposition, which was rejected by the British plenipotentiary, who expressed his hope that the United States would offer some proposal "more consistent with fairness

and equity." This rejected proposal repeated the offer of the 49° parallel, without the navigation of the Columbia River; also made free to Great Britain any port or ports on Vancouver's Island south of that parallel. Mr. Polk claimed that he was liberal in deference to what his predecessors had done.

In August and September, 1844, conferences were held at the State Department, at Washington, between John C. Calhoun and Richard Pakenham, with no result attained; then, in July, 1845, a seventh conference was held between James Buchanan, Secretary of State, and R. Pakenham, the British Minister. The argument covered the entire story of American discovery, terms of the surrender of Astoria, treaties with Spain, made by Calhoun and Buchanan, and the rejoinder of Minister Pakenham, that are interesting, but too voluminous to use in full. It was shrewd diplomatic fence, that had been continued and prolonged, and will go into history as matter of interest. A very lengthy letter from Buchanan to Pakenham, of August 30, 1845, closed negotiations until June 10, 1846, when President Polk asked authority to give England the required twelve months' notice required by existing treaty.

June 10, 1846, a message from President Polk submitted to the Senate a proposal made by the British envoy for settlement of the Oregon question. Notice of conclusion of joint occupancy had been given and settlement of the controversy was demanded. The next day the Senate, by vote of two-thirds, advised the acceptance of the proposal for a conference to settle boundaries west of the Rocky Mountains, between the United States and Great Britain. June 16th, a message from the President to the Senate stated that

the convention was concluded and had been signed on the 15th; it was laid before the Senate for ratification.

It was provided that the 49° line was to continue westward to the middle of the channel between Vancouver's Island and the main continent, thence through the middle of said channel and the straits south of the 49° parallel of north latitude to the sea; navigation of said channel and straits to be open to both parties.

The first news of this negotiation and conclusion of the Oregon question was received by Governor Douglas, of the Hudson's Bay Company, in November following, who wrote to Governor Abernethy November 3, 1846, that it had been received by the bark Toulon, from the Sandwich Islands, where it was announced by Sir George Seymour, British commander-in-chief in the Pacific. Governor Douglas thought John Bull had surrendered more than strict justice required, but "was bound to be more than just to his promising son, Jonathan."

John C. Calhoun opposed the Oregon bill, but not the object desired. He is said to have foreseen and predicted the final settlement of the question. At that time the emigration of 1843 was forming; he assured his countrymen that time and tendency of population were certain to bring the desired solution. Various surmises were entertained in the far West and Southwest as to the meaning of the diplomacy of that time; why the Oregon question was not adjusted by the Ashburton treaty; so that State legislatures sent resolutions to Congress. There was fear that settlement of the Maine boundary might involve the Oregon matter, as Webster was known to be anxious for the settlement of the Maine question and had put a low estimate on the

value of Oregon. In various ways it has been suggested, that President Tyler and his Secretary of State did contemplate surrender in the northwest in consideration of something to be gained thereby. Not of the entire Northwest Coast, but to make the Columbia River the line. California figured in suggestions of that time, for England had influence that could be exercised with Mexico. English capital had loaned Mexico \$50,000,000 and taken California as security, so a triple alliance was suggested as possible; England to have Northern California transferred, to include the Bay of San Francisco, and convey that territory to the United States for all of Oregon north of the Columbia River. These schemes failed—if they ever existed—and Webster left the cabinet. With him removed from the field of negotiation, there was little danger of Oregon being in any way misrepresented. The arrival of Dr. Whitman in Washington and the influence he had on President Tyler did much to prevent negotiation that could injure Oregon.

It might be received as some proof that Whitman went to Washington with a political motive that soon after his return he wrote Secretary of War Porter, in 1844, as he had promised, and sent him a draft for a bill for Oregon that he had prepared, which letter and proposed bill are well authenticated.

JEFFERSON'S PLANS

As early as 1786, previous to the discovery of the Columbia, while Jefferson was Minister to France, he met John Ledyard, of Connecticut, who had voyaged with Captain Cook not long before as corporal of marines, who was in Paris looking for some way to get into the fur trade, for

Cook's men had made money selling furs in China that they had purchased of the natives on the Northwest Coast. He was ready for any enterprise, as he was very daring, so Jefferson suggested his exploring the Northwest Coast of America. He was to go by land to Kamchatka, cross by Russian vessel to Nootka Sound, then fall down into the latitude of the Missouri and penetrate to and through that to the United States. Ledyard accepted the scheme, and an attempt was made to secure from the Empress of Russia leave to cross her dominions. As this was refused—she was absent at the time—he became impatient and set out to make the journey. He was arrested when within two hundred miles of Kamchatka and taken back to Poland, and there released. Jefferson wrote: "Thus failed the first attempt to explore the northern part of our continent."


Again he attempted and writes: "In 1792 I proposed to the American Philosophical Society that we set on foot a subscription to engage some competent person to explore that region by ascending the Missouri, crossing the Stony Mountains and descending the nearest river to the Pacific." This was attempted, but it took years to raise the funds necessary. When at last, under the lead of Captain Meriwether Lewis, explorers were on the way, it failed by the French minister recalling the botanist of the company, who was a citizen of France. So this second attempt also failed.

Early in 1801, Rufus King, Minister to England, wrote home that it was believed both at London and Paris that Spain had ceded Louisiana and the Floridas to France. On this Madison, Secretary of State, wrote Pinkney, American Minister to Spain, that President Jefferson was urgent that

he make inquiry. Similar instruction was sent to Robert Livingston, Minister to France. A year passed, and it was learned that Louisiana had been so transferred, and maybe the Floridas were included. Jefferson was anxious to secure New Orleans, and the Mississippi as the western boundary, with free navigation of same. It was not believed possible to obtain more than this. In fact, much sentiment was averse to extending national limits further than the Mississippi.

We tell elsewhere of the Louisiana Purchase, but one feature is worth relating here. In October, 1802, Joseph Bonaparte questioned Livingston if the United States preferred Florida to Louisiana. The question was significant, though fearful of so extending the nation's limits, he wrote to President Jefferson.

This induced President Jefferson to appoint Monroe Minister Extraordinary to proceed to Paris and aid the negotiations. The purchase of Louisiana in 1803 followed. So early as January, 1803, Jefferson asked an appropriation of Congress to aid toward extending trade in regions beyond the Mississippi; so \$2,500 was appropriated, and thus skilfully did Jefferson plan for the expedition to explore that territory before its purchase was consummated. This was the foundation on which the Lewis and Clark expedition was based. Thus was at last consummated the object Jefferson had planned in 1786, and had again attempted in 1792. The Louisiana Purchase and the Lewis and Clark expedition stand as the crowning features of his career; at least, those that brought the most enduring results, and in time added so immensely to the greatness and stability of our nation.




SENATOR LINN OF MISSOURI

The history of Oregon will not be complete that will not do justice to the life, character and labors for Oregon of Dr. Lewis Fields Linn, senator from Missouri, who was the earliest and strongest champion for government protection of the Oregon territory. So early as February, 1838, he introduced a bill for the occupation of the Columbia, or Oregon, River, establishing a territory north of 42° of latitude, and west of the Rocky Mountains, to be known as Oregon Territory. This led to discussion, and he made one of his ablest efforts in a report to the Senate, which was a complete historical and legal presentation of the subject, including every important feature connected with that region from the first American claim, giving the rise and progress of the question and the era, minutely traced, the claims of Spain, Russia and England fairly presented. On December 11, 1838, he introduced another bill for the occupation of that territory, which was referred to a committee of which he was chairman, with Senators Calhoun, Clay, Walker and Pearce as members. January 28, 1839, he presented a memorial from citizens of Oregon with thirty-six signers, praying for protection and federal jurisdiction. In advocating the passage of the bill, Senator Linn alluded to the wealth of the fur trade, the fisheries, trade with Hawaii and California, as also, in course of time, with China, Japan and the Orient, manifesting wonderful prescience that the present time is fully realizing and only a far-sighted statesman could foresee. He spoke of the mildness of climate, richness of soil, grandeur of mountain scenery, as well as the need to insure possession and preserve the title.

At different times Senator Linn brought forward bills for such objects, until August 31, 1842, when he asked leave to address the Senate on the occupation of Oregon territory. His argument asserted the title as in the United States, and favored legislation to encourage emigration and cover all needs of the situation. As negotiations were then pending with Great Britain, his friends thought it impolitic to press the issue at that time, so it was held back until February 6, 1843, when it passed the Senate by the vote, 24 to 22. Returning home from that session he took cold in March, 1843, and never recovered, dying October 6, 1843. His death left Oregon without the force to insure needed legislation, as no one was left to urge the question with the power and earnest sympathy he was so capable of.

Senator McDuffie, of South Carolina, bitterly derided the region of Oregon and opposed the Oregon bill, but was answered by Senator Linn with great force. He showed that at the call of duty and actuated by Christian philanthropy, a sacred call had led teachers to trace the pathless wilderness and brave every privation to carry the light of the Gospel and blessings of civilization to the valleys of Oregon, outstripping the tardy policy of the government. The Gospel bearers had found a paradise where opposing statesmen imagined only sterile sands or surface blackened with volcanic fires. He answered Senator McDuffie's misrepresentations by quoting well-authenticated descriptions he had received from residents there as to the value of Oregon territory, including reports of missionaries, the narrative of Captain Wilkes and Mr. Peale, the naturalist, as to the picturesque beauty and exuberant fertility,



as well as salubrity of climate; also the narrative of the Lewis and Clark expedition, concluding his wonderful and exhaustive effort and view of the future with the following: "What imagination has yet outstripped the gigantic pace at which improvement marches along with us? Sir, I can well conceive the tumult of delight which swelled the bosom of Clark when from the bluff he had gained he first heard the roar of the great ocean and saw the surges of the Pacific battling the territory he had explored. In the vision of that moment he saw, through the dim vista of the future, rising States of his countrymen spreading along the shore, and the white sails of their commerce wafting along the bosom of that peaceful sea—the barbaric wealth of the East in return for the more solid wealth of our own industry. One cannot read the striking description of what he saw and felt without sharing his enthusiasm. Some now here have shaken hands with Boone, with Clark, and with Cass, who have often conversed with a relative, a contemporary, of the first born of the Pilgrim Fathers. What a picture does this present for the contemplation of the statesman and philosopher! The chain is complete from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans, from the first born of Massachusetts to Clark, on the borders of the Western ocean."

While Oregon lost a friend when Senator Linn died, his influence survived to sustain the claims of the people there to the care and consideration of congresses that should come after.

CHAPTER LX

THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT

As early as 1838 the Methodist Mission had provided a magistrate and constable for protection of rights of Americans in the country, as offset to the fact that the Canadian Government had appointed magistrates to adjudicate matters for British subjects.

When the immigration of 1839 and 1840 arrived, their coming swelled the resident population so that the total of American settlers in the fall of 1840, according to Thornton, was thirty-six males, who were Americans, twenty-five of whom had native wives. There were also thirteen Methodist ministers, six Congregational or Presbyterian ministers, three Catholic priests, thirteen lay members of Protestant missions, thirty-three women, thirty-two of their children and sixty Canadian French. The aggregate being one hundred and thirty-seven Americans and sixty-three French and Canadians, or making a total of exactly two hundred whites who were not connected with the Hudson's Bay Company. There was no change to note of any importance at the opening of the year 1842, for the Americans maintained the same number (187).

In 1837, Rev. Jason Lee determined to go East to further his plans for the mission and for the settlement of the country, and a convention was called to form and prepare a memorial to Congress asking the Government to assume control of the territory of Oregon. This memorial cited all

the facts of settlement, alluded to the future importance of the region, the climate and resources, as also commercial advantages for trade with all the regions of the Pacific and the Orient. The influence of the Hudson's Bay Company was cited and the need to become independent of that influence; the need of government protection and control was urged in view of the diverse population and assertion of British authority. Armed with this, Jason Lee started for the East in 1838. On reaching the frontier, he lectured on the advantages of Oregon, and Elijah White says influenced many who afterwards came; but they were not the class he tried to stimulate, but restless people from the frontier.

The account of Lee's life elsewhere gives the facts as to this petition and the information he furnished Caleb Cushing on his request. But no action was then taken, Congress could not believe Oregon was of any importance, and the country had not then sufficient growth to occupy the nearby lands of the Mississippi valley. The reinforcement that came in 1840, in the *Lausanne*, in response to Mr. Lee's efforts, is included to make the total population we have summed up as present at the close of the year 1840.

Mr. W. H. Gray, in his history, speaking of the petition sent East bearing date of June 4, 1840, numbered 514 in United States Senate documents of the Twenty-sixth session, alludes to the fact that for two years judges and magistrates officiating were chosen by the Methodist Mission, in opposition to the wish of the settlers, from whose decision there was no appeal; that there was no statute or law book in the country, and nothing to guide the decisions of the judge or magistrate but his own opinions, caprice or prefer-

ence. So a petition was gotten up and sent to Congress, which set forth that the signers had settled in Oregon territory in belief that it was the domain of the States, and that they could rely on law and protection; that no such protection was afforded and they were surrounded by savages "and others that would do them harm;" that their only means of safety were self-constituted tribunals sustained by ill-instructed public opinion, and the resort to force and arms; that crimes of murder, theft, infanticide, etc., were increasing to an alarming extent, and could not be arrested without law and tribunals to administer it. "Your petitioners, therefore, pray the Congress of the United States of America to establish, as soon as may be, a territorial government in the Oregon Territory."

They then went on to state various facts—as to English squadrons making surveys; that the English Government was said to have made grants to the Hudson's Bay Company of all lands between the Columbia and Puget Sound, and the same were opened as farms. The value of that region and of the Sound country was forcibly stated as rich in timber, water power and minerals. The country south of the Columbia, and for one hundred and twenty miles from the coast, was set forth as "of unequalled fertility"; all its vast natural wealth is ably summed up; "the deserts of the interior have their wealth of pasturage"; so they "ask for the civil institutions of the American Republic."

This petition was signed by David Leslie and others; Bancroft says by sixty-seven citizens of the United States and persons desirous of becoming so.

As to the statements in this petition, it looks very much

as if they were overdrawn and made for effect. Indians were guilty of small thefts, and the Indian women were known to practise infanticide, but murders were almost unknown. Bancroft says none had occurred in four years. It really seems that these "self-constituted tribunals," together with the peaceable character of the people, had served an excellent purpose; the peace of the scattered colony, as well as harmony, honesty and general welfare, had been wonderfully preserved.

As Thomas J. Farnham, who came with the Peoria expedition in 1840, was returning to the States, this petition was committed to his care and received due attention. Commodore Wilkes says Farnham wrote the memorial, as well as carried it East, suggestions being made by Dr. Bailey, of Oregon City. As Wilkes conversed with Bailey on affairs, he was probably well informed. Wilkes was somewhat interested, because this same petition—and other representations made—had caused orders to come from Washington, while on his exploring of the Northwest Coast, that he should examine into and report as to conditions on the Columbia and in Oregon, and the relations of the Hudson's Bay Company to the settlers. His visit, however, was made a year later, and he saw Dr. Bailey while making his investigation. In his book of travels, Farnham says he advised them to sign and send such a petition, so he probably aided in forming it.

The earliest record by Oregon archives is of a meeting of the inhabitants of the Willamette valley held February 17, 1841, but in this allusion is made to a previous meeting that seems to have been held at Champoege, February 7th. Champoege was at that time the chief town in the Wil-

lamette valley, located where the river first touched the open land of French Prairie. This earlier meeting was called "for the purpose of consulting upon the steps necessary to be taken for the formation of laws and the election of officers to execute them." This, Judge Thornton says, was an informal meeting, designed for a preliminary consultation by persons connected with the mission. Rev. Jason Lee was chairman, and in a short address advised the selection of a committee to draft a constitution and code of laws for settlements south of the Columbia. Little more was done than to recommend to all Americans to consider if it would not be well to elect a governor and other State officers.

The fact that a mere handful of American citizens, who settled in Oregon at a very early day, organized and sustained for a term of years a provisional government, driven to take such action by the neglect and apparent indifference of their home government, forms one of the most striking incidents—actually without a parallel in our nation's history—in connection with the settlement and development of the Pacific region.

The Hudson's Bay Company lived under the laws of Great Britain, and its officers had arbitrary rule and control over the immense territory occupied by that company. They needed no other government, and were certain to oppose any action looking to its organization, for the very good reason that any organization among the Americans would strengthen their hold upon the country and render more certain their ultimate control. However Dr. McLoughlin might favor emigrants by furnishing them much needed supplies, and by acts dictated by his boundless benevolence and humanity, he was necessarily true to the interests of the

Hudson's Bay Company that were analogous to his own. So he always, in early stages of this great question, was to be found arrayed in opposition to it. But gradually, as the number of Americans increased, the sentiment in favor of some sort of organization and government increased.

The question of possible war, as the result of the failure of the two nations to agree on a boundary, was discussed on both sides. The Americans felt that in such a contingency they would be greatly at a disadvantage. Ermatinger, one of the officers of the fur company, claimed the superiority of the British, because there was a large number of mixed-breeds in Oregon already armed and trained as hunters; that with these eight hundred dependents the Hudson's Bay Company could hold the natural passes on rivers and mountains and be able to thwart all efforts of the United States to take the country. Of course, the uttering of such sentiments impressed the Americans with their own weakness, and there were some wise enough to see that organization was necessary; that if organized and governed, emigration would be stronger, for up to 1840 there had been no regular emigration. A small force of Americans had drifted thither without aim or design; some had been left by shipwreck; others had come here from the mountains; others again had found their way overland from California, or over the sea from the Sandwich Islands.

There were difficult questions to meet in organizing any form of government. First, as to what geographical area should be included; second, who should be the governing class. Mr. Jason Lee wished to only govern the territory south of the Columbia, while our government claimed all the

Sound country. The population of Oregon included the officers and employes of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the latter were often ignorant and degraded. Of Americans, there were missionaries—the aristocracy of that day—and the commonalty, who had drifted hither by land and sea. The British interests, counting half-breeds, was in the majority, and Dr. McLoughlin and his subjects would be sure to oppose any government. The position of Dr. McLoughlin was difficult, for he must be true so his company and to his nation. The Americans were to a man hostile to the Hudson's Bay Company. Even if they were personally friends with those of the company's men they knew, they were as Americans opposed to their power and influence. There was here, then, a strongly defined British and American sentiment to be conciliated and harmonized before any form of government could be adopted. While the British party opposed any attempt at government, the Americans were not united on that question, but differed as to what government was needed here, and some doubted if any government was advisable in view of the probability that Congress would soon act on the question of a territorial government for Oregon.

A few days after this meeting at Champoege, February 7, 1841, word went round the settlements that Ewing Young had died on February 15th. There was a general gathering of the people to attend his funeral on the 17th. He had filled an important place, and whatever his faults, had been a useful man in the little colony who had made homes on the Willamette, as the sketch of his life shows. The funeral ceremonies being over, the men present—comprising many settlers of this valley, if not most of them—assembled on

the premises to discuss the question of organizing a civil government, a new demand for which was created by the necessity to settle in a legal manner the estate of Young. Rev. Jason Lee was chairman and Rev. Gustavus Hines secretary. George W. LeBreton was added to the committee of arrangements appointed at Champoege. It was recommended that a committee of seven be chosen to draft a constitution and by-laws to govern the community south of the Columbia. It was resolved that those residing north of the Columbia could, on application, be admitted to the protection of the said law in case they had no connection with the Hudson's Bay Company. The meeting advised the committee to create the following officers: a governor, supreme judge with probate powers, three justices of the peace, three constables, three road commissioners, an attorney-general, a clerk of courts, a recorder, treasurer, and two overseers of the poor. The meeting adjourned to meet the next day at the Methodist Mission, and though notice was short, nearly every citizen was there. A committee to draft constitution and laws was chosen as follows: Rev. F. N. Blanchet, Rev. Jason Lee, Rev. G. Hines, Rev. J. L. Parrish, David Donpriere, M. Charlevon, Robert Moore, Etienne Lucier and William Johnson. Bishop Blanchet having asked to be excused, Dr. Bailey was named afterwards in his place. This was done on June 1st, at a meeting where Rev. David Leslie presided.

The committee on constitution and laws not having taken action were instructed to meet for work August 1st, and to have their work ready to report the first Tuesday in October, to which day the meeting adjourned. The committee was also instructed to confer with Commodore Wilkes, of

the United States exploring expedition, and with Dr. McLoughlin, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, to learn their views relative to the proposed provisional government.

It would seem as if the movement for a provisional government was making fair progress and must take some shape after so much had been accomplished, but on the contrary it fell through entirely, as the meeting appointed for early in October does not appear to have ever been held. No record had been found of its proceedings; a reasonable supposition is that it fell through and the movement terminated as we state. The committee did confer with Commodore Wilkes and Dr. McLoughlin, but those eminent gentlemen pronounced the effort to be useless at that juncture; both advised the settlers to wait patiently for Congress to take action and furnish its territory on the Pacific with a government.

Those who have written Oregon history have so multiplied words as to have become involved in style and lacking in perspicuity. I have had harder work than splitting rails to get out of the mass of words used the clear facts of actual history. The meetings held subsequent to Ewing Young's death resulted in creating a supreme judge with probate powers, to which position Dr. J. L. Babcock was elevated by the direct action of those assembled. As the legislative committee of nine were finally instructed, there was no government, and Dr. Babcock became the head and front of the infant State. He entered upon the duty of administering the estate of Ewing Young immediately, and did it to the entire satisfaction of all the community. He acted by order of the meeting under the laws of New York State.


George W. Le Breton, who came to Oregon with Captain Couch, was elected recorder, and William Johnson, sheriff; justices of the peace were Gervais, Cannon, Moore and Judson; Constables, Gervais, Ladaroot, McCarty, and Bellique. How Gervais managed being both justice and constable is not explained.

This meeting seems to have succeeded remarkably well, and if any default occurred later it was due to the opposition of Dr. McLoughlin and Commodore Wilkes, as we have stated. It adjourned to meet at the American mission house on the first Tuesday in October, 1841, but there is no record that any such meeting ever was held. The committee on constitution and laws was to meet in August, but the opposition of Commodore Wilkes and Dr. McLoughlin proved fatal, and no further effort was made. The general good will and spirit of conciliation that prevailed, the forbearance shown by the whites toward the Indians and for each other, with the further fact that there were Canadian magistrates to control the British element and their followers, and the great humanity and kindness that Governor McLoughlin showed, rendered it unnecessary to have other form of government for the few whites who were then in the country. The missionaries were messengers of peace, if they were somewhat dictatorial.

The unfavorable action of Commodore Wilkes induced the legislative committee to drop the matter, but the people were not satisfied. It was currently asserted that the commodore had partaken so liberally of the generous hospitality of Dr. McLoughlin that his judgment was warped; that he too easily accepted the arguments of the chief factor, because they were flavored by his excellent wines. So the

movement for a popular government was a failure. Commodore Wilkes and Dr. McLoughlin argued with the committee of nine that it was not expedient to organize a government so long as the moral sense of the community held it together and was sufficient for all legitimate ends, and while the people were so few in number and so simple in their habits. But there was a far more cogent reason present on every mind that outweighed all argument. The people were few and widely scattered, and while they possessed means to live in the primitive manner of pioneer days, they were too poor to be able to pay for such a government as they desired. The only law book among them was a solitary copy of the Iowa statutes; there was no printing press to print laws if passed. It did not seem possible to sustain even the most simple form of government, and they hesitated before undertaking it. That a community of a few hundred whites and half-breeds, occupying a territory 500 miles square, equal in area to New England and the Middle States, should talk of sustaining a local government at their own expense, seems incredible.

Two years passed without further effort but with considerable increase of population. In 1842 there came over the plains the first organized emigration, and the need of some system of law was more apparent than ever. Little was said on the subject, but there were a few who waited their opportunity to make another movement to establish some sort of self-rule that would give Americans the protection that British citizens already possessed. With the increase of flocks and herds came heavy losses by depredation of wild animals. About the only wealth possible and within the reach of Oregon pioneers in that early period was the



stock running on the abundant pastures, and as these increased, so did the wild animals increase that lived at their expense. One of those who cherished the hope of forming a home government was W. H. Gray, who came as a lay missionary and was now, after eight years in the country, a settler in the Willamette. He and some others often consulted together as to the best means of accomplishing the desired end. When the depredations of wild animals became a matter of common concern, they conceived the plan to call the people together, ostensibly to provide a defence for stock against wild animals and beasts of prey, and then to improve the opportunity and introduce the movement for a provisional government.

On the second day of February, 1843, in accordance with previous notice, a meeting was held at the Oregon Institute, at which Dr. Babcock presided, to take measures for protection of stock from wild animals. A committee of six was appointed to call a general meeting and report business. It was decided that this meeting should be held the first Monday in March, at the house of Joseph Gervais, on French Prairie. While the Canadian French as a class were subservient to and dependent on the Hudson's Bay Company, there were among them a few intelligent and influential men, such as Joseph Gervais and Etienne Lucier, both of whom came to the country with Wilson P. Hunt, and a pure Frenchman from the Rocky Mountains, who came with them. Besides these three there was F. X. Matthieu of Butteville, a much respected citizen who was also French Canadian, but who came to Oregon of his own volition. Of course, these men affiliated with their countrymen, but were not dependent on the Hudson's Bay Company,

so were independent in their action, and that action was in harmony with the American sentiment.

The first movement toward the "wolf meeting" was held at the residence of W. H. Gray, and great credit is due to him for his indefatigable efforts to insure the success of the provisional government. For some time previous he rode through the valley to inform himself as to the wishes of the people. He labored to convince the doubting and reassure all those who desired action. He did more than any, or perhaps all others, to organize and perfect the movement and insure its success. I am inclined to believe that its ultimate success was due to his personal endeavor and good tact and management. So it was that this "Wolf Meeting" of March, 1843, became historical as the initiation of Oregon self-government, though success was not attained without continued struggle and effort. Between the first and second meetings referred to notice was given to all settlers by call in person, and Le Breton and others quietly interested themselves to learn what views were held concerning the organization of a government by those who were certain to be in attendance.

An interest in this question had been kept up by debates at the Oregon City lyceum, where Dr. McLoughlin advocated having a government independent of both the United States and Great Britain. The debates were participated, pro and con. Every possible means were used to give the subject prominence. Among those who electrified these lyceum debates was Dr. Elijah White, deputy sub-Indian agent for the United States, who settled the question of expense by pleading that they could elect him governor, and as he already had a munificent salary, \$750,


from the general government, he could do what no other equally valuable citizen could do—work without a salary. The population was sparse then; “The Falls” was the common centre, so common that anything of importance that was said there was repeated and went broadcast. So Dr. White, by eloquently and warmly arguing his case before The Falls lyceum, actually advertised his candidacy to all Oregon.

All the community was interested in the ostensible object of the wolf meeting; the most powerful opponents of organized government were the Hudson’s Bay Company and the Methodist Mission, who were most interested of all, as they were the greatest holders of stock. Of course, there was no opposition to the measures proposed for exterminating the wolves, so the primary object of the meeting was accomplished with the greatest harmony. James O’Neil, who was made aware of the ultimate design of the meeting, was called on to preside. The wolf business being disposed of and people ready to disperse, Mr. Gray arose and introduced the main question. His remarks had great pertinence and corresponding effect. They had secured united action to protect their flocks and herds, and now the question occurred to him, if we have any sufficient protection for our families? He alluded to the danger of Indian outbreak, or a massacre and destruction, and closed with an appeal to have protection for persons and lives as well as for cattle and herds. He offered resolutions to appoint a committee of twelve to take measures for civil and military protection.

It must be conceded to our pioneers that they were famous on appointing committees. All provisional govern-

ments hitherto had begun and ended by appointing committees. The twelve appointed now were Dr. Babcock, Dr. White, O'Neil, Shortess, Newell, Lucier, Gay, Gervais, Hubbard, McKay, Smith and Gray. This committee met later in March at The Falls; the principal men there attended and took part in their deliberations, including Rev. A. F. Waller, Messrs. George Abernethy and Robert Moore. Mr. Lee and Mr. Abernethy denounced the movement proposed as unnecessary and unwise. So much opposition and diversity appeared that it was resolved to call a public meeting on May 2d, at Champoege, to perfect the organization. During this time a paper was circulated for signature of "Canadian citizens of Oregon," addressed to the Champoege meeting and approving the action to be proposed at that meeting. Meetings in opposition were held at Vancouver, The Falls, and at the Catholic Church on French Prairie. No effort was spared to organize the opposition.

On the appointed day, May 2, 1843, the entire community of Oregon males was present at Champoege. The British element was well organized and instructed to vote "No" to any and every motion coming from the other side. Le Breton, who had an insight into the intentions of the opposition, "put up a job" on them by having certain motions put where the British interest should vote "Aye," but did not. This showed that they had been drilled to order. After some skirmishing, Le Breton made up his mind that, despite the disaffection of Methodists and others, the game was safe. So he called out: "Let us divide and count!" W. H. Gray shouted, "I second it," and Jo Meek, who with all his shortcomings was patriotic to the core, struck out for open ground, shouting, "All who favor the committee's re-



port and organization follow me!" The actual count showed 52 for and 50 against, and the hard fought battle was won. Those opposed soon withdrew.

A legislative committee, consisting of Messrs. Hill, Shortess, Newell, Beers, Hubbard, Gray, Moore, O'Neil and Doty, were instructed to report at Champoege, July 5, 1843. Their per diem was to be \$1.25, but each man subscribed the amount of his pay, the session being limited to six days. Messrs. Beers, Parrish and Babcock engaged to see that board was provided them and the old granary of the Methodist Mission was offered as a legislative chamber. So the legislative department of the provisional government was put into motion without a dollar's expense.

At the meeting, May 2, 1843, W. E. Wilson was elected supreme judge, with probate powers; G. W. Le Breton, recorder and clerk of court; J. L. Meek, sheriff; W. H. Willson, treasurer; Burns, Judson, Campo and A. T. Smith, magistrates; Ebbert, Bridges, Matthieu and Lewis, constables; William McCarty, C. McRay and S. Smith, captains.

It was decided that the old officials remain in office till the laws are made and accepted; then the meeting adjourned to meet at Champoege July 5, 1843.

At that date the legislative committee had perfected its work. The country was divided into four districts: Tuality—all west of the Willamette and north of the Yamhill; Yamhill district—west of the Willamette and south to California; Clackamas district was to include all the territory not in the other three, and Champoege, all the country east of the Willamette, south from Clackamas to the California line and east to the Rocky Mountains. This definition

would be considered wide and indefinite at the present time.

The committee on ways and means recommended a subscription for the purpose of meeting the current expenses of the government, as the general sentiment was opposed to taxation. The judiciary committee recommended several judicial districts as population might require; that freedom of worship be guaranteed; that benefits of *habeas corpus* should be preserved; religion, morality and knowledge to be encouraged; no slavery or involuntary servitude, except as penalty for crimes; all elections to be held on the second Tuesday of May; electoral franchise to be restricted to whites of legal age; executive power to be vested in a committee of three persons elected annually; legislative power vested in committee of nine persons; judicial power vested in a supreme court; also providing for other officers. As there chanced to be an Iowa Code in the country, portions of same were to be the law of the land until laws were specially provided.

A law was reported organizing the territorial militia; also a land law allowing 640 acres to be located in square or parallelogram, and improved within six months, town sites and extensive water privileges being excepted from such location, which last clause was supposed to be aimed at the claim of Dr. McLoughlin to Oregon City town site and the Willamette Falls power.

One cannot but be surprised at the moderation and judgment shown by the friends of provisional government in every movement made. They preferred to wait until public opinion was ripe rather than allow any disaffection toward the proposed organization to divide those who were truly

Americans. The hostility of the Hudson's Bay Company and its employes was something they could meet; but when the Methodist Mission failed to harmonize with them, that was a serious matter. It is not easy to see how the missionaries stood aloof as they did, when American unity was so much to be desired. But they certainly did. There was cordiality between them and Dr. McLoughlin, and it is not very strange if they felt like yielding all that was consistent with honor and patriotism to please him, for he had favored and accommodated them in many ways. The meeting at Champoege created twelve as a committee, who were to frame a constitution and propose a code of laws for popular acceptance. The battle was not won, but the Americans occupied the field and had many points of vantage. It remained for the popular voice to accept or reject, and the action of the committee must be wise and beneficent to secure acceptance as desired.

On the 10th of May the twelve met at The Falls, in the building tendered by the mission for the purpose. While Dr. Babcock, Mr. Hines and others hesitated, and even opposed, it is to their credit that they facilitated, by all means in their power, the general effort, and gave of their means liberally to prevent any burden of taxation upon the people. The warehouse of the mission, thus erected into a legislative chamber, was a very plain structure, not at all in harmony with recent Oregon efforts to shelter legislators. It was a rude frame building, sixteen feet by thirty, and two low stories in height. The lower part was divided, and one-half used as a hall; here it was, in quarters fifteen by sixteen feet, that our first legislators met and studied the art of government for Oregon.

Mr. George H. Himes, Secretary of the Oregon Historical Society, gives the following as a nearly complete list of names of those present at Champoege, May 2, 1843:

English-speaking settlers, mostly Americans: Robert Shortess, George Gay, John Howard, William H. Gray, J. L. Babcock, Rev. Gustavus Hines, Rev. Harvey Clark, Rev. J. S. Griffin, L. H. Judson, W. H. Willson, George W. Ebberts, Robert Moore, T. J. Hubbard, — Doty, John Ford, William McCarty, Charles Campo, Amos Cook, Caleb Wilkins, David Hill, Medorem Crawford, George Abernethy, F. W. Pettygrove, J. L. Morrison, Robert Newell, Sidney Smith, Joseph L. Meek, G. W. Le Breton, Joseph Holman, Rev. David Leslie, Rev. J. L. Parrish, A. T. Smith, Alanson Beers, A. E. Wilson, Hugh Burns, James A. O'Neil, — Larison, Reuben Lewis, J. C. Bridges, C. McRay, Rev. W. W. Kone, Francis Fletcher, William Johnson, Joseph Gale, L. W. Hastings, Peter H. Hatch, — Barnaby, Rev. A. F. Waller.

French-Canadians: Xavier Laderoute, Antoine Bonenfant, Andre La Chapelle, Pierre Papin, Jean Du Charme, Louis B. Vandalle, Fabien Maloin, Luc Pagnon, Etienne Gregoire, Amable Arcouette, Pierre De Lord, Louis B. Vandalle, John Sanders, Pierre Pariseau, Charles Rondeau, David Douppierre, Andre Du Bois, Pierre Depot, Moyse Lor, Pierre Le Course, Pierre Belaquer, Augustin Remon, Joseph Matte, Francis Bernier, Joseph Bernabe, Baptiste Deguire, Adolph Chamberlain, Jean Lingras, Jean Servas, Alexis Aubichon, Michelle Laferte, Jean B. Dalcourse, Louis Osant, Jean B. Aubichon, Antoine Felise, Michael Laframboise, Joseph Gervais, Jean B. Paupin, Olivier Briscois, Thomas Roa, Louis Boivers, Andre Langtain, Etienne Lucier, Alexis Lapratte, Gedereau Sencalle, Thomas Moison, Pierre Gauthier, F. X. Matthieu.

The French names and several of the English names were given by Mr. F. X. Matthieu.

The William Johnson named above was an Englishman by birth, and in early life served in the English navy. About 1810 he came to the United States on a British frigate, deserted and became a citizen of the United States by naturalization. In 1819 he enlisted in the United States Navy and was one of the crew of the Constitution—old "Ironsides"—when she won imperishable renown in capturing the Guerriere. A number of years later he entered the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, and finally came to the Pacific coast,

and in the late thirties located at what is now Portland, building a log cabin in the southern part of the city. According to Mr. W. L. Higgins, who came to Oregon early in 1843, the location of this cabin would be on the block bounded by Macadam and Hood, Whitaker and Curry Streets. Mr. Higgins had a personal acquaintance with Johnson, and was at his cabin a number of times.

Robert Moore, of Linn City, was chairman, and Le Breton secretary. The first question in government must be to provide an executive, and they were instructed to provide for no governor. But when they got to work, saw and felt all the difficulty of the situation, and realized that the coming State must have an executive, they finally surmounted this difficulty by creating an executive committee of three, which could veto bills and execute laws. Another advantage of this triumvirate was that the Methodist Mission could be placated by having a man of their own on the executive committee and so divide the honors, where a member of the mission might not be elected governor by popular vote. In this manner the assent and co-operation of the mission was secured and all Americans finally harmonized.

The meeting of July 5th saw almost the entire male population of Oregon assembled at Champoege to hear the report of the legislative committee and to transact any business in their collective capacity that might devolve upon them. Many of them came a long distance. It is to be regretted that all their names cannot be given and the circumstances related under which they were assembled. Many of them were living in the Willamette valley, but even these had to journey a long distance, and at no small inconvenience, to be there. Others again lived on the Lower Columbia, and some had homes on Clatsop Plains. It would be a satisfaction to know actually who were there from all

localities, and hand down the fact of their attendance as an incident of pioneer history. Certain it is, that this day had been long expected and looked for, and there gathered on the banks of the beautiful Willamette, at Champoege, nearly all the Americans who up to that time had made their homes in Oregon. As they rode up on horseback and dismounted, they joined in groups to discuss the great question of the hour. The committee of twelve, too, had been together studying the needs of this little far-away community on the Pacific, and were affiliated and harmonized by such association and labor. It remained for the people to learn what they had to recommend, and for them to learn how the people would judge their work—whether their journeying and labors were only time wasted, or if their wisdom would be approved and accepted as laws of Oregon. Since men commenced to enact history, it has seldom been allotted to plain and honest yeomen to fulfil a duty so important and requiring equal wisdom. The day was open and passed away as other summer days do, so far as July could blazon it with sunshine. Mr. Gustavus Hines presided, though he was one who continually had opposed the movement. He presided over a convention of the people of Oregon. Not only were they Americans born, or by adoption and sentiment, but the more independent of that foreign element that lately stood aloof, now came to cast their lot with their American neighbors. The majority of those allied to the British interest, who were both ignorant and incapable, remained absent. It was something gained when the most worthy of those who had been in opposition became co-workers to secure good government. The unreconciled element declared it would not recognize any government

that might be formed, and the Hudson's Bay Company, in a memorial addressed to the leaders of the American movement, declared ability to abundantly protect themselves and protect their political rights. In view of the power this corporation exercised, and the almost dependent condition of many of the settlers who had been favored by it, we must accord great firmness and courage on the part of those who dared to assert themselves, as the majority did.

Peculiar credit is due to W. H. Gray, who took such an active part in all the movements toward organization. Though he was by nature impulsive and hasty, he maintained the wisest caution. The report of the committee, with all its important provisions, having been submitted by Robert Moore, chairman of the legislative committee, the people passed favorably on its acceptance, though it was bitterly opposed by Gustavus Hines, who especially denounced the tripartite executive. Jason Lee, however, who was not earnest in supporting the report, did not see so much to oppose as Mr. Hines did. Dr. Babcock was decidedly hostile for various reasons, one of them being that it seemed to him to be a permanent organization instead of one to terminate when Congress should set up a territorial government. Here Mr. Gray took the floor and admirably reviewed the whole matter in argument. By favoring the views of some and harmonizing with skill the objections of others, he caused union of action to be the outcome of all this diversity. As we have said before, Mr. Gray made this his great opportunity, and the success that marked the provisional government was more due to his active efforts than to any other cause. He showed the imperative need of some governing mind to execute laws, and that this executive

committee, while it filled that position, was also a council to weigh the acts of legislation and serve as a check upon them. Without some sort of an executive all would be incomplete. He eloquently referred to the distance this Oregon community was from any other; that while a portion of its members were protected by the laws of Great Britain, Americans had no protection. There were but two or three negative votes and the measures proposed were all adopted.

On a ballot for election of the executive committee, Alanson Beers, Joseph Gale and David Hill were chosen to the important position. The convention then proceeded to elect other officers. On the 5th of July, 1843, the citizens of Oregon wisely organized a provisional government for their mutual safeguard. Argument had freely been urged against it for the reason that it looked to a permanent organization, independent of the United States. It is not known if any number of those who participated in this movement had such desire, and it is believed they did not. The preamble to the organic law adopted that 5th of July set at rest any fears concerning the loyalty of this community to the United States, for it read as follows:

We, the people of Oregon Territory, for the purpose of mutual protection and to secure peace and prosperity among ourselves, agree to adopt the following laws and regulations until such time as the United States of America extend their jurisdiction over us.

One memorable fact in connection with this popular movement, coming as it did from people who had lived in Missouri, was their decided assertion against slavery. Almost without exception they took ground that Oregon

should be a free country and not tolerate slavery. And when the better organized government went into force, two years later, Jesse Applegate, who had reached Oregon from a slave State since the date of the organic act, offered a resolution of the same character. It was evident that the pioneers who planted American sentiment on the Pacific brought here not only love of country but devotion to liberty as opposed to slavery. They came, as did Captain Morrison, to get away from slavery. The official certificate of election reads as follows:

WALLAMET, OREGON TERRITORY, July 5, 1843.

This certifies that David Hill, Alanson Beers and Joseph Gale were chosen the executive committee of the Territory of Oregon by the people of said Territory, and have taken the oath for the faithful performance of the duties of their offices as required by law.


GEORGE W. LE BRETON, Recorder.

As the provisional government used the orthography "Wallamet," and the University at Salem at an early day employed the same spelling, it is a little strange that the present spelling of the word ever became a usage. It is certainly a corruption of the pronunciation, for the natives gave it a very broad sound, like Waugh-lam-ut, far from "Willamette." The meaning of the word, too, is worth remembering, because on its shores the tribes or bands would meet to harmonize their differences; therefore, it was called Wallamet, or "Waters of Peace," which is the literal translation.

Up to this time we have noticed that George W. Le Breton generally officiated as the secretary of all public conven-

tions, and that he was elected recorder at the first election. Le Breton was as capable and useful as he was popular, but that usefulness was cut short, and a promising career ended by a poisoned arrow shot in a fight with vagabond Indians at The Falls, so we shall see his name in Oregon annals no more.

I am trying to pen-picture the times and the people of pioneer days. It will have answered this purpose when we trace the provisional government to its ultimate completion, show it finally equipped and organized as it was in 1845, and remained until the tardy action of Congress raised the national standard over a legislature of its own creation. But this faithful people had long before organized a government as effective as need be. They had created no new emblem of sovereignty to designate it, but had always governed themselves, made laws, and executed them, as well, under the same flag that was the emblem of power and liberty in the far East where they were born. It is touching to the heart of any American to-day to look back upon the patient waiting of these sons of America. They continually memorialized Congress for action, for some recognition, some protection, but could say that through all those long years when they asked this parent for bread it gave them a stone. The few who were there in 1840 had arrived by devious routes; some had come down from the mountains, because they had killed off the beaver and could earn no more money trapping; some strayed northward, overland, from California; and others drifted off the ocean to this far-away land. Then there were the missionaries, who were really the only ones with families, and the only ones that came hither with a purpose, unless



we count the people who came with Astor's expedition. The several expeditions of Bonneville, Lewis and Clark, Wyeth, and Hall J. Kelley, as well as vessels that came here to trade, left occasionally one or more to increase the American force. When, almost imperceptibly, they became a hundred, they grew homesick for some recognition that they were American citizens on American soil, and entitled to protection by the American government. They saw the British ensign flaunt the western breeze at Vancouver; they heard the sound of cannon doing it honor, and knew that the British parliament had formally recognized British subjects in Oregon as entitled to protection. As early as 1840 they petitioned Congress, and continually thereafter they memorialized and petitioned Congress and the Presidents, but they had only broken promises sent them in return.

The executive committee elected in 1844 were P. G. Stewart, O. Russell, and W. J. Bailey; in their message to the legislative committee, June 18, 1844, they showed the peculiar conditions of the country, the joint occupancy by two great nations, the possession of the region by savage tribes; that they were improving the country with the consent, but without the protection of the general government, and were exercising the self-evident right to make laws to protect themselves where no law existed; the legislation of 1843 anticipated the possession of the country immediately by the United States, and laws were framed for temporary good; but that not being realized, it was necessary to have a more perfect organization; that the executive power be vested in one person; that the judicial system be enlarged; that the laws of Iowa be made the basis of action.

Also, that militia and land laws be amended, roads located, ferries established, education encouraged; that the laws of Iowa be considered concerning blacks and mulattoes; also, laws to regulate the intercourse of whites among the Indians; "and, in conclusion, we desire to impress your minds that although the colony is small and its resources feeble, yet the life, rights and liberties of an individual here are of equal value to him as to one in the city of Washington or London. And it is a duty which devolves on you and on us to use as much discretion, vigilance and caution in maturing and adopting measures for promoting the interests of the little colony, as if we expected our names and acts would be enrolled in the pages of history, or inscribed on pillars of stone when our day and generation shall have passed away." It is not possible to phrase a more dignified, statesmanlike and patriotic announcement than this, issued by the executive committee of Oregon on that occasion; more modest and sensible words were never uttered.

There were no lawyers in the first legislative committee, and its work was crude if possessing much of value. The executive committees now elected saw the need of perfecting this initial legislation, and there is no reason to suppose it was done in a captious spirit or from want of respect for their predecessors. The legislative committee had at least one sound lawyer, Peter H. Burnett, and sound minds were able to discuss the questions to arise, with his aid to formulate the work in legal measure.

The legislative members elected in the spring of 1844 were: Tualatin District, Peter H. Burnett, David Hill, M. M. McCarver, M. Gilmore; for Clackamas District, A. L. Lovejoy; from Champoege District, Daniel Waldo,

T. D. Keizur, Robert Newell; there was no election in Yamhill.

The first session of the provisional legislature commenced June 18, 1844. It took very decided action relative to slavery and liquor, prohibiting the ownership of slaves in the territory and the sale or use of ardent spirits, which last was a necessary safeguard against a fearful possibility of evil. While whites are mean enough when they get liquor "aboard," Indians become insatiate fiends when they can procure alcohol. So it was necessary to insure safety for the lives of their families that liquor should not be permitted to exist in any shape that it could come into general use. I have before told of "Dick McCary" and Dr. White, and how the stills that Dick made were broken up, until he hid one away in the mountains and there manufactured "blue ruin" for the poker club. When I did so, I supposed that Richard was comfortably and years ago gathered to his fathers, but I learn that in 1885 he resided east of the Cascades, and his dusky spouse also, each of them weighing a trifle less than 300 pounds. People are very long lived east of the Cascades, and the manufacture of blue ruin did not necessarily shorten life.

One feature of the act to prohibit slavery seems very obnoxious, though we have the satisfaction to know that it never was enforced. The master of any vessel that brought a negro into the country was obliged to take him away again; any negro found here was to be arrested by the sheriff and have forty lashes every once in a while, until he concluded to leave. How such a measure ever became a law is very strange. The people were not in favor of it, and no officer could be found to enforce it, so it was

a nullity, though it disgraces the statute books. The two votes against the bill were Looney and Hill, and their objection may have been to this feature.

The new legislature met in Oregon City. The convention was held at Champoege, but now there is nothing of consequence left where Champoege was. In the terrible floods of the winter of 1861-62, all that had been Champoege (and no doubt including the warehouse where the people met) was swept down the raging waters, with nothing to hinder their reaching the distant sea. Oregon City was also badly wrecked at that time; I cannot say if the building where the first legislature met went with the rest or no. Perhaps it was built on a rock the waters did not reach. It was so unique in style and architecture that we will see it a moment and then "move on." Thornton says it consisted of posts set in the ground, grooved on two sides, so that the poles reaching from post to post were framed to be let into these grooves, and so made the sides and ends, or walls. These poles, or split timber, were somewhat like fence rails. Timbers were framed on top of the posts, and thus the building was walled in. The roof was of cedar bark laid on horizontal poles, as shakes are laid. It was 20x40 feet in area. He does not say if it had a dirt floor or one of puncheons, but a platform of puncheons at one end served as a rostrum for Mr. Speaker; the probability is that the remainder was not floored. Around the room were slabs, bark side down, lying on a framework of poles, that served as seats for the dear people. In the centre three boards twelve inches wide, laid on a similar framework of poles, made the table for the use of legislators, clerks and reporters, supposing there were any of the latter. Such buildings are sometimes

found in Indian villages, but rude and primitive as it was, wanting in style and even comfort, with stools or benches to match, the pioneer legislature of Oregon met there and gravely, with as much dignity as the Continental Congress manifested in older times, when it met at Liberty Hall, they discharged the duty confided to them rather than imposed upon them. And where since the time when other pilgrims landed at Plymouth is there a record of more earnest and competent action by those who framed the statehood of any portion of this Union? Where have plain men shown greater wisdom in founding a commonwealth and in framing its constitution and laws than did this body that early represented the pioneers of Oregon? We who reap the benefits can be justly proud of the men who hewed out of the rough mountain quarries our great State, and laid its foundations deep and strong for all the ages.

The Hudson's Bay Company had liquor to use and to sell when advisable to do so, and to prohibit sale of liquor was to give them a monopoly; that was the prime cause why Americans favored a license law. In the legislative committee the votes against the bill to license the sale of liquor were all cast by gentlemen who were connected with the fur company.

By this time, 1845, all classes had become reconciled to the existence of the provisional government. Even the Hudson's Bay Company gave its assent, and its leading men filled seats in the legislature. Also, by changes and amendments made, the organic law was materially strengthened and improved in many respects. The government of Oregon, as finally instituted, was dignified and sufficiently powerful and honored to command respect from

foreigners who visited the country. The legislative assembly was a dignified and really capable body of men. Its system of laws showed this, for though in some few points the legislation was weak, in the most important features it was correct and served admirably to govern a prosperous people. In disregard of the prejudice existing against British interests, the laws were framed with careful regard to the rights of all, and every message urged loyalty to the home government as well as to that of Oregon. Without money, without credit to command means, and with no money market to rely on for assistance, this far-off community succeeded in all respects, and when in time it surrendered control to the government instituted by the United States, Oregon had no debt to burden its future and no blot to shadow its present or future.

This infant State was not without its trials, withal. In the event of the Cayuse war, that resulted from the Whitman massacre, we see a crisis of no small magnitude and importance. Action was necessary, and that speedy. To understand the power of this government we need only relate that in thirteen days from the time the news reached the governor and the State legislature, a volunteer force was raised, equipped and transported to The Dalles, east of the Cascades, upon a field of danger. That, too, when there were no transportation facilities other than canoes and batteaux. While this shows the character of the times, it speaks plainly of pioneers whose ready response to the call to arms made the action of their provisional government comparatively an easy task.


Judge Thornton says that Dr. Whitman told him, in 1847, the year previous to the massacre, of the dangers that

surrounded him at Waiilatpu, and said he looked to the establishment of a territorial government by Congress as his only means of safety from massacre and the destruction of the mission by the savages. If Congress had acted sooner and had shown the power of the government in time, by establishing a territorial government with military posts to properly awe the Indians, the terrible tragedy that stained the banks of the Walla Walla River with so much innocent blood, and cost so many valuable lives, would never have occurred. Oh, how many such murders has the government of the United States caused by its delays, and its failures to fulfil its promises! This one alone, sacrificing as it did Whitman's and other lives, cannot be atoned for. This shows us what the pioneers who made Oregon sacrificed, and what they dared, to hold this region for the United States. All they suffered and endured, if summed up in words, would make a volume of thrilling interest. It does sometimes seem that the American Congress had a deal of criminality to answer for. It was criminal that people situated as our Oregon pioneers were for ten years, while they watched and waited for the coming of our flag and the protection it guaranteed, should have had to endure the indifference of a Congress that listened unmoved to memorials that came three thousand miles, and heard without appreciating the ardent speeches made by such men as Benton, Linn and Douglas, in our behalf.

The provisional government of Oregon, that commenced in 1841 and that went through many changes and amendments, lasted for a memorable epoch. It found Oregon in 1841, with a mere handful of American citizens claiming recognition from the mother country. Through eight years

of changes and vicissitudes Oregon became slowly stronger in numbers, and its provisional organization became better perfected by the wisdom of its pioneer legislative power. During that eight years the scarce more than one hundred citizens increased to thousands. Gold being discovered, the golden gates opened to all nations; Oregon was no longer isolated, remote, solitary and unknown, but was become known and appreciated by all the world. Congress passed an act of organization August, 1848, and in March, 1849, Governor Jo Lane arrived and assumed the reins of government. The provisional government then dissolved and was known no more as a ruling power, but through all her history, be it days of territorial dependence or the pride of later statehood, there is not any period of which her citizens can be more justly proud than the "Pioneer Days" in "the forties" when the stalwart yeomen of that period framed their own government, made and executed their own laws, and conquered peace when the worst of savages made war.

The action of 1843 was all done in ignorance of great events that were happening. Whitman had made the famous mid-winter journey to the border; had spread there word that it was possible to take wagons through to the Columbia and that the emigration of 1842 had reached the Willamette in safety. He had gone to Washington, there made known the value of Oregon and guaranteed that he could take a wagon train through to the Columbia the same season. There was already gathering an emigration, bound for the Columbia, that this information aided in both numbers and courage; and while the few who were in Oregon were thus laying firm the foundation for self-government—when




there was not a lawyer in the colony—two hundred wagons and near a thousand Americans were winding their way across the plains to recruit their forces and make the fate of Oregon, as a home for American States, sure beyond all question.

The emigration of 1843 had all the best elements of Western character; independent, free spoken, generous, inured to hardships, not in any sense bigoted or prejudiced as to creeds, but in many instances well read in the humanities—the very men needed to command respect and enforce law. It was true that at Vancouver the gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay Company looked on the average western American with almost aversion; with actual surprise at his refusal to be subservient, his ignorance of good manners, and his indifference to rank and wealth. They were now to meet western men who could wield the axe or the rifle, follow the plough or quote Socrates and Plato; they were charmed with the uncouth manliness of the Applegates, the sterling qualities of Waldo, Burnett, and scores of men who were manly if they were rude, and bore nature's stamp of character.

Judge Thornton thought the news from the East—of Whitman's arrival there and the coming of this flood tide of Americanism—had influence to change the policy of the Hudson's Bay Company, to make them willing to accommodate these emigrants and supply their wants; but Vancouver did not wait for this immigration to arrive; it had been generous to that which preceded it; did not wait to see the mission help them from its stores, and for the dealers at Oregon City to let them have goods, for Dr. McLoughlin met them on the river and aided them from the moment they came in sight.

As they arrived they soon found homes, and with the true American instinct immediately took a hand in politics. Up to this time there were no professional lawyers in Oregon, nor were there any professional politicians. Robert Shortess probably had more influence on the legislation of 1843, and for moulding the destinies of the infant colony, than any other man, but he did not maintain his prominence in later history. The immigration of 1843 contained native elements of life, dissociated from the mission and the fur trade, and infused greater activity and more force into the situation. After its arrival there was no question but that Americans would occupy the country south of the Columbia. The first legislative body had commenced political action on a basis of strict economy. The few settlers had resolved that they would not be taxed, and those who felt able subscribed means to meet expenses of government. There was, therefore, no public debt and no taxation. But the tide of humanity that came in 1843 created new conditions and meant greater progress. Not that they were rich, and brought money freely, but there were enough now to create self-confidence; poor as they were in possessing worldly goods, they were independent and self-reliant, and when they took part in public affairs they gave new impetus to the provisional government.

During the winter of 1844-45 there was a general discussion in regard to the provisional government, for the newcomers took warm interest in everything relating to public affairs. As result, in the spring of 1845 meetings were held through the territory to elect delegates to a convention to meet at Champoeg April 8th, to nominate candidates for governor, supreme judge and other officers. The



Canadians were soon satisfied to work in harmony with the Americans. While there were but two parties—Americans and Independents—there were four candidates—A. L. Lovejoy, George Abernethy, Osborne Russell and W. J. Bailey. The mission favored Abernethy, the Independents Russell, but Lovejoy, candidate of the American party, was not satisfactory to the Independents, to which the Canadians belonged, so while Lovejoy carried a majority in convention, on election day the Independents changed to Abernethy, who was elected, though at the Sandwich Islands at the time.


From the Oregon archives we learn that the session for 1845 began Tuesday, June 25th, at the residence of J. E. Long. The members of the legislative committee were from Clackamas—H. A. G. Lee, William H. Gray, H. Straight; from Champoege—Robert Newell, J. M. Garrison, M. G. Foisy, Barton Le; from Yamhill—Jesse Applegate; from Tualaty—M. M. McCarver, J. W. Smith, David Hill; from Clatsop—John McClure.

On motion of Mr. Applegate the official oath was phrased: "As consistent with my duties as a citizen of the United States, or a subject of Great Britain." M. M. McCarver was elected speaker and J. E. Long clerk. They were offered and accepted the rooms of the Multnomah Circulating Library. Governor Abernethy being absent in the Sandwich Islands, a message was read from P. G. Stewart, of the executive committee, as they were still in office.

As this body was elected under laws that had not been ratified by the popular vote, on motion a committee was appointed to review the acts of their predecessors—H. A. G. Lee, Newell, Applegate, Smith and McClure—who went to

work immediately. Former legislation had been crude, but was in the main wise and beneficial, so the committee—no doubt with help of the new legal lights—tried to simplify the laws and supply important features to make them equal to the enlarged community and to future needs. In this amended form the laws were adopted by the legislative body and submitted to the popular vote; the legislature adjourning on the 5th of July, 1845, to meet again August 5th. Mr. Gray says the organic law was approved by some because English and French employés of the fur company were admitted to all privileges, and by others because the sale of liquor was to be licensed, but the people ratified the laws by two hundred and three majority, and from that day the Hudson's Bay Company and the Methodist Mission no longer were chief political factors. Take it in all its bearings, and the work was well done, rather adding to the renown of the provisional government.

A memorial to Congress was prepared by a committee consisting of Gray, Applegate, H. A. G. Lee, McClure and Hill; it alluded to the joint occupancy; "the citizens of the United States have had no cause to complain either of exactions or oppression at the hands of the subjects of Great Britain; on the contrary, it is but just to say that their conduct toward us has been most friendly, liberal and philanthropic, yet we fear a longer continuance of the present state is not to be expected;" goes on to speak of the almost total absence, apart from the Hudson's Bay Company, of the means of defence against the Indians, who, recent occurrences led us to fear, entertain hostile feelings against "the citizens of the United States." It went on to show the defencelessness of the settlers compared with British sub-



jects, as, while they have the protection of the laws of their country, Americans have only such laws and protection as they command among themselves. Also, the Hudson's Bay Company controlled the market prices for all supplies the settlers needed, as well as the prices paid for the greatly increasing products of the country. Therefore, they asked for practical protection from the laws of the nation, as well as from the presence of the army and navy of the United States to be there stationed.


This memorial was given to Agent Elijah White, to be carried by him to Washington, together with a copy of the amended organic laws. His journey East was made to settle his accounts and secure means to pay expenses incurred with the Hudson's Bay Company. Benton remarked upon this petition that "it was creditable to the body by which it was presented, to the talent by which it was dictated, and the patriotic sentiment that pervaded it." By the time the legislature met, August 5th, after ratification of the organic law, Abernethy had returned from the Islands and was ready to assume office as governor.

The house adjourned August 20th. There being no provision for election in the new code, the governor called this body together again December 2, 1845. Robert Newell was speaker, J. E. Long, clerk, Theophilus Magruder sergeant-at-arms. Jesse Applegate had resigned and was no longer a member; all others were present. A copy of Jefferson's Manual found its way into the Multnomah Circulating Library, so they had parliamentary rules, and the Iowa Code formed a basis for action. This session the bounds of Oregon were defined as: To the Pacific Ocean on the west; the Rocky Mountains on the east; the 42° parallel on the

south (the present California line) and 54° 40' on the north. The country was laid off as counties, and the word "districts" dispensed with.

The legislation of 1845 changed and improved the fundamental law and added dignity and character to the provisional government; secured for that government the respect of all classes, and by its liberality and wisdom secured the assent and obedience, as well as co-operation, of every class and every interest within the territory of Oregon. The legislature was increased in members; the legislative committee of 1843 had grown to a House of Representatives. The official oath suggested by Applegate disarmed all British criticism and rendered the population homogeneous; from that time gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay Company felt it an honor to belong to the Oregon House of Representatives. There was, for the first time, a feeling of security; the executive was now a governor; the immigration of 1844, 1845 and 1846 assimilated with earlier comers and all felt respect for the provisional government.

George Abernethy was in the Sandwich Islands when elected governor, and as he could not return for some time the executive committee retained power until he came. The seat of government was located at "The Falls," as the place was called until 1845, when it was styled Oregon City. It is probable that they had secured more agreeable quarters by that time. There is a record that when the legislature met the first act was to have a committee provide a suitable room, and one was secured for \$2 a day, fuel and lights included. So the day of slab seats, puncheon platforms, and earthen floors was gone to return no more. M. M. McCarver was speaker. A law against duelling was passed one



day, under great pressure; done, as it turned out, to prevent a duel between Holderness and Dr. Elijah White. Holderness was man enough to shoot with deadly intent, and that was the measure taken to get Dr. White out of this rather uncomfortable scrape.

Regulating the currency was attempted and really worked well at the moneyless period. Gold and silver, of course, were recognized; also acceptances of solvent merchants; wheat that was merchantable, at market price, if stored in mills or warehouses; all of these were made lawful tender for debts, but any special contract made to the contrary was to hold good. It will be interesting to look up the persons who were prominent in pioneer annals and trace their histories. Some, of course, were men whose names are household words, but it is their due to be honored as they deserve, and have their modest lives given as examples to those who came after them.

Pronouncing against slavery caused no dissatisfaction, for even the few pro-slavery people here acquiesced freely with the popular voice. It was known that the free soil sentiment was largely in excess, so slavery had no champions. But the vote against whiskey was quite another matter. While it is true that the majority—a great majority, too—favored prohibition, it is equally true that then, as now, ardent spirits had ardent friends—men who did not fear Indian massacres so long as they themselves could drink and sell it to others to do the same.

The influence of this interest was exercised in 1846 to repeal the existing law prohibiting the sale of spirits, and exercised with success. A bill passed to license, instead of to prohibit. Governor Abernethy returned it with his veto,

but it was carried over the veto by a vote of eleven to five, and then, for the first time, a man could legally become intoxicated in Oregon.

As the treaty with Great Britain, 1846, ended all doubt as to the ownership of Oregon, they might at any time expect that Congress would organize the territory and officers be appointed. There seems to have been no election held in 1847, probably for this reason, so officers elected in 1845 all held over. Congress took its own time to organize the new territory, and it was August, 1848, when the Oregon bill was finally passed. The officers appointed were General Joseph Lane, of Indiana, governor; William P. Bryant, of Indiana, chief justice; O. C. Pratt and William Strong, associate justices; Joseph L. Meek, marshal; John Adair, collector of customs; Amory Holbrook, United States attorney. A company of fifty left Fort Leavenworth, September 20th; the officials, detachment of riflemen and servants. They were met by stories of gold discovery, and nearly all deserted in Southern California. The rest took a vessel at San Pedro for San Francisco and entered the Golden Gate to witness the wild times of the gold era. Lane and Meek outfitted the rest, with Nat Lane, to go gold hunting.

They then took passage on the Janet for the Columbia, went in canoes to Oregon City, and landed there March 2d, six and a half months on the way. Lane issued a proclamation, as governor, and the history of the provisional government of Oregon came to an end.

That history, from 1841 to 1848, covered a memorable epoch; transition from the wild life of the wilderness to the magical episodes of the gold era, equals any romance of

fable, and excels any other time then known in the world's history.

When in Congress, as the first territorial delegate from Oregon, General Jo Lane bore the following tribute to the provisional government that had preceded him. "When I arrived there, in the winter of 1848, I found the provisional government working beautifully. Peace and plenty blessed the hills and valleys, and harmony and quiet, under the benign influence of that government, reigned supreme throughout her borders. I thought it almost a pity to disturb the existing relations, to put that government down and another up. Yet they came out to meet me, the first governor under the laws of the United States, and told me how proud they were to be under the laws of the United States; and how glad they were to welcome me as holding the commission of the general government."


CHAPTER LXI

PIONEER CURRENCY AND MAKING OF BEAVER MONEY

IN the early time, when the fur trade monopolized all business, the promises of the fur companies answered as circulating medium, and various kinds of furs and skins had standard values. All wants of employes and Indians were supplied from company stores; there was no trouble in dealing with whites or Indians so long as they possessed the furs or skins for barter, or had credit with the company in possession at the time.

This answered all needs of trade during early years, from the advent of the Astor Company to the establishment of missions, when they also became factors in financial problems; their credit was accepted as good security, as they could draw on their various Boards of Missions to whatever extent they needed. There was so little use for coin that the Indians had no knowledge of its value; a condition that lasted from the foundation of Astoria to the commencement of the emigrations that finally settled the country. Thus there were thirty years when the great Oregon region had no financial system other than the barter and trade with fur companies and dealings with early missions.

With the commencement of emigrations and settlement of the country by people who became actual producers and had greater variety of needs, came a demand for a circulating medium to facilitate trade, which was supplied from a few sources, as magnates of value had increased by the dealings



of the missions, whose orders passed current without question, as did those of Ewing Young, whose life-story is told elsewhere. Young was a stock trader, with interests that commanded confidence. Then George Abernethy, who became the first provisional governor, represented the Methodist Church, and for many years the firm of Abernethy and Clark was a potent factor in all financial relations.

In 1845 the provisional legislative committee created a currency that included gold and silver coins, treasury warrants, orders on solvent dealers; wheat delivered at market points was legal tender for taxes and satisfied judgments rendered. It was also provided that where no specific contract had been made, "available orders, wheat, hides, tallow, beef, pork, butter, lard, peas, lumber, and other articles for export of this territory" were made "lawful tender at their current value." It would appear by this that privileges of trade had been tested to the utmost to provide a financial system that was flexible and comprehensive; that could be an imposition on confiding creditors, if carried to extremes.

Small currency was provided, by what was probably mutual agreement, that is said to have given rise to the proverbial expression regarding "a pocketful of rocks." This was literally fulfilled by the existence of small change made by pasting representatives of finance on small chips of flint, with figures to represent the values they were to pass for, as, for instance, such piece might have on it the name of Abernethy and Clark, with figures to indicate the value. It will be seen that a man with plenty of such small change very literally had a "pocket full of rocks."

The discovery of gold transformed the entire West Coast

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in a manner to equal all that romance or hyperbole had told of in the past.

Suddenly, this people, who were in a measure destitute, were made opulent and endowed with possession of the richest gold mines that ever were discovered. That story is told elsewhere, but it comes in place to notice the effect produced in relation to financial conditions. As soon as gold dust became abundant it was weighed at \$16 the ounce; but there was great difference in value in dust from different placers, for while some might be worth \$20 to the ounce, the gold from many districts was so alloyed as to be worth as low as \$11, so that to weigh out all at \$16 was far from accurate. It was so unsatisfactory that W. H. Rector suggested the establishment of a mint, and the provisional government was petitioned to pass an act to that end, which was done with little opposition.

The mint was to be located at Oregon City. In a paper on this subject Mr. F. H. Saylor says:

According to the act, the officers were to be elected annually by the Provisional Legislature, and were to give \$20,000 bonds. The salary of each officer was to be \$1,999, to be paid out of the profits of the undertaking. The director was authorized to pledge the faith of the government for means to put the mint in operation, and required to publish a quarterly statement in some newspaper in the Territory, or by sending a report to the clerk of each county. The act provided for an assayer, a melter and a coiner, the latter being forbidden to put any alloy in coins minted. The weight of the pieces was to be five and ten pennyweights, respectively. The dies for stamping were to have on one side the words "Oregon Territory," with the year of coinage, circling the outer edge of the face, and the arms of Oregon in the centre.

All disbursements of the mint, together with salaries of officers, were to be paid in the coins minted, and whatever remained of profits, if any, were to be applied toward the payment of the Cayuse war

expenses. Penalties were provided for punishment of any private persons who should coin gold, or attempt to pass unstamped gold. The officers appointed were James Taylor, director; Truman P. Powers, treasurer; W. H. Willson, melter and coiner; and George L. Curry, assayer.

Before this act could be made effective it was superseded by creation of the territorial government, so was ineffectual, and as the laws of the United States prohibit private coinage, it was illegal. But need of a reliable currency existed, so "The Oregon Exchange Company" was organized by W. K. Kilborne, Theophilus Magruder, James Taylor, George Abernethy, W. H. Willson, William H. Rector, J. G. Campbell and Noyes Smith, who proceeded to coin what was known as "Beaver Money."

The act of the Legislative Committee provided that the "Arms of Oregon" should be placed on the coinage. It may be a question if in provisional government days Oregon had any accepted coat-of-arms, but a territorial seal was in use that had the figure of a beaver thereon, which was used on official documents; this was adopted as the emblem on the coinage known as the beaver money. J. Quin Thornton had this seal made at the East, when the act passed creating Oregon Territory, and sent it to Governor Jo Lane, the first territorial governor. Lane never accepted or used this seal, but when Major John P. Gaines was governor, in 1850, he accepted it as the territorial seal, and it has been the official seal of Oregon since that date.

Mr. Rector was selected to supervise the making of dies, stamps and press; Thomas Powell, a Salem blacksmith, was the machinist, doing the forging while Rector aided. It was in dispute as to who did the engraving, that having been

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credited to Hamilton Campbell, and claimed as the work of Victor M. Wallace, who took possession of the dies when work ended, but returned them to Campbell, at Oregon City, in 1850, and said he saw Campbell throw them into the chasm below the falls. It is a question if the dies were in duplicate; a set of them are in the office of the Secretary of State, that are said to show different workmanship for the \$5 and \$10, so it is possible that one set were made by Campbell and the other by Wallace.

About 1850, D. P. Thompson lived at Oregon City and lodged in a building that had been the store of Campbell and Smith, who were then out of business. J. G. Campbell told Thompson that he threw the dies into one of the rooms of this house, where Thompson found them. They were identified by Mr. Campbell, after which Thompson sent them for preservation, as valuable relics, to the Secretary of State, where they can be seen carefully preserved. It would seem, then, that not Hamilton Campbell, but J. G. Campbell was connected with this incident, as the other never was one of the "Oregon Exchange Company."

The \$5 dies were made first, and the \$10 are not entirely similar; the work on the latter is said to be much finer. The \$5 have initials of members of the Exchange Company, but as some of them did not contribute to expenses, their initials were omitted on the tens. Two errors were made in the \$5; instead of O. T. for Oregon Territory, it is T. O. on the tens, but it was voted to use it to avoid delay. The other error was that a C was put for the middle G in Campbell's initials.

No assay was made of the gold, so some was lighter in color than others; there was all the difference in values that

existed in different placers. There was no alloy used, so the coins were liable to wear easily.


From 1849 to 1854 this coinage was rather plentiful; then was bought up at a premium for the United States mint at San Francisco, as it had more than standard value. It was said that more than \$30,000 of the \$5 were coined, and \$28,500 of the \$10. During that time there were fourteen private mints coining for relief of the money market of San Francisco. So great was the need of currency for the use of commerce, that government authorized certain private mints to coin money of certain values; among which were \$50 slugs, octagonal in form, that were stamped with the name of "August Humbert, United States Assayer for California." These were discontinued in 1854. The writer had a large payment made him in 1852, of these \$50 slugs, that came to Portland. It redounds to the credit of the Pioneer Era for Oregon that when Forty-niners were making their way to the Gold Coast, the enterprise of Oregonians had commenced to coin the newly discovered gold to be used as a circulating medium.

CHAPTER LXII

JUDGE THORNTON'S MISSION

At that time—1847—communication with the Atlantic States was infrequent and uncertain. The bark *Whiton* arrived with missionaries in the summer and was preparing to return. No legislature could appoint a delegate to present the case of Oregon to the National Government, and it was thought important to send some one by this vessel to present the facts as to life and settlement in Oregon to the President and Congress.

To recur to the conditions at that time: The Indians were in uncertain temper and the scattered settlements could easily have been attacked and annihilated had the Indians formed the combination they afterwards made and shown the united and savage spirit that surrounded the Oregon settlements with a cordon of savage tribes in 1855. Matters were so uncertain that leading men of the region never met without exchange of fears and apprehensions. The settlers in their homes would talk over the danger that environed them. Whitman at the time apprehended the fate that was to befall him in a few weeks, and plainly expressed his fears. The only whites who felt no alarm were the Hudson's Bay Company men, who walked the earth free of all sense of danger. It was a cause of trouble to many that this was so. That company could quell an outbreak if it came, but the new settler timidly asked: "What if the influence of



this great corporation should be used against us, or even not used for us in case of an Indian rising?"

The infant settlements were in a state of apprehension, and all persons of influence urged action calling on the National Government for aid and protection. In this emergency Governor Abernethy selected Judge Thornton, of the Supreme Court, at the instance of several of the most prominent men then in Oregon, who signed a request to that effect, and appointed him to represent Oregon interests at the National Capital. Judge Thornton had then been two years in the country and was thoroughly aware of its needs and its value to the nation. To him Oregon was an adopted mother, for whom he was anxious to do service. He was then in the prime of life and accepted the mission intrusted to him with all possible sense of its importance and anxiety to so discharge it as to secure best results.

The bark *Whiton* was to sail for San Francisco October 19th, thence for the lower coast and around the Horn for Boston. But something more negotiable than the authority of Oregon's provisional governor was necessary to secure means for so long a journey and so important a mission. At that time there was no money in Oregon; legal tender was made up of commodities, the most valuable being orders of various companies; but a minister extraordinary, as Thornton was, could not travel on stock and trade. But there was a will, and there was a way. Rev. George Geary, of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, assisted to the extent of \$150, by draft on the Mission Board at the East, and a remarkable character, who did business under the assumed name of Noyes Smith, loaned the newly appointed delegate forty barrels of flour, giving him a letter to friends at the East



J. Q. THORNTON
Judge of the Provisional Supreme Court,
who made the mission to Wash-
ington in 1948.



DR. WILLIAM C. MCKAY
A prominent feature in this work




that was afterwards of use to him. The flour was shipped on the bark *Whiton* and found a fair market at San Francisco.

Judge Thornton thus had some means at command and went on board the bark expecting to be taken to Panama, thence to cross the Isthmus and find passage to New York from there. The *Whiton* reached San Francisco, remained there some weeks, sailed for Lower California and stopped at San José, a small port inside the Gulf of California. Here the captain changed his mind, gave up the voyage and determined to stay and trade along the coast.

At that time we were at war with Mexico; there was a small port near San José that had been captured by our forces and was held by a small party commanded by a lieutenant. The sloop of war *Portsmouth* lay off there and one day Lieutenant Bartlett, of the *Portsmouth*, came on board the *Whiton* and there learned the unhappy fix in which the Oregon representative was placed.

On board the bark were several who had been to Oregon on a tour of observation. They intended to make the same trip that was contemplated by Thornton, but when the captain changed his mind they concluded to cross Mexico to Vera Cruz and thence home. This involved more expense than Thornton could afford, and it may be supposed that he was near desperate in view of his stranded position. It seems as though a special providence here interposed for Oregon and her sorely disappointed emissary.

Captain J. B. Montgomery, of the *Portsmouth*, was a very noble officer and gentleman and became greatly interested in the Oregonian's difficulties. He sent the lieutenant immediately back with an invitation for Mr. Thornton to



visit him on board the Portsmouth, and request that he should bring any papers he might have with him bearing on his mission to Washington. This he did, and Captain Montgomery was satisfied with the fact of his mission and its importance. He explained that the general instructions of the service required a naval commander, in case he found any United States Minister or diplomat in such circumstances, to take him home or render any service in his power. Under this rule he should not hesitate to offer Mr. Thornton passage to Boston, if he desired it; which it may be supposed the stranded delegate accepted most thankfully. Captain Montgomery did nothing by halves; he took Mr. Thornton, as he would some foreign minister who had received sudden dismissal, gave him all the honors he could bestow and maintained this courtesy and kindness through the long voyage.

The captain and his son had occupied a handsome suite that he vacated, having two hammocks swung in the dining cabin instead. No protest availed; there was spare room in the officers' quarters, but the guest of the ship was not allowed to be merely on a par with subordinates. They shared the cabin daytimes, and the voyage was as pleasant as the captain and his chief officers could make it. They stopped at Valparaiso, where the captain and the Oregon representative dined with the American Consul. There an incident occurred that Captain Montgomery probably never heard of, that formed the only shadow on the long voyage.

Some time before a Lieutenant Schenck, of the navy, when in Oregon, tried to locate a section of land for himself, but the provisional government refused to recognize claims where there was no residence. This matter was known and

talked of on the Portsmouth, and Oregon's supreme judge was asked why it was so. The danger of claiming lands for non-residents was explained and the necessity of residence dwelt on, but a certain lieutenant of marines could not be satisfied. He day after day, and continually, harped on this matter and would not be pacified. Not a day passed that the lieutenant of marines did not engage Thornton in conversation as he took his evening walk on deck, and would manage to lug in this question until in time it became a discourtesy. Recognizing his position on board, Thornton always went patiently over his arguments. At last his patience was exhausted, and he said: "I am sorry, lieutenant, not to be able to satisfy you, but the fault seems to be I cannot furnish you with brains." This was overheard and repeated, and the ward room officers were provoked that one of them should have been so annoying, while some thought Thornton too rude. It is true he was too hasty in speaking so. The laugh seemed on the young man, and he must have been annoyed by the criticisms and jokes. He was determined to challenge Thornton to mortal combat when they should reach land. The first land was Valparaiso, but the challenge was not sent. Thornton heard of the intention, and announced that he should unhesitatingly refuse the challenge and might word the refusal in undignified language. It had gone so far that the officer of marines had his second picked out, and that "friend in need" was a son of Paul Revere! But, aside from this foolish incident, the voyage on the Portsmouth was a delightful episode. He felt that Oregon in his person was shown every honor a distinguished officer and gentleman could pay.

Captain Montgomery was afraid of meeting on his re-

turn voyage with a commodore who might be disposed to change his course and order him to some other part of the world, so he bore far east of the usual route of vessels bound for American ports and avoided such disagreeable contingency. He had been long away and was anxious to reach home once more, and as this was war time, sudden changes of plans were more than possible.

The long voyage ended May 4, 1848, at Boston, and Mr. Thornton immediately took passage for New York and Washington, where he arrived May 11, 1848. The arrival at the National Capital of a man who represented, though somewhat informally, the people of Oregon, was a matter of considerable interest to the leading men of Congress, then in session. Thornton came accredited from the provincial government of Oregon. He was received and recognized as a representative of the far-off settlements. He possessed an advantage of no small moment in the fact that he was personally acquainted with two distinguished senators who were able, and proved themselves heartily willing, to aid and assist in all he could reasonably claim for Oregon. To their aid and earnest support Oregon owes much of what was secured at that time.

He entered upon his mission, however, better accredited than outfitted. The proceeds of the drafts on the Methodist treasury and the sale of that little lot of flour only left him a small remainder with which to settle his board bills; but he took courage, and made up in energy what he lacked in means. Senator Douglas hunted him up the day after his arrival in Washington, for the morning press made a notice of his coming. Father Ritchie was then editing the leading government organ at the National Capital. Thornton and

his son had been fellow-students at the University of Virginia, and on account of this previous acquaintance his advent was heralded with rather agreeable *éclat*. Senator Douglas introduced him to President Polk, who listened eagerly for news from Oregon. Other interviews were appointed with the President, and at his suggestion Mr. Thornton prepared a memorial to Congress setting forth all the important facts relative to his country, and the wants and necessities of the people; especially, their desire for organization and protection under the general government. This memorial was presented by Senator Benton to the Senate, was ordered printed, and was received with general favor.

Judge Thornton proceeded to draw up a land bill conforming, as nearly as possible, to the measures relating to settlement on public lands in Oregon that had been adopted by the provisional government in the absence of any Congressional action. In view of the implied promises of Congress, made to secure immigration and settlement of Oregon by Americans during the period of joint occupancy, and which resulted in deciding the question of ownership to a great degree, the provisional legislature had authorized the claiming of sections of land by actual settlers, who were heads of families. This was confirmed by the passage of the donation land act. This bill and amendments to the bill for admission of Oregon that he found pending, was the especial labor of the Oregon representative, for the pending bill lacked some points of importance to the settlers of Oregon.

All Congress was interested, the President was favorable and this informal representative of the farthest Northwest found himself, though without a dollar in his purse, treated

in the most kindly and friendly manner. It is worth while to notice here the anomalous position Judge Thornton occupied and the singular interest that was taken in the Oregon of that day. It is possibly true that no single individual with so uncertain a position, representing a country so unformed and remote, ever visited Washington claiming official recognition. It is certainly true that no one ever went there with so little regular claim to recognition who was accorded so universally not only a hearing, but the unanimous good-will and support of all parties while the question at issue was fraught with political disagreement. All that a dozen years later resulted in rebellion, secession and civil war was roused to action by the Oregon bill, but Oregon itself commanded the unqualified respect and united support of the contending partisans.

There was an anomaly in the case of Oregon that commanded the admiration of the world and secured for the representative of this region unusual respect and attention. A handful of Americans, who seemed animated as much by patriotic as personal feeling, had taken their leave of civilized life, and with their household *penates* had crossed the wilderness of the mid-continent to make homes on the banks of the Oregon. Their presence had settled the dispute as to boundary, and had terminated the long period of joint occupancy. The world read of this migration to the Pacific with almost reverence for the few who had dared so much and had reclaimed the beautiful region on the Pacific, not only from savagery but from British rule and occupation. The advent in Washington of one of these greater than Argonauts as a representative of his fellow-Oregonians, who had only reached the National Capital by half circumnavi-

gating the entire world; the fact of a growing community so remote from trade that they had no money and had only actual barter and exchange of products to depend on—all this cast a glamour of romance over the much voyaging representative of far-off Oregon, and made his presence at Washington not only a welcome event, but gave him influence and personal magnetism and power that—most fortunately for Oregon—he proved himself wise enough to use to good advantage.

Such was the condition of affairs at the National Capital when the Oregon bill came up for consideration and action. But when the bill came up it was found to be a very apple of discord thrown into the national councils. It contained a clause prohibiting slavery, that aroused the spirit of Calhoun to opposition and arrayed against it the whole South in a contest that was only ended as the gavel stroke told that the session was adjourned.

The people of Oregon had twice before that time voted down the slavery question. They had declared that slavery should not exist in Oregon. So in drawing up the Oregon bill he had taken the anti-slavery clause from the ordinance of 1787, to faithfully represent the wishes of the people. The slavery interest made overtures to Judge Thornton to consent that the bill should remain silent on the subject, and promised unanimous support in case that was done, but he thoroughly knew the wishes of the people of Oregon, and the anti-slavery clause remained a part of the Oregon bill. The measure was attacked in the Senate by Jeff Davis and Foote of Mississippi, Butler and Calhoun of South Carolina, Mason of Virginia and others of great note, and was as warmly defended by Houston of Texas and Benton

of Missouri, as well as by Douglas, Webster, Corwin, Dix and Collamer. It was a bone of contention for several weeks. Calhoun employed a morning session, until adjournment, with one of his most commanding efforts. He was clear, argumentative and logical; the senate and the large audience were entranced by the force of his reasoning, and when he closed silence reigned for some time, that was only broken by the motion to adjourn. The bill passed the Senate by a close vote and went to the house, where the storm of fiery opposition broke out afresh. But it passed there, also, in course of time, and came back to the Senate with some unimportant amendments toward the close of the session. Then its opponents rallied again and undertook to kill it by delay, using every possible expedient known in parliamentary warfare to insure its defeat, and on this ground the battle was fought over again. Tom Corwin supported the bill in one of his most telling efforts, and Tom was not particularly tender toward the slavery interest, even in his best moods. It was after hearing this speech that Father Ritchie, as they passed out of the Senate chamber, said to Thornton: "A few such speeches as that would dissolve the Union."

Congress was to adjourn Monday, August 14, 1848. It was Saturday the 12th, and the Oregon bill was under discussion, when Butler of South Carolina moved to go into executive session to hold Benton accountable for making public one of his own speeches, delivered in secret session. It was known that the opposition had resolved to keep the bill from passing to final action by any and all means within the scope of parliamentary action, or delay. So this motion was only to gain time and annoy Benton. Butler

applied the word "dishonorable" to the conduct of the Missouri senator, which brought "Old Bullion" to his feet with the shout: "You lie, sir, you lie! I cram the bill down your throat!" The two old men were advancing toward each other when senators interfered and a collision on the floor was prevented. It was thought there would be a meeting, for Butler had said to Benton that he would hold him accountable elsewhere, and received the reply: "You can see me anywhere and at any time and with anything; but remember that when I fight I fight for a funeral." That they never met was in great part due to the fact that the matter had such notoriety that the authorities had both of them bound over to keep the peace.

On Saturday, the bill being before the Senate for final action on house amendments, the friends of the measure were resolved to vote down every motion to adjourn until the bill should pass. Adjournment was to take place on Monday, at noon; the scene between Butler and Benton occurred Saturday night at 10 o'clock; when it was over, Foote arose and announced his intention to keep the floor until Monday noon, the hour of fiscal adjournment. He commenced with scriptural history and continued until two hours after sunrise Sunday morning, only giving way to motions for adjournment. The friends of the Oregon bill were in the adjoining room, with a page on guard, who gave notice of each motion to adjourn, when they filed out and voted it down. Sunday morning the opposition had tired themselves out, and gave up the game. Foote was silenced by his friends, who became tired of their own folly. The bill passed, though by only a small vote, and even the support of a number of pro-slavery senators was necessary to its


success. The organization of Oregon territory was provided for, including in its limits what is now known as Utah, Idaho and Washington—in fact, all territory west of the Rocky Mountains not included in California.

One feature of the bill was its liberal provision for a fund for support of common schools from the sale of public lands. Before that time Congress had granted the 16th section in each township for that purpose, but Judge Thornton secured an additional section, so that the Oregon bill granted for common schools in Oregon sections 16 and 36 in each township of public lands, a grant that had never been made previously, though asked for and refused twice in connection with the organization of Wisconsin, earlier in the spring of the same session; each effort having been made by Mr. Rockwell of Connecticut. Mr. Thornton places beyond reasonable question the fact of his personal agency in securing section 36 in addition to section 16 previously given. He shows that the Oregon bill previous to his arrival had only section 16 granted for common schools; that New Mexico and California were organized in the same bill and at the same time, without any section being donated for schools; that Congress in May preceding refused section 36 for Wisconsin; that no request had been made previous to his memorial, from any source representing Oregon, for a further grant than section 16, and leaves very little doubt that his personal solicitation secured the grant of section 36 for common schools in Oregon territory. This became the general practice afterwards, but that does not weaken his honorable claim for recognition as having first secured it.

Mr. Thornton seems to have been fortunate in command-

ing the esteem of all he met, even when they were bitter opponents of the "Oregon bill." He called on Mr. Calhoun and secured his favorable attention. He received his promise to favor the grant asked for, though Calhoun assured him his personal preference would be that there should be no free schools taught in the United States, a singular admission for a public man of such eminence to make, and one that no Northern statesman could afford to make and hope to retain his hold on public confidence. We must concede to Thornton that he exercised great tact to secure aid to frame the Oregon bill to his wishes from men who afterwards bitterly opposed it. He was fortunate in maintaining the kindest personal relations with men of all politics and from every section, so that the Oregon bill had the weight of their personal regard for him to secure every provision he desired, while Calhoun, Foote, Butler and many more opposed, upon sectional grounds, its final passage.

During the few weeks from May to August that Judge Thornton remained at the capital, he enjoyed the distinguished consideration of many of the greatest men our country has ever known. "Old Bullion" had been his friend and correspondent before he came to Oregon. When a very young man, just entering practice, he met Douglas under favorable circumstances. He called on Calhoun, who was one of the Senate committee who had the bill in charge, and in several interviews won his personal friendship and had his earnest support in framing the bill to suit the interests of the people of Oregon. All the pro-slavery element seemed to feel friendly to Thornton personally, and made that fact manifest. He had great pleasure in the acquaintance he formed with the "godlike Daniel"—



Senator Webster. The distinguished senator from Massachusetts extended his kind regards and an unlimited promise to forward to the fullest all Thornton desired to accomplish for Oregon. Tom Corwin was especially a champion of the Oregon bill. He gave Thornton warm personal support, as well as stood manfully up for Oregon and Oregonians. Henry Clay was then at his home in Ashland, and had resigned forever the weight of public affairs. Those we have named were among the greatest of American statesmen, but were not by any means all who were personal friends to the man who represented Oregon. It seemed as if the peculiar circumstances of his coming and of the people he represented so informally gave him entrance to all hearts. The word "Oregon" was an open sesame that unlocked all doors. The personal friendship of Benton and Douglas was no small factor in achieving results. Benton was as rough in speech as he was truly sincere and honest by nature to all friends. Early Sunday morning, after the passage of the Oregon bill, which he considered no small triumph, Benton and Thornton left the capital together. Thornton says the senator was much excited and spoke with great bitterness of Calhoun's opposition to the bill. Before leaving this matter we may as well say that while the vote in the Senate for the Oregon bill was very close and the majority small, it seems to have depended at its passage for support from the pro-slavery side. It was the good will and honest support of Sam Houston, Benton, Crittenden and other Southern men that gave it the small majority it finally received.

One great factor—the greatest of all among the people—in the settlement of the Oregon question at that time was the Northern press, that almost unanimously favored the

Oregon bill. Bennett of the *Herald* had tact to see that Thornton represented the popular side. The whig press everywhere was favorable, as were statesmen of that party. The *Tribune* was impelled by the genius of Greeley to be already a power in politics, and Thornton had a personal acquaintance with that journal. He had improved the rare opportunities afforded for correspondence with the East to keep up communication with the *Tribune*, and through its columns had made the Pacific Coast known to the country at large. He had at that time occasional interviews, in New York, with Horace Greeley, and all the power of the *Tribune* was enlisted in favor and expended for Oregon. The entire pro-slavery press was against the Oregon bill. I have claimed that its passage was due to the support of Sam Houston and some others of the Southern senators, which implies that a number of Northern senators opposed the bill. This was true. The pusillanimous doctrine of the constitutional right of the slave power to claim entrance for slavery in all new territory, had power enough to retain many Northern men as its exponents. Northern "dough-faces" supplemented Southern slaveholders, and only for the genuine manhood of a few Southern men the measure would have failed. Oregon owes much to Tom Benton of Missouri and Sam Houston of Texas.

Judge Collamer of Vermont was a noble man, and took intense interest in Oregon. He attached the Oregon representative to him by much kindness and by words and deeds of kindly encouragement that were a source of strength to Thornton, embarrassed as he was. The power of the Northern press never was more evident than at that time. Thornton's presence was announced by many correspondents and his

movements heralded as of importance. He embodied a principle, and was fortunately able to present it free from personal antagonism and entanglement. It was a time when public men took sides and no half-way view was possible. The Northern "doughface" got his distinctive name at that time, and the long struggle grew fierce and hot that was to culminate in secession and civil war. Cass had just retired from the Senate that session, to accept a nomination for the Presidency. Dr. Linn was dead, and with him died one of the truest friends Oregon ever had. Henry Clay had left politics forever, and was replaced by Crittenden, who stood where Clay would have been, for he was friendly to the Oregon bill. The old generation of statesmen had partly left the forum, and the race that was to fight the battle for and against free soil was coming upon the field. This bill was the grand battle ground that introduced the free soil element into national politics.

What was known as the Oregon donation land act was also pending at the session's close, and would undoubtedly have passed without dissent, only for the prolonged delay in bringing the organic act to a final passage. That bill went over for the session, but could certainly have passed had there been time. Judge Collamer of Vermont took charge of it until a delegate could appear from Oregon in Congress, when it passed without objection, substantially as Judge Thornton had drawn it up, having received some immaterial amendments.

During all this time Thornton received every attention it seemed possible to bestow on him. He associated constantly with the greatest minds of that time, and was allowed free access to the floors of the two houses of Congress. At

the suggestion of President Polk there was incorporated in the organic act an item placing \$10,000 at his disposal, to be used to pay the expenses of messengers from Oregon. He had given Thornton to understand that out of this fund his wants should be supplied, his expenses fully repaid and his services well rewarded. In private conversation he had also assured him that, having made his acquaintance, it would be a pleasure to remember him in making judicial appointments for Oregon. These kind assurances kept hope alive and were very flattering to the recipient of them.

There came a cloud over this flattering horizon, a cloud that rose at the far North at Hudson's Bay, and overshadowed the hero of the Oregon bill at Washington, and this incident forms one of the most important features of Judge Thornton's journey. Some weeks before the session adjourned Thornton received a call at his lodgings from the private secretary of President Polk—Major Knox Walker—who introduced a friend of his—Mr. George N. Sanders—and excusing himself, left his friend to disclose his private business. This visitor commenced conversation by some remarks about the relations of the Hudson's Bay Company to the people of Oregon. He talked of a possible conflict of interests; of war as a result between the two nations, from the fact of an English company holding such possessions on our soil, and argued the great advantage to result to Oregon should the United States Government buy out this company. Thornton gave occasional dissent as the speaker advanced his propositions, but he as often reiterated them, and finally announced that Sir George Simpson, governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, had placed in his hands seventy-five thousand dollars (\$75,000) to be used as

in his judgment might best facilitate the sale of their Oregon interests to the United States for the sum of three millions of dollars (\$3,000,000).

This announcement was followed by a comfortable pause, and the glittering bait—\$75,000—was allowed to dwell for awhile in the imagination of the simple-minded Oregonian, that the idea might take root that some part of this munificent bribe was to be had for the mere taking. But the Oregon man had not learned Washington ways, and made no sign that he appreciated his opportunity. He knew it was a swindle—that all the property involved was not worth to the United States one-tenth the sum named. He had no intention to return to Oregon with his skirts soiled with the discredit of having indorsed such an outrageous claim.

The *dénouement* came in a direct offer of a stupendous bribe. Thornton was to write letters briefly endorsing the purchase, to two members of the Cabinet who refused to favor the treaty pending for this purpose, for it seems a treaty was actually negotiated between Great Britain and the United States for this purchase and at the figure named, but these two Cabinet officers had dissented from it. They expressed a wish to hear from Thornton, for if the Oregon messenger would endorse the sale they would accept his opinion as authority, and make the voice of the Cabinet unanimous for ratifying the treaty.

When Thornton should write the two notes to the members of the Cabinet he was to receive a check on Corcoran & Riggs for \$25,000—a price about a thousand times greater than Judas got, and as much as Benedict Arnold received, perhaps. Thornton's response was that the conversation was not agreeable, and he desired it to stop there.

He had tried several times to stop the subject and to find other topics, but his visitor was determined, and would take no hint of that kind. He was asked to leave the room, and could not understand that the judge was in earnest. He only did leave when the indignant Oregonian held the door open and threatened to kick him down stairs. Sanders—as was afterwards learned—went directly to Major Walker's room at the White House, and told his friends that he “would as soon try to approach a grizzly bear as that d—d Oregonian.”

It comes in properly to say here that during the conference Sanders assured Thornton that the treaty was already agreed to by the majority of the Cabinet and the President, and would in any case go to the Senate, but those who had the matter in charge were anxious to have the President and his Cabinet united in its favor.

Thornton had the discretion not to tell this unpleasant incident to even his best friends, but he wrote out the particulars the same evening fully for the information of the President—all of which was done from a very unsophisticated sense of duty. While he felt mortified and indignant at having been approached in that manner, he realized that it would be inexpedient to communicate anything of the Sanders interview to others, save the President himself, toward whom he felt the highest sense of duty. So he forwarded his statement through the post-office. The next morning Major Knox Walker called again and politely explained that the messenger at the post-office had brought Thornton's letter, and he called to urge him to withdraw it. It was his duty to open all business letters, he said, so that he had seen this before handing it to the President, but

he hoped Thornton would save him the trouble of bringing the matter to President Polk's attention.

Thornton answered that he had written the President under a strong conviction of duty, and could not withdraw it, though he would not communicate the facts to any one else, and had not done so. Walker begged and entreated, but Thornton remained firm—the letter must go and the President must know the facts. Suddenly the manner of the private secretary changed from entreaty to menace, and he said: "Well, you'll find there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip"—a significant hint that Thornton very well understood and lived to realize the force of to the fullest.

Sanders had told Thornton that he had conversed with Jo Meek, and that worthy free trapper had assured him that the property of the Hudson's Bay Company was cheap at three millions. After Thornton's departure from Oregon, the Whitman massacre occurred, and Jo Meek had been sent post haste to Washington to advise the government of the fact of the great danger that surrounded the far-off settlements. Meek affected in Washington all the eccentricities of the mountain man, wore a buckskin suit, full fringed at all the seams, and made himself as conspicuous as was possible thereby. He was a hero with the rabble, and it seemed that he had free and easy access to the White House, being related to the Polk family by marriage of one of his brothers to some lady relative of the President. This fortuitous circumstance, however, gave him no influence; he seemed not to have been consulted as authority. He only served the purpose of a messenger to convey certain papers to the President. His astonishing "yarns" were repeated without credence and he remained without special influence,

though he gave cheerful testimony—possibly for a valuable consideration—as to the value of the Hudson's Bay Company's property in Oregon. It would be a close matter of doubt if Jo Meek really had a correct idea of how much money three millions was.

Thornton's reply to the menace contained in the sneer of the President's private secretary was that he intended to preserve his own self-respect until his return to Oregon. But he was not done with the matter yet, by any means, for a few days only passed when he was met by Major Walker again. He had a copy of the New York *Herald* in his hand, which he held out in an excited manner and begged to know why Thornton had communicated to a public newspaper of such extensive circulation the particulars of his interview with Sanders. The Oregonian assured him that he had not done so, and further, that he had not even mentioned the subject to his most intimate friend. Walker tried to look fierce, and said with vehemence: "You did, sir, for here it all is in the New York *Herald*." Thornton's temper gave out at this and he replied: "I did not, sir, and if you repeat it I will knock you down with my cane." His tone then changed and he said quietly: "Well, here it is in the *Herald*, the whole story substantially as Sanders told it to me at the White House when he came from you to my room. How could it be there?"

Thornton's reply was that he had not seen the *Herald*, but if it got the story at all it must have been through Walker or Sanders himself.

"Well," said Walker, "I never told it." Recollecting suddenly, he said: "Yes, I did, too."

"Who was it to?" said Thornton.

"Why, you know Jo Meek has a free and easy access to the White House. Well, he came there the same afternoon and I told him, under strict promise of privacy, what occurred between you and Sanders."

Thornton told him Jo Meek holding a secret was like a sieve holding water. Jo, it seems, told the story before night to half a dozen members of Congress, every time under injunctions of the strictest secrecy. To cap the climax of his folly, late in the afternoon he took into his most sacred confidence Dr. Wallace, who was Washington correspondent of the *New York Herald*. Wallace generously shared his confidence with the world at large, who paid liberally for Washington items. The same day that Walker saw Thornton he was met by Benton, *Herald* in hand, who asked if the story was true as there told. Several other Senators made the same inquiry, including Mr. Douglas of Illinois and Hale of New Hampshire. His answer was to all that while he had never told the story, it was substantially correct as told.

The conclusion of this affair was matter of current gossip on the streets of Washington. What occurs in executive sessions is supposed never to transpire, but nevertheless it often leaks out and the current belief at the capital was that the treaty in question was officially negotiated, approved by the President and majority of the Cabinet, and sent to the Senate for their confirmation, and was by that body rejected. The *New York Herald's* article killed it, and Jo Meek's want of consideration rendered the national treasury a distinguished service. It is probable the members of the Senate would have consulted Thornton before taking action had not the *Herald's exposé* served the purpose.

Congress had adjourned, the Oregon bill had surmounted

all opposition and was a law, Thornton was out of funds, and in a situation to worry the mind of the best man living. He had lost the favor of the President, to whom he had to look for assistance, as Congress had just placed \$10,000 at his disposal for the purpose of paying him and other Oregon messengers. Mr. Polk was master of the situation, and though not in the least to blame for the unfortunate publicity that had reflected unpleasantly upon his administration, Thornton was the unwitting cause.

Robert Smith, member of Congress from the Alton, Ill., district, went to President Polk on behalf of Thornton, and received a peremptory refusal to all requests and suggestions. Thornton might stay there penniless, and he should not have a penny of the fund Congress had placed in the hands of the President of the United States almost exclusively for his use and benefit. Thornton went to Benton, but "Old Bullion" was too proud, under any circumstances, to ask a favor of Polk, so sent him (Thornton) to Douglas. The latter called on the President and received a resolute and unqualified "no" to every request for aid to be given Thornton. Every possible plea was urged, and met with an unreasoning negative. Douglas called again and took Robert Smith with him, but "no" was all the response they could get until Mr. Douglas, as he rose to retire, said: "It only remains, then, Mr. President, for me to do what will be very unpleasant for me, and you must judge if it will be pleasant to you. I shall furnish Mr. Thornton with means to remain here until the next session convenes, and shall then move for a committee of inquiry to investigate certain matters in which he is concerned." This proved a home-thrust that brought the executive to terms. He said: "Come again this

afternoon. You come, Mr. Smith, and we may agree on something that will be satisfactory." He did not care to discuss that matter any further with the "Little Giant" of Illinois.

That afternoon the three friends—Douglas, Thornton and Smith—walked down Pennsylvania Avenue together, to Willard's Hotel, where the first two remained, while Mr. Smith went on to the White House to keep his appointment with Mr. Polk. And as they waited there for his return, the conversation went back to old times and the days of their first acquaintance. Douglas recalled a circumstance which, he said, had always caused him to take peculiar interest in Thornton. It was only a minor incident, but one which related to his highest ambition—his desire to be President of the United States. Many years before, when Thornton was beginning the practice of law at Quincy, Ill., where he had just removed, a friend, an attorney of distinction, invited him to go to the court house and hear Judge Douglas deliver a charge to the grand jury. They went, and when returning, the elder friend asked: "Well, what do you think of the judge before whom we hereafter will have to practise?" The reply of Thornton was: "That was the grandest effort I ever heard made from the bench. If Judge Douglas lives and is ambitious, and has no faults of life to mar his success, he will become President of the United States." That same evening, when a group of distinguished lawyers were conversing in the parlors of the Quincy Hotel, this friend took Thornton up and introduced him to Judge Douglas, reciting the anecdote here told, to the confusion of each of them. They afterwards became better acquainted, as Thornton practised in his court up to leaving for Oregon.

As they waited there that August day at Willard's, almost in sight of the White House, Douglas said: "Thornton, I have always felt a special interest in you, because you were the first person who ever mentioned my name in connection with the Presidency." After a moment's pause he added, with prophetic force: "I have left too many tracks behind me ever to attain that high position"—a remark that was the unsealing of the deepest feelings of the heart of a great man and a statesman, who intellectually has outranked most of our Presidents, but who, like Clay, Webster and a great many more, was grieved because he could not reach the highest place.

When Hon. Robert Smith returned to Willard's and joined his waiting companions, it was with a smiling visage and satisfied expression. The President was able to see things in a different light. He could not see any good to come from a resolution of inquiry and with Thornton kept over as a witness. It is almost beyond a reasonable doubt that the President of the United States, through the mediumship of his private secretary, was in sympathy with a prodigious steal, and it would not be reasonable to suppose he was so far compromised without he had some reliable inducement for bestowing his sympathy. Jo Meek was utilized to give the affair plausibility, but something more of character was required to secure for this bald-faced fraud the entire support of the Cabinet and the confirming vote of the Senate. What was finally received by the Hudson's Bay Company was only a small fraction of what was demanded. Of the \$10,000 appropriated for this purpose, to be used at the President's discretion, Judge Thornton, who came on an important mission and secured important results by his com-

ing, received \$2,750, enough to make him easy on the score of expenditure, but not enough to compensate him for all expenses incurred and pay him anything like what such service would be worth under ordinary circumstances. He was about nineteen months and ten days from Oregon, and that was small compensation.

The following incident occurred not long before he left Washington. Passing one day down Pennsylvania Avenue, he saw a lady in a doorway who wore a hesitating look, and said as he was opposite:

"Is not this Judge Thornton of Oregon?"

"It is, madam," was the reply.

"Will you be kind enough to step into the parlor a moment?" said she.

Thornton entered, and the embarrassed lady proceeded to state her case. She had a sister who was the object of admiration of a gentleman from Oregon. She liked him so well that she was inclined to accept his proposals of marriage, but the sister said: "Wait till I can question Judge Thornton, who passes every day." Pleading the importance of the case, she asked questions and received brief replies.

"Do you know Mr. ——?"

"I do, madam."

"Is he sober and temperate?"

"He has been intemperate, but has since joined a temperance society."

"Have you seen him drink since?"

"I have."

"Do you know any good reason why he should not marry my sister?"

"One madam."

"And will you please state it?"

"He has a lawful wife and several half-grown children already."

Exit Thornton. So an Oregonian did not marry a Washington lady, as intended. This was one of the rather unpleasant incidents that attended a momentous journey fraught with much that was important for Oregon.

Before closing we must say that Jo Meek was the favored recipient of the President's bounty to a degree that might be styled nepotism in view of the slight existing relationship. It was said that he received the remainder of the \$10,000 put by Congress at the disposal of Mr. Polk. If by any means Thornton could have been shoved aside probably Meek would have had the round ten thousand.

The menacing remark of Knox Walker: "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," was partly verified, as Thornton failed of the promised judgeship. Meek, who was merely a messenger, got the lion's share of the money in sight, but Thornton could justly in his old age point to his services rendered so long ago and claim a goodly share of the glorious common school fund of Oregon as his lasting monument. The Secretary of War furnished him transportation home, as far as San Francisco, in the bark *Sylvia de Grace*, that was under a government charter. Some time after that she made a trip to Oregon and got aground off Tongue Point, near Astoria, where her bare ribs have rotted for over half a century. He received the best of accommodations and the kindest of treatment on the voyage and needed it. The months of tension and nervous excitement in Washington incapacitated him for making the tedious journey overland. On the voyage he suffered much from

nervous prostration and was bleeding at the lungs when the vessel he was on entered the Columbia River. All the way from Valparaiso home he was very low, and at times his life was despaired of. One time the ship's doctor assured him he had not over a half hour to live.

From San Francisco he came up to Oregon on the bark Mary and Ellen, on board of which was Judge O. C. Pratt, who received the appointment Polk promised to Thornton. They formed a pleasant acquaintance then, and Thornton recognized always that this appointment was "fit to be made." Also, there were on board three hundred men from Oregon returning from the mines with well-filled purses, for Oregonians were proverbially fortunate as miners in that early day.

This sketch of the organization of Oregon territory is of especial interest as connecting that event with the career of many of the most illustrious men who ever were in public life in our nation. Henry Clay had retired from the busy arena of politics, but his presence there would have insured one more great name recorded in favor of young and hopeful Oregon.

CHAPTER LXIII

JO MEEK, THE LEGISLATIVE MESSENGER

WHEN Thornton reached Washington in May he was but a week or two in advance of Jo Meek, who had been sent overland to take East the news of the Whitman massacre and that the settlers of Oregon had an Indian war on their hands. The massacre occurred soon after he left the Columbia River and gave fearful corroboration of the message he bore to the President and Congress, that the settlers considered an Indian war imminent, and that there was great need of government protection. While Thornton was Supreme Judge of Oregon, he was also the friend of the missionaries; Governor Abernethy considered him eminently fitted to represent the interests of Oregon and deemed the emergency too pressing to lose time. The Wilton was ready to leave for the States and offered the only opportunity by sea, and the land journey was difficult, dangerous and uncertain.

There could not easily be any more striking contrast between representatives of civilized humanity than was presented in the characters of Judge Thornton and Major Meek, to which title he afterwards attained in Oregon Indian wars. Thornton was dignified, self-respecting, well read and scholarly; a man who could appear to advantage among statesmen and have influence where the best results should be accomplished. He had not the elements of popularity, and it would have required a surgical opera-

tion to enable any ordinary jest to pierce his cranium. He was wrapped up in his devotion to distant Oregon and magnified his office in all sincerity as well as with earnestness of purpose. The legislature felt some prejudice because he was appointed, though many leading men endorsed it. The emergency had intensified since he left; there was ample excuse for sending a messenger, and Meek was a messenger and not a diplomat or statesman.

Meek had served a long career as a mountaineer before he settled in Oregon. To cross the plains in winter was all one with him, for there he was in his element. He had two experienced companions, and they made their way to the Missouri River in the shortest time that ever was known. He was clad in hunter's garb of dressed deer skins, and after such adventures as would grace a comic almanac, he made his way by steamboat and stage to Washington and applied for a hearing at the White House. Mrs. Victor, in her "River of the West," virtually wrote the biography of Jo Meek under a happy inspiration that she was preparing history. We who knew the old campaigner and have listened to his wonderful narratives of "moving accidents by flood and field," can appreciate the fascination with which a lady with talent as a litterateur and genius as a raconteur, could listen to the wonderful tales that Jo Meek would tell, and are only surprised that she could in all confidence publish them to the world as unequivocal truth and salient fact.

There is no denying that Meek was a genius, for since he dictated this autobiography, he has been gathered to his fathers, and all concede that he was "a fellow of infinite jest" and sparkling humor, whose career would have made

a wonderful volume if given as he gave it, untrammelled by any respect for the Muse of History. Taking the story as Mrs. Victor pleasantly tells it, Meek reached the National Capital penniless and as uncleanly as a scout would be who had just crossed the plains and reached the shores of the Missouri when it was not warm enough to bathe. With bravado that was Meek, but was not meekness, he got transportation by river and stage on showing his credentials as minister plenipotentiary from the wilds of Oregon, and by letting the native exuberance of his spirits have full play.

President Polk, as has been stated, was Meek's relative by marriage; and his private secretary, Knox Walker, seems to have been some way a nephew to both Meek and the President. Jo had made up his mind, very sensibly, that it was not possible for him to assume the grand air; that the only way was to be Jo Meek, exactly as if he was at an evening camp fire in the mountains spinning wild yarns to wild humanity; or in the valley of Oregon entertaining "tenderfeet" by magnifying his no doubt romantic career. Imagine then that President Polk refuses all excuse and adopts this relative from the farthest and wildest Oregon to make himself at home in the White House; and that this man, whose own home was graced by the presence of a pleasant-faced Indian woman, who had accompanied him on many a mountain trip and became the mother of his children, is transformed in a moment's time to be an inmate of the President's mansion and associates with the élite of all lands!

Indeed, Jo Meek had rather a "soft thing." The President was his friend; the private secretary rushed to his arms, dirty and ragged and lousy as he was, and called

him "Uncle Jo?" Even when discounting the story ever so much, as we must when we know that it is given as Meek gave it, leaving an enormity of exuberance off, it was a wondrous transformation, and not many a mountain man could have adapted himself to a swallow tail, a white vest and a fashionable choker, to take a superb woman, loaded with rustling silks, on either arm, and promenade through the corridors and grand parlors of the Presidential mansion! But Meek was a man of resources; he justified the President's confidence in him and his own confidence in himself. For a little while he forgot he was half an Indian—and that his better half was all Indian—to play the grand seigneur and mix in the plots and gaieties of a court!

The lady who wrote his autobiography does scant credit to Judge Thornton, who was a man whom few could know well enough to do him the credit he deserved, but she sums the situation in a fair way when she says: "While Thornton sat among Senators, as a sort of consulting member, or referee, but without a vote, Meek had the private ear of the President and could mingle freely with members of both houses in a social character, thereby exercising a more immediate influence than his more learned coadjutor. Happily, their aims were not dissimilar, though their characters were, so the proper and prudish mission delegate, though often shocked at the private follies of the "Legislative Messenger from Oregon," could find no fault with the manner in which he discharged his duty to their common country.

The \$500 order on the treasury of the Methodist Mission was not much for Meek to go on when he got to attending champagne suppers, and, as a matter of course, had to

give one occasionally. The President had his contingent fund, and that was made to pay the way of the Oregon messenger, who found money come easy and let it go as easy as it came. Kit Carson was there, as poor as a mountain man would be when just off a trip across the world with Fremont. When Kit got to the bottom of his pocket he came to Meek, and Meek went to the President. Surely, Fortunatus' purse was suddenly put in Meek's pocket! Not only so, but he soon became a popular favorite. He truly had an uncommon gift of talk and his adventures were wonderful and romantic enough without the kalaidoscopic effect of change and color he found time to put on them. It was a relief for lovely women and gallant men, who only knew the processes and adventures of civilized life and the magnetism of social affairs, to meet this good-looking adventurer, who was cousin to the President and at home in the White House, and listen to the tales that could give Sindbad the Sailor heavy odds, and leave him far behind. Now, it was a fearful struggle among bears; another time, a night surprise by cruel Sioux or Blackfeet, and half his company are slain. At times, too, among Indian people who were as kind as could be asked; tales of hunting bear, buffalo, elk, antelope, the mountain goat or big-horned sheep of the middle ranges. Surely, it required a man of far more than ordinary versatility, and adept as a reader of human nature, to leave his Indian wife behind and forget his life-long experience in a wilderness, while he played the courtier, as Jo Meek did.

Washington society probably never saw before, nor ever will see again, so curious an anomaly as this occidental messenger afforded in 1848. He was of heroic stature, well

formed, easily adapted himself to ultra-social conditions and accepted their ways. He became the fashion and the world around gave him recognition. The city of Baltimore invited him, where a thousand ladies showered roses on him that he gallantly raised to his lips and kissed as he bowed and smiled himself past the festive groups who waited to receive the messenger from far-off Oregon! So many beautiful ladies, and Baltimore ladies were as beautiful as they are to-day, what wonder was it that when telling his fair biographer the story of it, twenty years later, he pronounced it the proudest day of his life, graced as it was by the bright eyes of that thousand of beautiful women!

When the 4th of July came and the President laid the corner-stone of the Washington Monument, General Scott and staff rode on one side of his carriage and Jo Meek was one of those on the other. He was a splendid horseman and took pains to let them all see it. He took by the hand the most notable men of his time and managed to make himself agreeable to beautiful women who gathered at the capital. Sometimes these latter were inquisitive, and all the time his lady relatives were so pleased at his success as a "society man," that they were kind and delightful in their treatment of him. Yet he must have often thought, when mingling with those fairest and most cultivated of women-kind, that he had ostracised himself from his own kind in a measure, and that the "Mary" who waited his home coming and commanded his respect as a good wife was not such as these. Is it, then, a wonder if he thought, "Saddest of all, it might have been!"

So that wonderful summer passed. From May until August is not so very long, but it was a never-ending chap-

ter in Jo Meek's life and remained a constant vision with him to the last. The new Territory was organized by Congress and the President appointed Jo Meek marshal of it, a position suited to his wishes and his character. Pleasure will pall upon the taste. Congress had adjourned, no doubt, and he now had a mission to perform he was proud of. Polk endowed him handsomely with government finances. He bade the President and his kindly lady cousins good-by at Bedford Springs, where they were spending the heated term; then with all the glow of his summer in Paradise unimpaired, and the memory of Washington life at its fullest and best, he took the road for Oregon. He carried to General Jo Lane of Indiana a commission as governor of the new Territory, which he accepted, and in three days they were on the Santa Fé road to California.

At St. Louis, Jo Meek took one of his sporadic turns and bought several dozen knives, "just for fun," and three pieces of dress silk at \$1.50 a yard, "just to be doing something." When they reached California, the middle of January, the gold era had commenced, and here Meek "unloaded," selling the silk for \$10 a yard and his knives at an ounce apiece, at least \$500 above cost price for the two lots. General Lane said he knew he was drunk when he bought the things, and believed he was drunk when he sold them, but he seemed to have made a good thing of it as a trader. With two hundred returning Oregonians, who had been in the mines and were now bound home, Lane and Meek took passage at San Francisco in the Jeannette, and thus the messenger returned after a little over a year's absence. I give these journeys of Thornton and Meek as sample pictures of the romance of the early time.

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